WHAT JESUS WOULD SAY TO ROOSEVELT NOW by Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldo

SEPT. 11,
1937

Liberty

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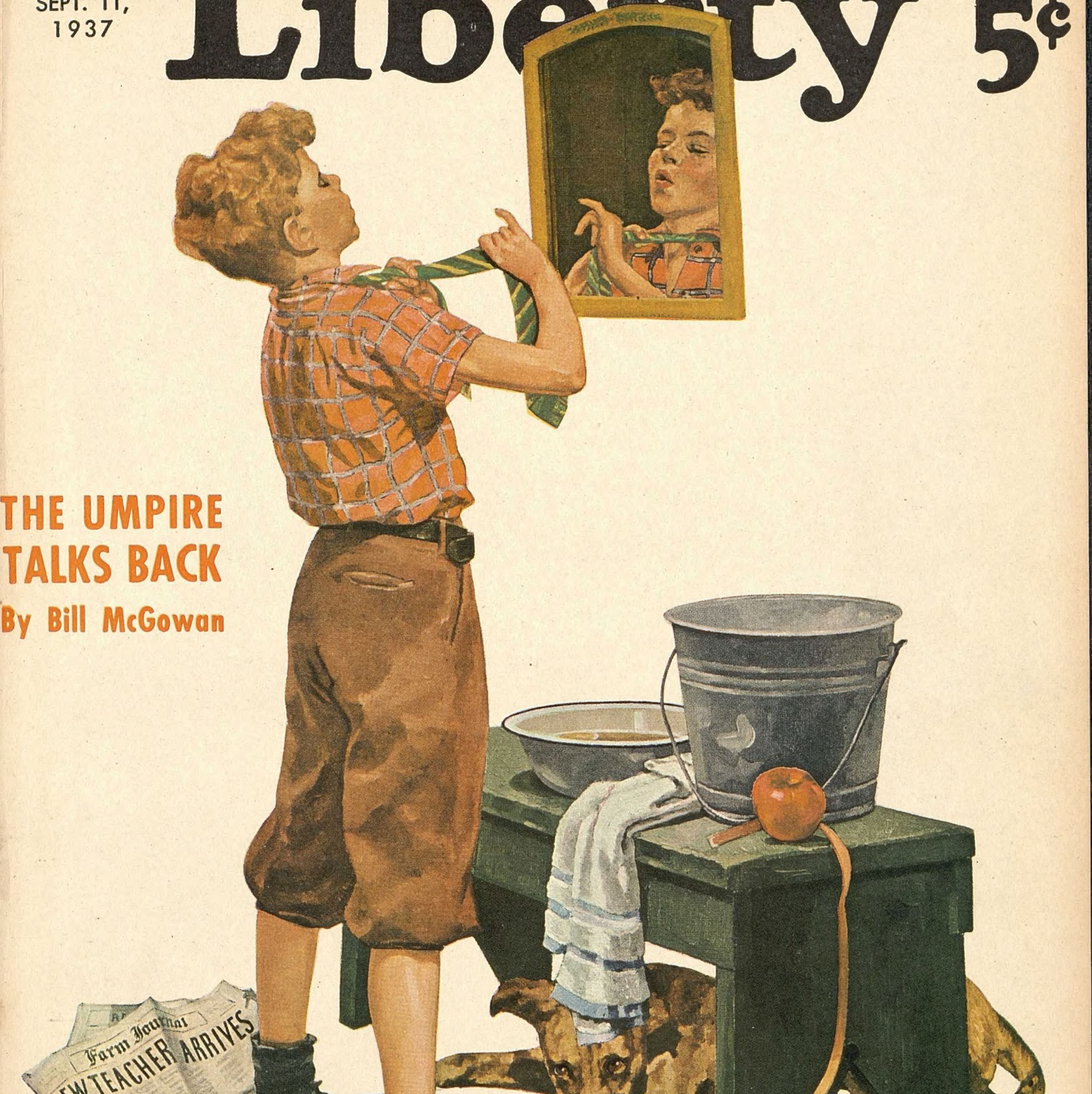
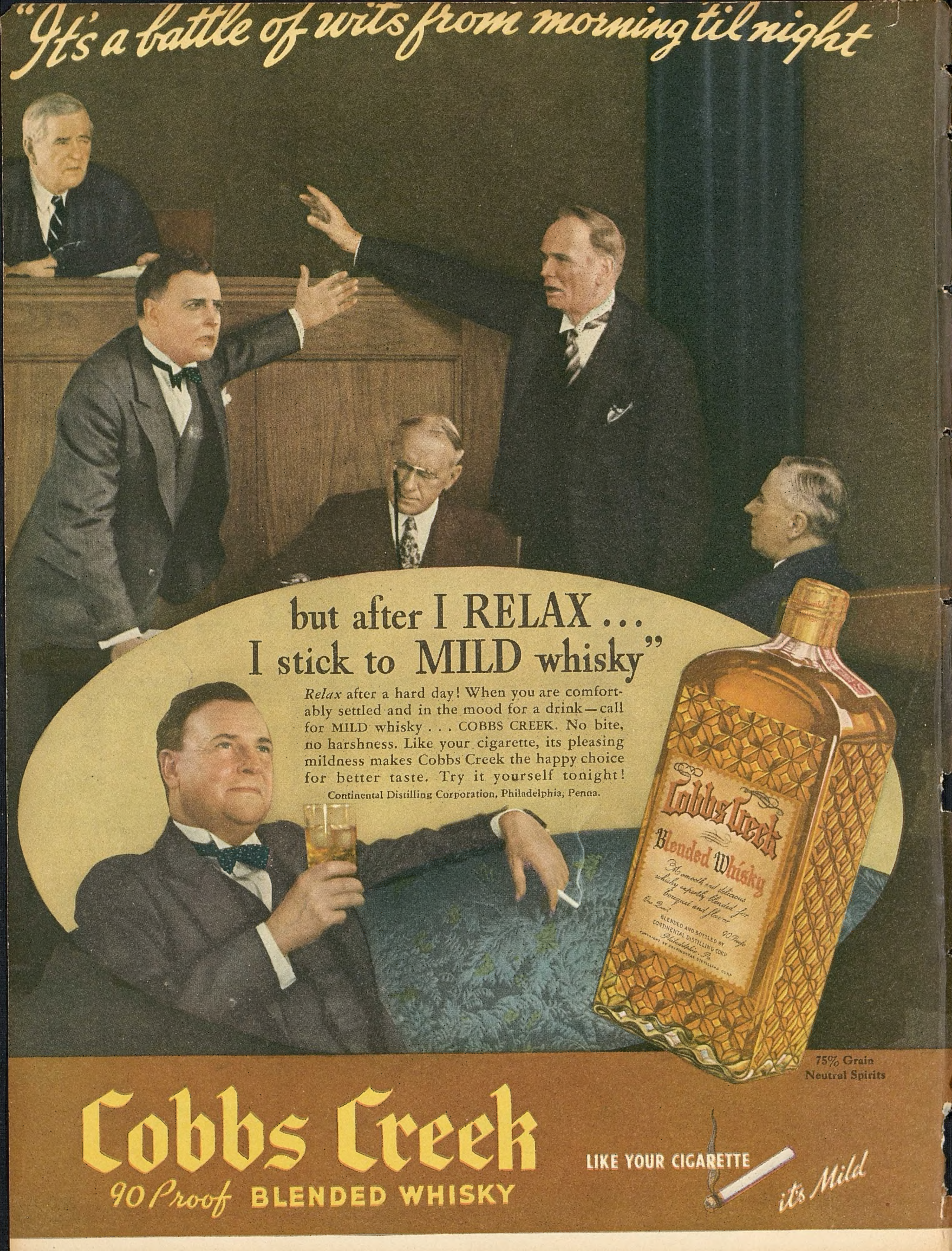

Farm Journal
NEW TEACHER ARRIVES
PERCY LEE

THE UMPIRE TALKS BACK

By Bill McGowan

WHY THESE MURDERS WERE NEVER SOLVED

No. 1—Dot King, by New York's District Attorney William C. Dodge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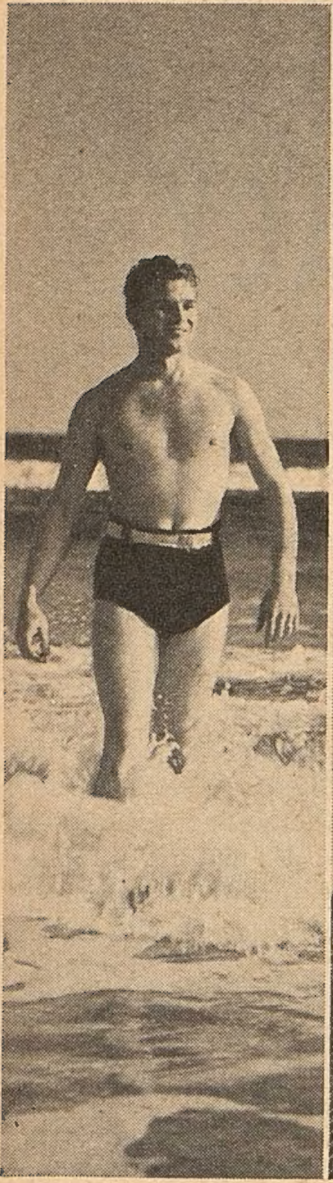

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VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

SEPTEMBER 11, 1937 Liberty VOL. 14, NO. 37

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

A *Warning* TO OUR BILLIONAIRE BUREAUCRACY

THE proposed secession of Nantucket aroused humorous comments everywhere; but if our Washington government continues to burden our citizens with throttling taxes due largely to the innumerable bureaucratic advisory and governing bodies, there may be other and more important units that might give some consideration to such a procedure.

Secession is a dangerous word to use. It carries the threat of a real revolution. It was the cause of the Civil War, which was fought more fiercely with far greater losses than the deplorable tragedy now being enacted in Spain.

In the first part of this century the expenses of our federal government approximated a million and a half daily. They are now from eighteen to twenty million dollars daily.

If we desire to understand more clearly just what such startling figures mean, just divide this daily expense among the forty to fifty million active workers in this country. For those who are active as workers or employers must pay the cost of our federal government.

We cannot avoid this very definite conclusion, and that means that the average daily expense of the Washington government at the present time will average from forty to fifty cents a day in hidden taxes for every active citizen.

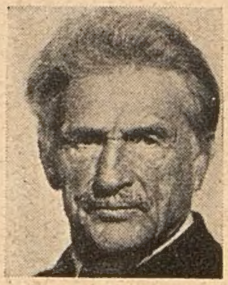
Every thinking American for some time has been demanding a balanced budget. The government should not spend beyond its income. And legislators have been searching every possible means of increasing the income from taxes . . . but no definite efforts have been made to reduce the enormous overhead of the federal government.

Think of it! Eighteen to twenty million dollars every day . . . while in the beginning of this century it was less than one tenth that amount.

And most of our citizens will maintain that we had a better government then than we have at this time.

Just glance at the truly amazing increase of overlapping bureaus that are now throttling the nation with gigantic tax bills.

We cannot blame these grasping bureaus on the Democratic administration. They were well on their way toward the supreme power that they now command before President Roosevelt's election. They got their original impetus about twenty-five years ago, and the Sixteenth Amendment, passed in 1913, gave them the "wherewith" to pay their constantly increasing expenses.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

But here is the record of the majestic expansion of these governmental bodies from the beginning of the Roosevelt administration:

In 1932 there were ten agencies dealing with reduction and distribution of power . . . in 1935 there were twenty-three agencies.

In 1932 there were two agencies engaged in the settlement of labor disputes . . . in 1936 there were twelve.

In 1932 there were four bureaus considering housing problems . . . in 1936 there were fifteen.

In 1932 there were six agencies of the government which devoted their attention to foreign trade . . . now there are twelve agencies.

In 1932 there were four bureaus making loans to farmers . . . in 1936 these had increased to thirteen.

In 1932 there were eight agencies in the federal government exercising control over public lands . . . in 1936 there were fifteen.

This accounts for increase of federal expenses of ten millions a day since 1932.

What can be done to remedy this truly calamitous situation? Just read President Roosevelt's statements made previous to election: "The people of America demand a reduction of federal expenditure. It can be accomplished not only by reducing the expenditures of existing departments, but it can be done by abolishing many useless commissions, bureaus, and functions, and it can be done by consolidating many activities of the government."

At that time it was quite evident that the President believed in abolishing or consolidating useless commissions and bureaus.

The various states of the Union are self-governing units. They progressed amazingly under this arrangement. But the throttling force of bureaucracy, with the ultimate control of all business by governmental commissions made up of political appointees without business experience, will bring the gradual decay of every business that comes within its blighting influence.

Bernarr Macfadden.

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THE MAKING-OVER OF PRINCESS JULIANA

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THERE is a Russian fairy tale about a girl who dressed in ugly clothes. Then along came a nice young man and fell in love with her. And lo! he changed her into a lovely woman who dressed in beautiful clothes.

The other day, when I looked at a photograph of the Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, I was reminded of that story. For the charming, slender creature who returned to Holland after her honeymoon is quite different from the plump, plain girl who was married at The Hague.

Being a queen is a serious business, and Juliana, who is destined one day to rule her country, was given a strict education. There were no dances, no frivolities in her life. There was no time to spend in caring for her complexion and figure or in buying and wearing pretty clothes. After she had finished studying at the University of Leiden, the pink-cheeked Princess, badly dressed, with a lot of hair cut the wrong way, and the uncorseted figure of a strong Dutch country girl, returned to the somber Royal Palace of The Hague. There the only thing she ever heard discussed was duty, duty, and again duty. Her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, adored her, but somehow she did not seem to understand that her child would fare better if she were not so completely separated from fun and young people.

So it happened that Juliana, although considered, with reason, the best catch in Europe, had hardly any offers of marriage.

Then a miracle occurred. She was spending a few weeks in the mountains of Bavaria with her mother when she met a young man. He was Prince Bernard of Lippe, a descendant of an old German ruling family. After the German revolution he had lost most of his fortune and had gone into business as the representative of a German oil concern.

Juliana in sports clothes looked quite different from Juliana in dresses selected by her mother. Prince Bernard fell in love with her, and the young Princess lost her heart to him. Queen Wilhelmina was delighted with her daughter's choice. She liked the quiet young man whose spectacles gave him the appearance of a German professor. She felt that he could keep Juliana's sometimes too buoyant spirits at a proper level.

The Netherlands, too, approved the match. The country had been afraid the Crown Princess would remain single and that the House of Orange would become extinct.

The story goes that when the Dowager Princess of Lippe arrived for the wedding, Prince Bernard's first words to his mother were, "You must not look too surprised when you first see Juliana. And you must help me make of her the beautiful woman that she should be." And after she had exchanged greetings with her future daughter-in-law, the Dowager Princess said to her own daughters, "She looks like a bundle that has not been properly tied up."

The pity of it was that Juliana was quite aware that she was dowdy, but she did not know what to do about it!

After the wedding, the young couple went to the Castle of Soestdyk to spend a few days. Juliana took off her traveling dress and put on a negligee, all pink chiffon and white lace, which had somehow slipped in among her things. She looked really pretty in it. And Prince Bernard told her so.

This broke the ice, and Juliana, finding a sympathetic listener, poured out the story of her woes. She told what she had had to endure from the old frumps who were close to her mother, and who had objected to any pretty clothes she had wanted to buy. "I was afraid I was too ugly for any one to love me," she added.

"What an idea, darling!" said the Prince. "Trust to me, and you will see what we shall do to you."

A few days later they started for a mountain resort in Austria, where they were joined by the Prince's mother. The Dowager Princess took Juliana in hand and induced her to undergo a course of massage, exercise, and cold showers. In a short time she was slim and willowy. Then her husband took her to Paris, where, for the first time in her life, Holland's future Queen went to a beauty parlor; then the hairdresser, and to the best dressmakers and milliners.

It was a lovely, radiant Juliana who was seen at the Paris theaters, at night clubs, at fashionable restaurants. And it was the same radiant Juliana who stepped out of her railroad car on her return to The Hague.

The Queen gasped; the Court gasped. But as far as her future subjects were concerned, the graceful, chic girl with her hair in small curls around her pretty head was just what they wanted their Princess to be. And their enthusiasm increased when, later, after she came back from the coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in London, Juliana announced that she was expecting an heir.

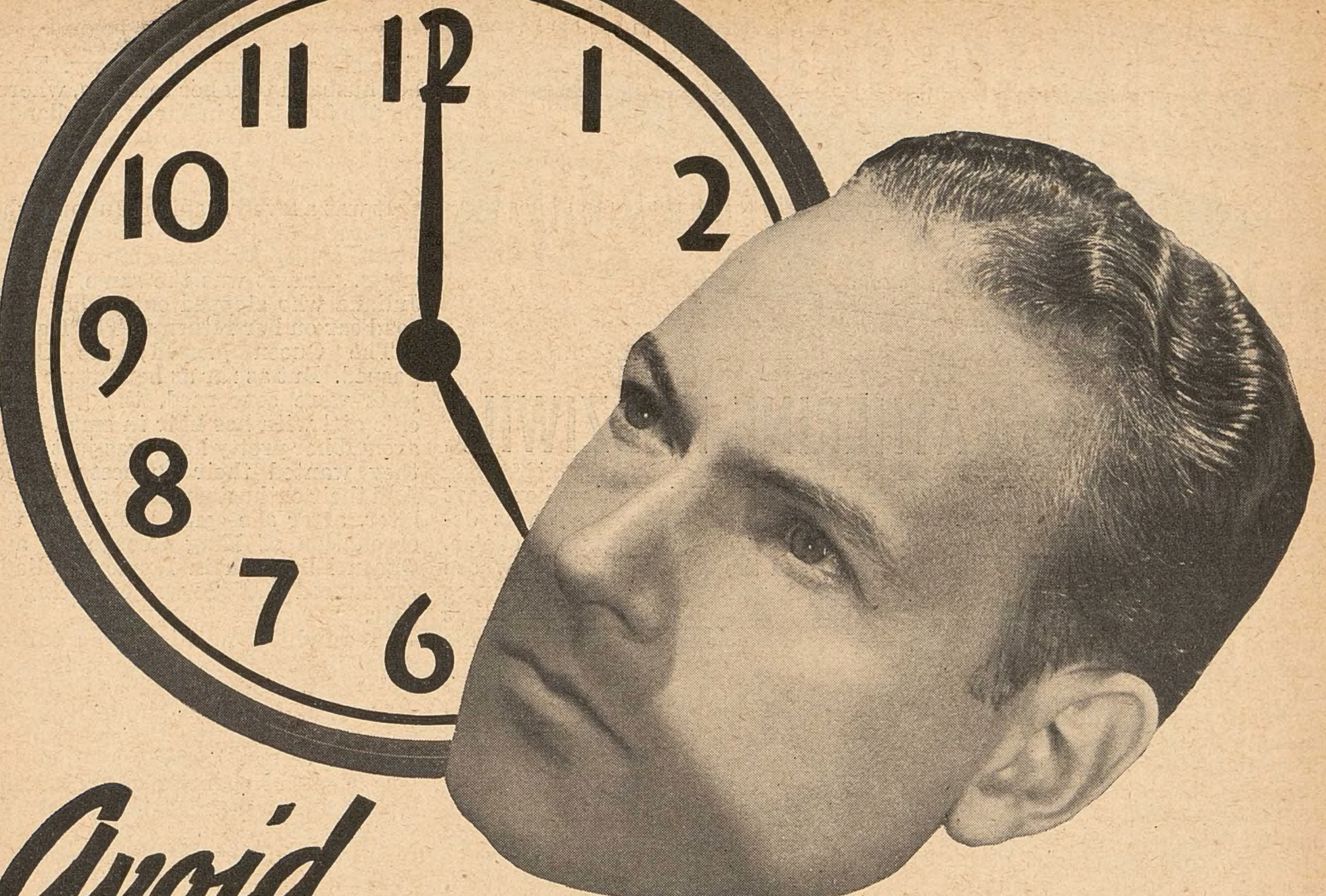
Meanwhile, nothing was talked about in society except the improved looks of the Crown Princess and the discomfiture of the frumpish dames who surrounded the Queen. Women of The Hague secretly visited the beauty-parlor operator whom Juliana had brought with her from Paris. The younger set clamored for the leadership of the Crown Princess and her husband in making the life of the capital gayer and more amusing.

Holland's Princess is supremely happy; so is Prince Bernard. And so, in a sense, is Queen Wilhelmina, who perhaps in her inmost heart is not sorry that her daughter has emancipated herself from the strict bonds of etiquette which have governed all her own actions.

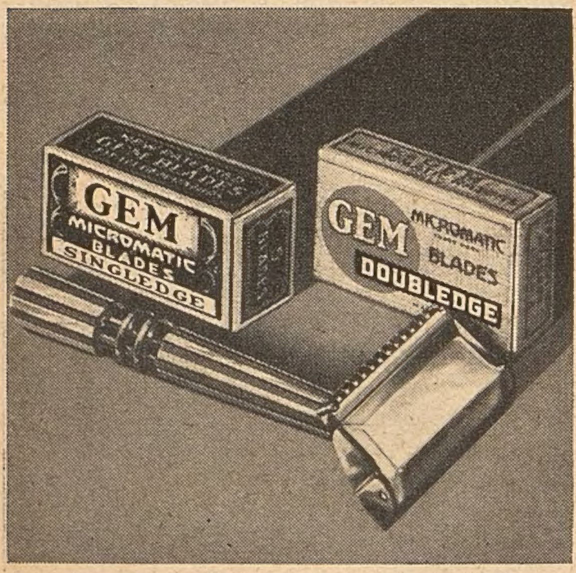
Juliana is confident of the future. As she confessed to a friend, she thanks God every day for having given her a husband whose love transformed her from an ugly duckling into a white swan.

THE END

Princess Juliana



Avoid "5 O'clock Shadow"



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Why These Murders Were Never Solved

NO. 1—DOT KING: BY NEW YORK'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY WILLIAM C. DODGE

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ABOUT eleven o'clock in the morning of March 15, 1923, a colored woman stepped into the elevator in a five-story apartment building at 144 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. She rode to the top floor and let herself into the small reception room of a tiny flat.

There were two fur coats lying on the floor. They were extraordinarily rumpled.

Must have been a party here last night, she thought.

She picked up the coats, brushed them off with her hands, and hung them on hangers. Then she noticed that the bedroom door was open. She wondered at that. Miss Dot always kept that door closed.

"It's me, Miss Dot," she called. "It's Billy."

There was no answer. She went into the bedroom and saw her mistress. She was lying on her left side, her bright bobbed head half hidden by a pillow, her right foot sticking out from under a sheet, her right hand hanging over the edge of the bed, her left arm twisted back in an unnatural position. There was only a sheet covering her—and it covered only part of her body.

"Miss Dot!" the maid called.

There was no answer.

Billy looked around the bedroom. It frightened her. She had seen profuse evidences of wild parties in this place on many mornings. But this morning it looked as though it had been ransacked by half a dozen burglars.

She touched her mistress's protruding foot. It was cold as marble. She put her hand on the sleeper's bosom. It was warm. But the heart was still.

She ran out of the apartment, down a hall, and down the steps at 146 West Fifty-seventh Street. There was a policeman on the corner.

"Miss Dot's dead," the terrified Billy told him.

She led him to the room. He made a cursory examination and nodded his head. "She's dead all right," he said. "Where's your telephone?"

Billy pointed to a little table beside the bed. But the phone wasn't there. The policeman followed the cord, and found the phone in the living room, on the floor just outside the bedroom door. He picked it up and made his report, saying:

"Looks like suicide. I got a whiff of something when I bent over her. Smelled like a drug of some kind."

After a time a doctor arrived and made his examination. "Poison," he said. "Evidently suicide."

He hurried away. The policeman stayed until he was relieved by another, whose job was simply to see that nothing was disturbed before the arrival of the Homicide Squad.

Billy called up her mistress's mother, Mrs. Catherine Keenan. She hurried to the flat with her two sons. After her first outbreak of grief she decided to tidy up the flat; but this was not permitted.

Detectives appeared. "Find the bottle?" one asked.

The policeman looked puzzled. "What bottle?"

"The one with the poison in it."

"No. Maybe it's in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. I don't know."

The detectives thought that strange. The bottle was found in the bedclothes. It was peculiarly shaped. It had contained chloroform. Near it, under the girl's cheek, the detectives found a pad of cotton and gauze. On this there was a slight trace of blood.

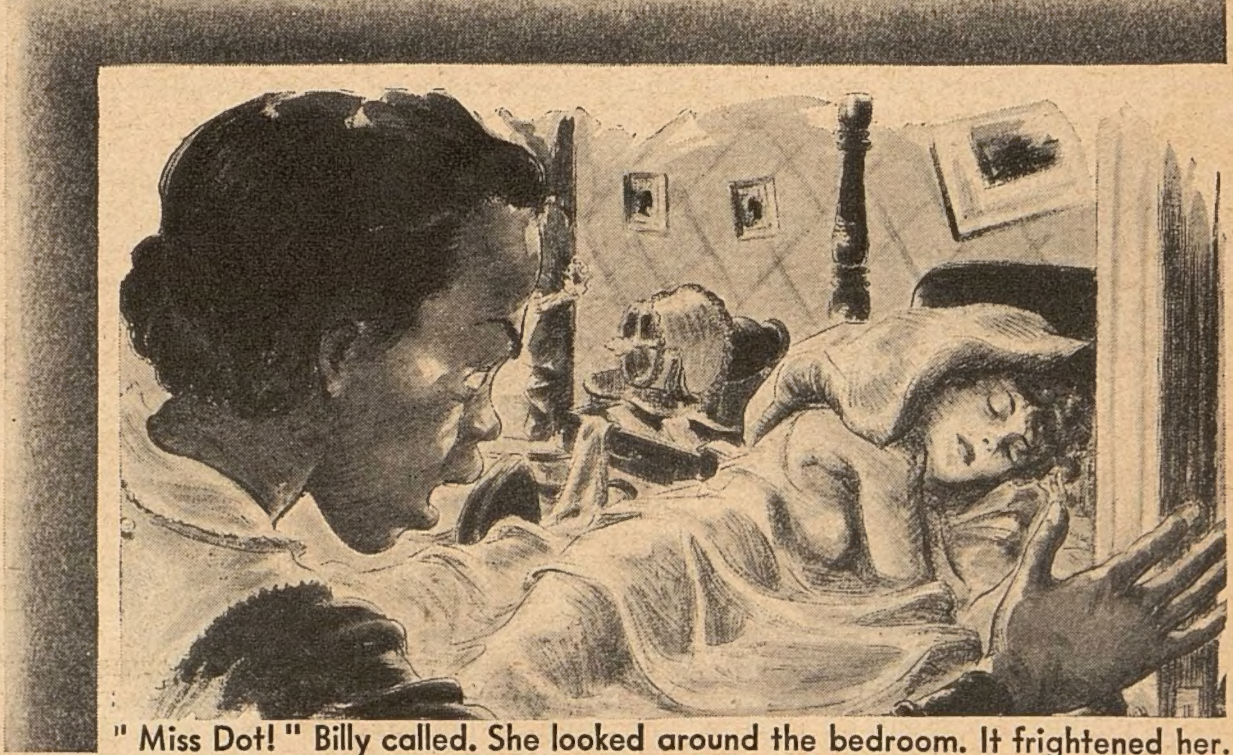
"Say," one of them ejaculated, "this isn't a suicide! A girl might try to chloroform herself to death, but she wouldn't clutch a cotton pad so tightly to her mouth and nose that it would draw blood! Suicides don't hurt themselves if they can help it. They seldom try chloroform, and as a rule, when they do, they can't hold the bottle or pad until it kills them. Their hands go to sleep and drop it.

"And look at the way her arm's doubled up under her. Somebody twisted it that way. This is murder!"

Presently they found a man's pocket comb in a leather case. It had been hidden by a fold of the bedclothes.

Captain Arthur Carey, head of the Homicide Bureau, Dr. Charles Norris, medical examiner, and an assistant

Was it robbery or jealousy? A glimpse behind the scenes in the mysterious killing of the "Broadway Butterfly"



"Miss Dot!" Billy called. She looked around the bedroom. It frightened her.

district attorney from the office of District Attorney Joab H. Banton sped to the flat. Captain Carey took charge of the investigation. "There's no doubt the woman was murdered," he said.

Dr. Norris examined the body, then questioned the maid. "She was probably killed between seven o'clock this morning and half past seven," he said.

Checking up with Billy, they discovered that thousands of dollars' worth of jewels, all the money, the best dresses and the finest lingerie in the flat—everything of any value—had been taken. The victim's patent-leather suitcase was missing.

They found a man's pair of yellow silk pajamas, a man's umbrella with a bit of cotton fluff adhering to it—the same cotton as that of the chloroform pad—and an unsigned will that left "everything" to Mrs. Keenan. The will, in Dot King's writing, started off with the phrase, "In case anything should happen to me—"

The morning newspapers "broke the story"—the murder of Dot King, "the beautiful model," "the Broadway Butterfly." It is still as fascinating and perplexing a story as any American city ever listed among its tales of unsolved crimes.

One of America's "captains of industry" figured in the story. He was elderly and very wealthy. He belonged to excellent clubs. His family was rated among the social elite. He was the president of a big corporation and a director of others. He was a husband and a father. He was Dot King's "sugar daddy."

There is no point in retelling his name, in causing his family further anguish. Let us call him Mr. Three.

The son of one of America's biggest politicians also figured. We shall call him Mr. Four.

Mr. Five is also an important factor. He was a gigolo, a petty crook, a blackmailer, and Dot's "lover."

Mr. Three gave. Mr. Five took. Mr. Three paid the rent for the flat; Mr. Five was there oftener than any other man. Mr. Three lavished jewels and clothes and bonds and money on Dot; Mr. Five took what he wanted of these, and beat Dot brutally when she complained.

Each of these three men was suspected of the murder. Only one of them was arrested—Mr. Five. But the charge against him was merely that he possessed a revolver in violation of the Sullivan law.

Dot King's real name was Anna Marie Keenan. Her father was a watchman in a department store until his death in 1921. Her mother worked as a laundress in apartment houses.

SHE was the youngest of four children. At the time of her death her older sister was married and one of her brothers was driving a truck, the other a taxicab.

Anna Marie worked in a laundry when she had finished school. But it was hard work and spoiled her beautiful hands. She quit. She married a chauffeur, lived with him a year or so, then left him. Later she divorced him.

She was a pretty girl and well formed. She had no trouble getting a job as a model in a wholesale house. She liked that. It was hard work, too; but it paid twenty-five dollars a week, and there were always buyers who wanted to show her a good time.

She left home to room with another girl in a midtown hotel, and changed her name first to Dorothy Keenan, then to Dot King. She also changed her philosophy. A girl was a fool to work, even in a dress shop where big buyers could be taken. There were richer men in the night clubs uptown.

It was during this period of her career that Dot met Mr. Four, the wastrel son of the politician.

This young man had served as an officer in the A. E. F. He was wild and irresponsible, had an astonishing capacity for liquor, and was "a fool for women." It was reported that he spent a small fortune on Dot.

She met Mr. Three, and then she had no more use for Mr. Four. When she first saw the older man, she was dining with a girl friend in a tavern on lower Broadway. Mr. Three had a man friend with him.

Dot smiled. Mr. Three smiled. Dot invited him with her eyes. He came to the table, bringing his friend.

"I'm John Marshall of Boston," he said. "This is my secretary, Mr. Wilson. We're here on a business matter, and—well—rather lonesome."

Within a few days Dot was living in the Fifty-seventh Street apartment with her girl friend. "Mr. Marshall" and his secretary were constant visitors for a time. The secretary usually left after an hour or so, that Dot and her "daddy" might be alone.

About ten days before the murder Dot went to Atlantic City with a man whose identity the police never learned. She stayed there four or five days. She came back to learn that the girl who roomed with her had almost wrecked the apartment. That is, she had "thrown *some* party." The girls quarreled and separated. Thereafter Dot occupied the flat by herself.

Mr. Three wrote Dot from his Florida palace, saying he was coming to New York. "Only two days before I will be in your arms."

BY this time Dot had learned his real name, and his position. It is probable she told Mr. Five about it. Billy heard Dot and her blackmailing lover quarreling about "the prize sap." The man urged Dot to turn over to him a couple of Mr. Three's letters. Dot said, "Over my dead body you'll get those letters."

Mr. Three phoned the apartment on Wednesday, March 14. He and his secretary would come up for luncheon, he said. Later they'd go stepping. Mr. Three arrived within a few minutes after his phone call. He brought a jade-and-diamond bracelet, a $500 bill, and a loaf of bread. In the loaf was a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond.

After Mr. Three and his secretary had gone, Dot called Mr. Five and told him Santa Claus had just left. Billy heard her quarreling with Mr. Five, heard her saying over and over, "I won't! I won't!"

At seven thirty o'clock that night Mr. Three and his secretary returned and took Dot away in a cab. They stayed out until midnight, when John Thomas, the colored elevator man, took them up to the top floor. The secretary came down in the elevator a little later.

"How long did Mr. Marshall stay?" Thomas was asked.

"I don't know," he said. "He didn't come down while I was there. And I didn't leave until seven o'clock."

"Go find Marshall," Captain Carey said.

Mr. Marshall was hard to find. Mr. Five was picked up without any trouble. He had an alibi, he said. He had spent the night at his hotel; he had had breakfast served in his room early in the morning of March 15.

No one at the hotel remembered seeing him come in. No waiter remembered bringing up his breakfast. No check signed by him for such a meal could be found. No check for the food he said he had eaten could be found. There were tooth marks on his right hand.

"Looks like he's our man," a detective said.

About this time Mr. Four stepped in the picture.

"A relative of Dot King is trying to blackmail me," he said. "I promised I'd ask my father to get him a government job, and he thought I meant it."

Now the clue of the uniquely shaped chloroform bottle was remembered. These bottles—only a certain number of them—had been manufactured for the army and distributed in certain camps in the United States and overseas. Mr. Four had been in several of those camps. He could have obtained one of those bottles easily.

"Looks like *he's* our man," said another detective.

Mr. Four was quietly removed by his influential relatives from New York to a Connecticut sanitarium.

And now Mr. Three—having suffered agonies of apprehension—voluntarily came into New York to tell what he knew. In the office of District Attorney Banton his chief assistant, Ferdinand Pecora, and Captain Carey obtained from Mr. Three many admissions.

"But the elevator man is mistaken," he maintained. "I left Miss King about two o'clock that morning. After my secretary left we drank a bottle of champagne and sat there talking for a couple of hours. I'm positive it wasn't later than two o'clock when the elevator took me downstairs."

Thomas contradicted Mr. Three's story flatly.

"No, sir," he said. "You didn't ride down with me that night. I left at seven o'clock, and for all I know you were still up there. Many a night you stayed up there until after I went off duty."

"Don't you remember I gave you a two-dollar tip that night?" Mr. Three asked.

"No, sir. I certainly would remember that, but I don't. I got no recollection of that a-tall."

Later Thomas doubted his own memory.

"Maybe I did take Mr. Marshall down about two o'clock that night," he said. "Maybe he did give me a two-dollar tip. I might have been mistaken when I said no. I guess maybe Mr. Marshall was right."

Mrs. Keenan had insisted the vest-pocket comb and the man's umbrella found in the flat didn't belong to Dot. Later she said both of them did.

Inasmuch as there were no arrests, Mr. Pecora was forced, in time, to discontinue the investigation.

Now, why couldn't the murder of Dot King be solved?

The state of Dot's apartment had indicated burglary. But a search did not result in the recovery of any of the jewelry or bonds Dot was known to have possessed.

Dot King

Mr. Five was the one to whom most of the suspicion was directed. I have no doubt that he had tried to make use of Dot to blackmail or rob Mr. Three. Yet the police had no evidence against him.

Mr. Five was evidently lying in his alibi. He had apparently lied about many other things. But mere suspicion isn't enough to justify an arrest for murder.

A good argument as to Mr. Five's motive could have been presented to a jury. Dot had refused his demands that she enable him to blackmail Mr. Three. So, in fear and anger, he "got rid of her." But there was no competent evidence to support this presumption of guilt. Thus it was impossible to put Mr. Five on trial.

As to Mr. Four—well, Dot or her relatives would hardly resort to bodily harm because a promised job was not forthcoming. So, it seems to me, his statements regarding threats of this nature were probably inspired by mental delusions. And even if there had been any direct evidence implicating him, other essentials for convicting him were lacking. His sojourn in a sanitarium did not help the authorities any. There was nothing to connect him with the murder.

Now let us consider Mr. Three. He gave expensive presents and money to Dot. He wrote love letters to her. He might have been actuated with a desire to get those letters back. He might have been jealous.

His letters covered a period of a couple of years. All except the last one were written before he went South. As he was about to return to New York he wrote Dot of his prospective arrival. This isn't consistent with a determination to regain possession of previous letters.

Nor do his actions on the day before Dot's death—and the morning she died—present any indications of an intent to recover his telltale notes. He and his male companion came to luncheon. They left. They returned and took her to dinner. After dinner they came back to the flat. The companion left after a time. Mr. Three remained. Everything was amicable.

Mr. Three's reliance on the fidelity of his secretary, who knew all about him, precludes, in my opinion, any theory of fear on his part that the letters would be used to blackmail him. He may have been foolish to write those letters, but his frankness and honesty in answering all questions—and the fact that he voluntarily submitted to interrogation—established his character.

He could hardly have been actuated by jealousy. Jealous men do not go away on trips.

Fear of blackmail as a motive must be eliminated also. Apparently there was no idea in his mind that Dot might blackmail him. I deduce this from his letters. And the many gifts he lavished on Dot do not indicate that he had any fear of blackmail.

Then bear in mind that chloroform indicates a preconceived, cold-blooded, deliberately planned murder. There was nothing in Mr. Three's character, his actions before and after the murder, or the story he told, even to hint that he might have committed such a crime.

The only witness who made his story look bad was an unreliable one with a changeable mind.

Mr. Pecora and the police did everything they could, but weren't convinced of the guilt of any of the three.

And it was quite possible that a mere burglar had killed Dot King because she had waked up and caught him at his work. It would have been comparatively easy for a burglar to get into the flat at 144. This flat, and the one at 146, had been merged. There was an elevator in 144, but only a stairway in 146. Anybody could have walked up those stairs, crossed through the hallway to Dot King's apartment in 144, opened the door with a skeleton key—and gone out, down the stairway, without having been seen by any one.

Two other men appeared in the investigation, though their identities were never learned One was the man with whom Dot went to Atlantic City. The other was a man whose name may have been McGrath.

Mr. Three told the police about the latter.

"I was visiting Dot one day," he said. "when a man knocked at the door. Dot told him he couldn't come in, and closed the door quickly. She seemed upset. I understood from her that his name was McGrath and he was connected with a private detective agency."

It is not improbable that some other rich man was having Dot shadowed, and that one of the detectives he employed was blackmailing her. It is possible, too, that this detective—if he was a detective—was employed by Dot to "get something on" one of her enemies.

It is possible Dot lied when she said his name was McGrath. It is probable he was Mr. Five.

Dot was worried about something. That could be deduced not only from the will she started to write—which she didn't live to sign—but also from a statement made by Mr. Three.

"She didn't want me to go," Mr. Three said. "When I looked at my watch and saw it was nearly two o'clock, I said I'd have to go. She begged me not to. I got the impression that she was afraid to be alone in the flat; but I thought that was silly."

Fourteen years have gone by, and the mystery of the murder of Dot King is as profound as ever. We do not even know the motive for the crime. But here is a significant thing. If the motive was robbery, the slayer got little profit. He enjoyed nothing but the cash. Not one jewel, not one article of clothing, not even the patent-leather suitcase that was taken from Dot King's apartment, has ever turned up in a pawnshop.

The majority of the investigators always believed the flat was looted in order to make the police believe robbery was the motive, the only motive. The fact that the loot has never come to light seems to bear out their theory. Yet we cannot be certain even of this.

THE END

Why another real-life murder mystery has never been solved will be explained by District Attorney Dodge in an early issue.

A Man for Jessica

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

The sprightly, engaging love story of a

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I WASN'T able to marry anybody. At nineteen I got in the war just at its tail end, but at twenty I was out, pretty well shot. Gassed. How I'd managed to live the eighteen years since the armistice nobody knew. Least of all the doctors.

And then there was the financial side of it. I had the little house under the hill where the Maitlands had always lived, and I had enough money to get along by myself and pay old Sarah's modest wages. But that was all. I didn't have enough to support a wife in a manner which any self-respecting woman ought to expect. And I didn't want to marry a woman with enough money to support me. What had I to offer her? Nothing!

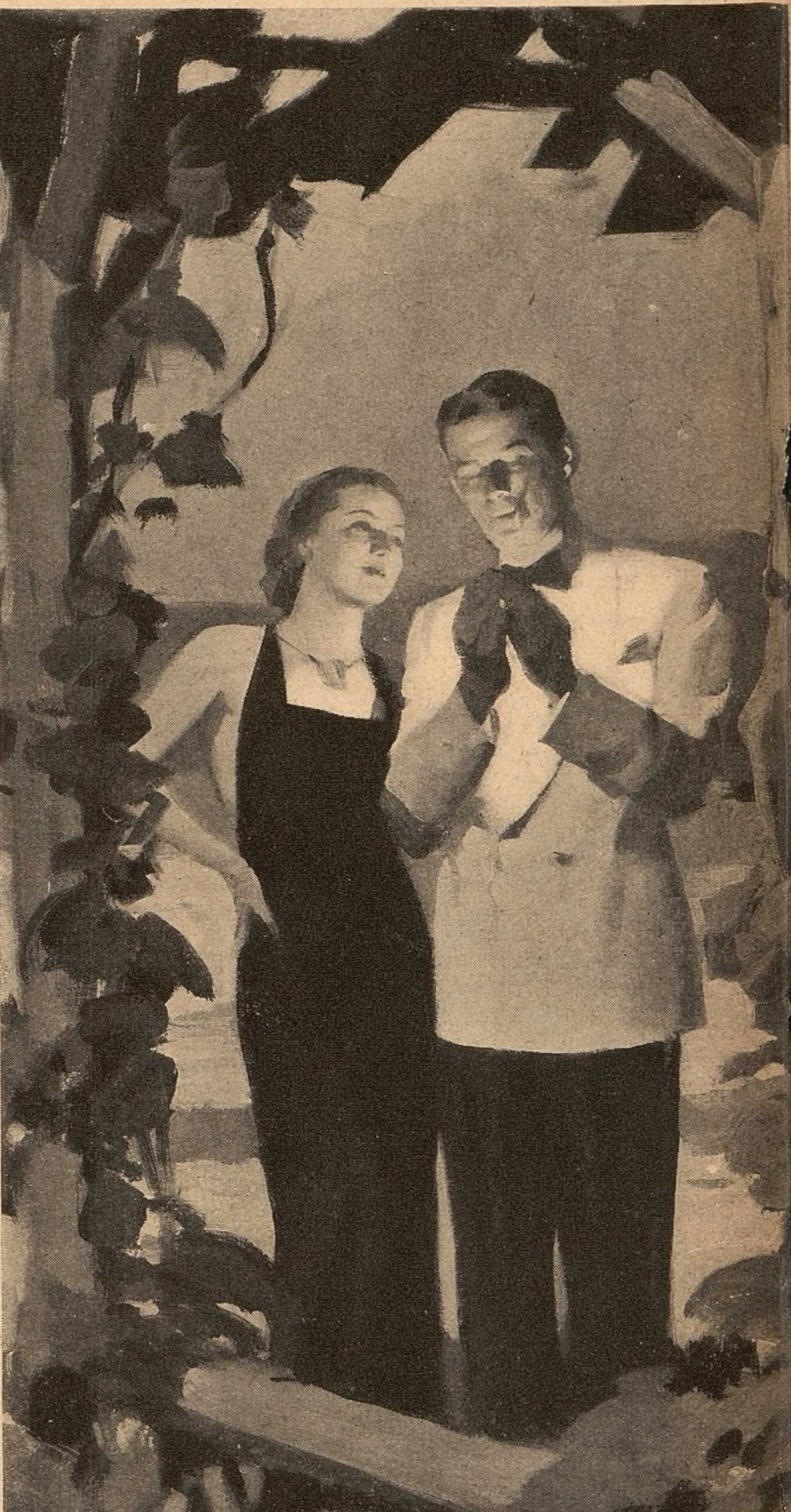
Sometimes I found myself wishing things were different with me. If things had been different I'd have married Jessica Carter years ago. That is, I would have asked her to marry me. Whether she would or not is something else again. But it was a darn shame about Jessica. She was a girl, or a woman rather, who had everything—and nothing.

Jessie, since her mother's death, lived alone in the huge Victorian house which had once been the pride of Franklin. Her house sprawled over the top of the hill under which my house nestled like a chick peeping from beneath its mother's wing. Jessica's lawns and gardens spread down to the little white fence at which my tiny garden began. There was a gate in the little white fence which, by mutual consent, we usually left open.

You've seen the sort of house Jessica's is in many a Connecticut village. Not really old; not one of the white and stately Colonial houses, but a monstrosity of cupolas, curlicues, and stained-glass windows. Jessica's grandfather had built it with part of the profits he had made in his factory during the Civil War. Yet, while it was ugly, it was comfortable. It looked lived in. And the grounds were beautiful. Wide stretches of smooth deep lawn edged with great trees and shrubbery. And in the hollow next my grounds the famous Carter garden, which glowed with varied color from early spring to late autumn. Mrs. Carter, Jessica's mother, had become complacent about winning most of the prizes each year at the Franklin Garden Club, but since her death Jessica, while she kept up the garden in all its blaze of glory, did not bother so much about the titter and tattle of the Garden Club. Jessica laughed at their jealousies and goings on.

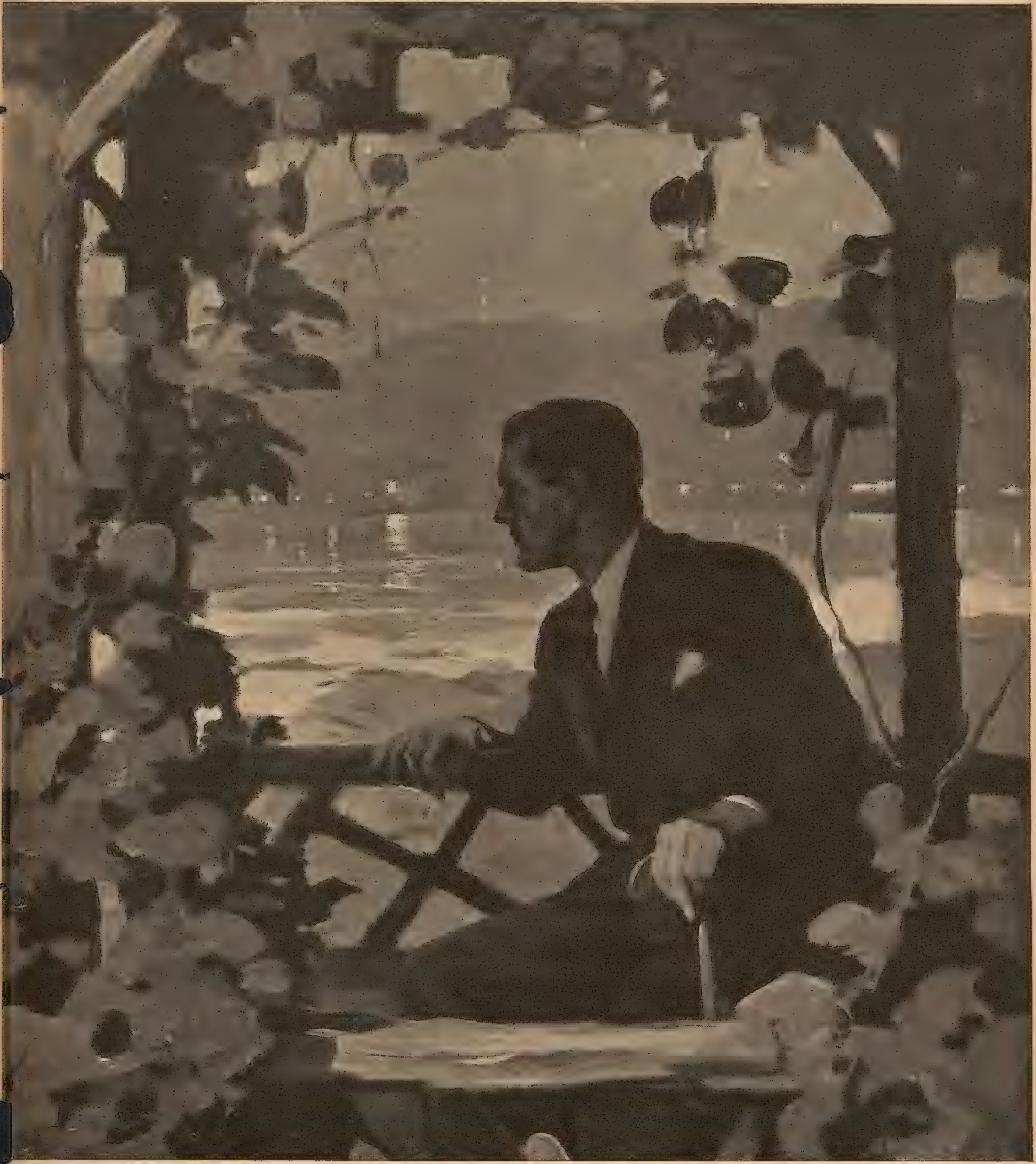
And when I say Jessica lived in that house alone, I'm not including the three or four servants and the chauffeur and the gardener. The last two, however, lived with their families in what had once been the barn, now converted into a garage with apartments for two families built into its second story. Those apartments, I might add, were much more modern in their plumbing and equipment than was the Carter house itself. And Jessica was like a fairy godmother to those families. Her Christmas parties for the children were something to see.

Franklin, as I've said, is a Connecticut town, one of the old, old towns that dot the shore between New Haven and New London. It has its historical association and museum, of which I was honorary secretary or something, and which gave me a little work to do, for which I was grateful. Franklin has its grassy common with its beautiful old white church, its steeple shining like a benediction over the town. It has its dignified old houses built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, each



The man struck a match for his cigarette and I saw it was placarded with the date it was built—which was, perhaps, a rather unseemly task we set ourselves when we celebrated Franklin's tercentenary. And, needless to say, it also has its garish chain stores and its beauty shoppes and its glaring gasoline pumps and a movie theater and a dog wagon. Also, it has its summer population, which has built a whole new settlement for itself along the beaches. And its Country Club and its Yacht Club and the Beach Hotel and the Rest-Awhile Gift Shop and Tea Room. The summer population arrives with a rush starting with Decoration Day, and departs in a turmoil soon after Labor Day.

But the Carters, the Maitlands, the Renfrews, and dozens of other old Franklin families stay on, winter and summer, glad to see these migratory visitors come, glad to see them go. . . . And Franklin is where Jessica



Mark. At first I thought the woman must be Jessica, and, with a stab of pain, I slunk deep upon the bench.

Carter was born, where she grew up and never married.

Why had she never married? There was her devotion to her mother. But that doesn't explain it. There was the fact that Jessica wasn't beautiful. But lots of plain girls have married. And Jessica was popular enough. She was active enough, goodness knows. She won the women's golf championship at the Country Club three years running. She was one of the best players at the tennis courts of the Yacht Club, and very much in demand as a partner in mixed doubles. She went to a lot of dances and was invited here and there to cocktail parties and dinners. And, once or twice during the summer, turned her own house into a conflagration of light and noise for a party on a grand scale for all her friends.

No, she had never married, I imagine, because she had never surrendered to one small feminine wile. She was too direct, too honest, too hard-hitting, a big-hearted, brusque, impulsive creature. Men were a little afraid of her. Anyway, that's what I thought.

Then, one afternoon in early August, when I was sitting in my garden reading in a reclining chair beneath the pear tree that never bore any pears, Jessica came in and launched her thunderbolt.

"Hello, Dan," she said, and sat down cross-legged on the grass, plucked a blade of grass, and, holding it between her thumbs, blew a shrill blast upon it, the way we had done when we were kids. And after that performance added casually: "I'm going to get married, Dan."

I was too startled to speak for a moment. Then I said, "You are, Jessica! To whom?"

Her smile illuminated her face as it always did, the teeth shining so very white in contrast with her healthy dark-brown tan. "I'm not quite sure to whom," she said, "but I think it's going to be Mark Renfrew."

This left me speechless, too. When I did manage to speak, it was to say testily, "If you're not sure, I think you might choose some one other than Mark Renfrew."

"What's the matter with Mark?" she asked.

"You know," I said.

"Oh, well, I suppose he's had his affairs," she admitted, "but perhaps he's ready to settle down now. Mark will appreciate what I have to offer him. He'll enjoy living in a big house with plenty of servants to wait on him. He'll like spending the winter in New York or Florida if he wishes, and having for once all the money he needs."

"You sound as if you were buying him," I said.

"I am—Mark or some other man who needs money. Why else should a man marry me?"

"You're talking like a fool, Jess," I said hotly. "What's got into you?"

SHE was very calm about it. "This is what's got into me, Dan. I've been thinking things over in the most matter-of-fact and cold-blooded way. I'm tired of not being married. I'm tired of living alone. I'm fed up with being the odd girl at parties, the girl of whom people say, 'Now whom can I invite for poor Jessica?' 'Where can I get a man for Jessica?' I was thirty-five last week. It's now or never, I guess. And I'm *not* going to die an old maid. If I haven't sufficient allure in myself to attract a man, I'll buy myself one. Yes, that's the truth of the matter. But under the circumstances I haven't a wide choice. I don't want to run away with a chauffeur or a grocery clerk. Mark seems to be about as good as I can get. And he *is* good-looking. You'll admit that."

"I'll admit that," I said grimly.

Jessica stood up. "Well, wish me luck," she said.

I stood up, too. "The hell I will," I said.

She laughed again. "Good old consistent Dan," she said.

Jessica had the large, high, old-fashioned family car which the chauffeur drove. This took her to dinners and dances in the evening, but in the daytime she preferred to dash around driving herself in a rather ramshackle roadster that she'd had for years. But the very next day after her extraordinary announcement to me I saw her gliding by the house in a new sports-model roadster—a long, shimmering, streamlined car painted bright green. As she waved to me I saw that Mark Renfrew was with her. In fact, later on I found that it was through Mark she had bought the car and that he'd earned an agreeable commission on its sale. Jessica's campaign was on, all right.

If it had been anybody but Mark Renfrew! I thought bitterly. Jessica should be married. I had always wanted to see her happily married. She had every right, every reason, to marry. But Mark Renfrew!

I don't want to be too harsh on Mark, too bitten and prejudiced by envy. For envy him I did. I have to admit that. I envied him his magnificent physical strength, and I both envied and despised his arrogance. Perhaps it wasn't Mark's fault that he was spoilt, but spoilt he was. He had an old mother who thought he could do no wrong. And Mark had never had enough money to satisfy his reckless desires. That was the trouble, too. Like the Carters and the Maitlands, the Renfrews were one of Franklin's oldest families. They lived in a small but fine old house on the common across from the church, but it was a house rapidly deteriorating for lack of paint and repairs. Yet Mark had tried to earn money. Give him credit for that. He was always doing this or that, but never anything for very long. Real estate. Stocks and bonds. Insurance. Now agent for the cars of which Jessica had bought one. But he couldn't seem to stick to any one thing—or to any one woman.

WITH his good looks, his charm, he was, in the beach colony, God's gift to summer widows. But it was a different widow each summer. And in the long winters he was not averse to playing around with the humbler village girls, flattering them, turning their heads, ignoring them when summer came round again. There was that ugly story about a factory girl in Clinton in which he had taken refuge behind his mother's skirts. She had stayed to deal with the consequences and pay what little money she could, while Mark had fled to California, loudly proclaiming his movie contacts. But he had come back a few months later declaring nobody could get anywhere in Hollywood without pull. Yes, that was Mark Renfrew!

It made me actually sick to think of Mark and Jessica together. My only hope was that Jessica could not pin Mark down long enough to marry him. Yet she did have everything to tempt him. I could see him lording it in that big comfortable house, growing as fat as a worm on a mulberry bush, self-important, dictatorial. Why, a car and a chauffeur for his own use in themselves were enough to win Mark, after his years of bitter pretense and threadbare strivings for grandeur.

These soft summer nights I had a habit of wandering down to the shore. There, on the tip of a rocky point, was the wreck of a little summerhouse, isolated, built by some one in a moment's romantic folly and then forgotten. It was a pleasant place to meditate and, gazing at the stars, feel again one's own insignificance and the pettiness of one's own inabilities and thwarted ambitions weighed against the vast panorama of sky and sea.

I was sitting there one night when I saw a couple approaching. The man struck a match for his cigarette and I saw it was Mark, and at first I thought the woman with him must be Jessica; and, with a stab of pain, I slunk deep upon the bench I was sitting on. But as they drew near I realized the woman was not Jessica. It was Mrs. Duffield, a gay and pretty matron of the summer colony, and when I recognized her I stood up. I had no desire to listen to their confidences.

"Hello, Mark," I said.

"Who is it?" he asked sharply.

"Dan—Dan Maitland."

He seemed relieved. "Hello, Dan," he said carelessly, and to Mrs. Duffield, "Do you know Dan Maitland, Grace? He's our local historian. He knows more about Franklin than any other man, living or dead!"

Mrs. Duffield's light laugh tinkled. "I hope that knowledge doesn't include the summer visitors," she said. "I have met you, Mr. Maitland. It was at Jessica's, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said; "I remember the yellow dress you wore. It matched your hair and in itself it deserved to make history in Franklin."

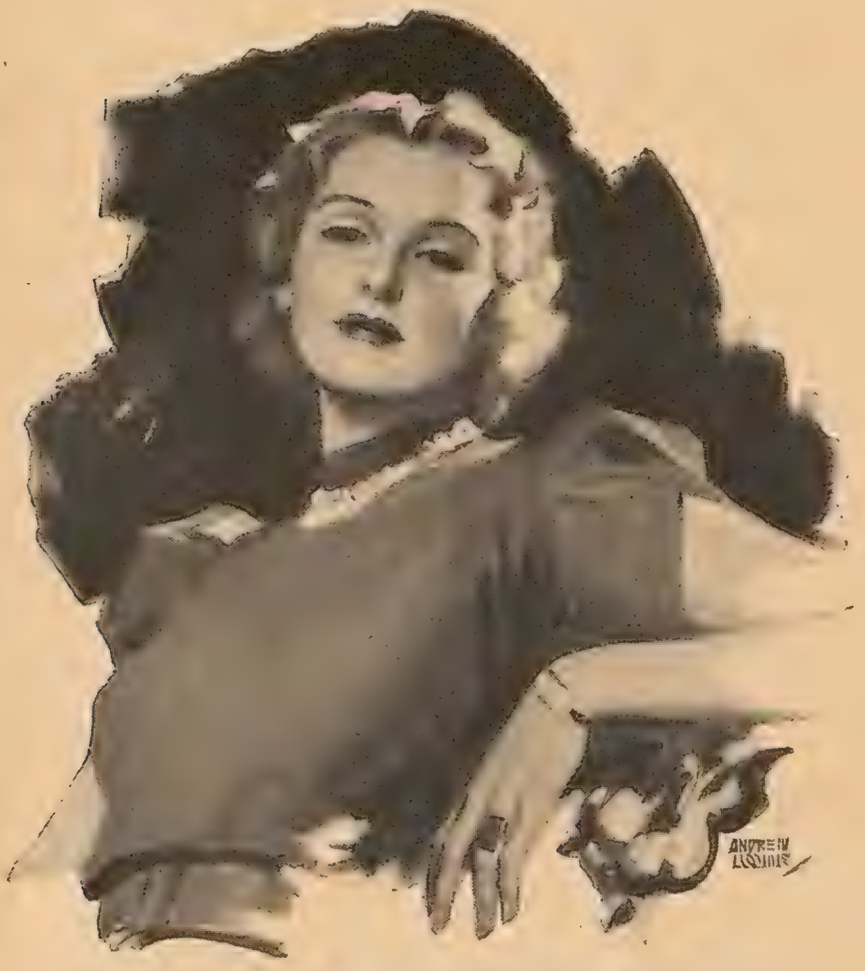
"How nice of you!" she cried. "Mark, you never remember what I wear."

"Dan has more time to notice clothes than I have," Mark said. "I notice—other things. Shall we stroll back, Grace?" And he turned to explain to me rather too elaborately that they had just left Mrs. Duffield's party for a moment to get a breath of air—it was so stuffy inside, and some one insisted upon having the radio going full blast. "I thought Jessica was going to be at the party, but she wasn't," he concluded.

"Why, I didn't invite Jessica," Mrs. Duffield began. "I thought—"

"Come along, Grace," he said abruptly. "They'll be wondering where we are."

Well, I could make what I wanted of all that, and what I did make of it was confirmed a few days later. It was a day of incessant torrential rain—chilly too; and I was sitting by the fire in my living room in the afternoon, a Scotch-and-soda beside me and before me some Revolutionary records that had been found in an old desk—and very comfortable I was, too—when there was a knock on the door and, without waiting for my reply, the door opened and Jessica burst in. Rain slithered from her oilskin coat. Her felt hat was sodden.



Men, I thought, were a little afraid of Jessica.

"What a day, Dan!" she said. "That fire looks good. May I come in and get warm?"

"Have a drink, too," I said, and rang for old Sarah.

Jessica pulled off her hat and coat, shook the water from them and hung them on a hook behind the door. Then she sat down on a low stool before the fire and spread her hands to the blaze.

"You're not so unhappy, are you, Dan?" she asked over her shoulder.

I looked at her curiously. "Why do you say that?"

"Well, you look so cozy here and seem so content with those musty old papers you love. Yet sometimes I think—" She sighed. "But let it go. Anyway, I have news for you."

I knew what the news was. "It's definite now?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You and Mark?"

"Yes, Mark and I."

I didn't say anything.

Sarah brought in the Scotch-and-soda and Jessica sipped it reflectively. "I'm giving a large party next Tuesday," she said, "to announce the engagement. I want you to come."

"No, I won't come," I said. "I don't want to come."

"It's going to be a real party," she insisted. "A buffet supper. Lobster thermidor the way you like it."

"I thought this party was for Mark, not me."

"I'm having an orchestra from New Haven for Mark. Did you ever see Mark dancing?"

"No; but I've heard other women say he's a divine dancer—isn't that the expression?"

"Whatever the expression is, it's inadequate."

"After the way you first announced your matrimonial plans to me, this enthrallment in love's young dream seems a little absurd, Jess."

"That's a rotten thing to say! You won't come, Dan?"

"No."

She finished her drink in one large gulp and rose. For a moment I fancied there were tears in her eyes, but it must have been only fancy. "All right," she said hotly, and then turned back to me impulsively. "Oh, Dan, I can't stay angry with you. I'll send you over some of the lobster thermidor."

I could not help but laugh then. "All right, Jess," I said. "And I can't stay angry with you. But I do think you're blind and a little mad."

IT'S better to be a little mad in this way than—than in other ways, Dan. I've read my Freud. And I've seen what happens to some unmarried females of uncertain age. Won't you even wish me good luck this time?"

"Yes," I said. "Good luck and all there is of it."

"I suppose you mean I'll need all there is of it?"

"Yes, that's what I mean," I said.

She left me then, and I sat there with the records found in an old desk. Somehow all the savor had gone out of deciphering, arranging them.

* * * *

The next Tuesday night the Carter house glowed with light as it had never glowed before. It was a fair night, and when the late daylight languished a full moon rode the sky. After eight o'clock a continuous parade of cars passed my front door until, blocked, they could no longer pass and parked in front of my house and down the road. One of Jessica's maids brought me more lobster thermidor than I could eat and a pint of iced champagne. I sat there in my living room with all the windows open, for the night was as warm as it was fair, gorging myself on lobster, sipping champagne, and thinking what a fool I was. A useless, churlish, lonely fool. Why couldn't I have tried at least to join in the festivities to celebrate Jessica's happiness? But was it happiness? Was it going to be happiness for long?

About ten or so the soft music of the orchestra came lilting over the lawns and drifting through the trees. Then, impulsively, I rose and seized my stick. I let myself out the back door and went through the open gate in the little white fence and silently climbed the hill toward the lighted windows of Jessica's house. I don't know just what I had in mind. Perhaps just to watch the dancing through the windows. Perhaps in some way to apologize to Jessica for my ill humor.

I was standing there on the lawn, gazing through a wide window at the maze of dancers, when I saw Mark emerge from a side door rather furtively. He peered around, holding the door open, and then beckoned, and Mrs. Duffield stepped out. Mark seized her arm and together they ran down the path that led to the tennis court, which is shielded from both the house and the road by masses of shrubbery. And I followed them. I can make no excuses for this. All I know is that I was hot with rage. This was the treatment Jessica received on the night of announcing publicly her engagement to Mark! This was the treatment she would always receive from Mark.

They had gone swiftly down the path, and I followed slowly and silently. I came upon them standing in the deep shadow of a great oak. But I could see their figures were blended, crushed together; and it seemed to me, although I'm not sure of this, that Mrs. Duffield was crying.

But I did hear her say, "Oh, Mark, I can't stand it. I can't!" And I heard him say—and it was all I heard him say: "It won't make any difference, darling. After a little while it won't make any difference at all to us."

It was enough, however, to hear him say.

I stepped from the black shadow of the shrubbery into the white light of the moon, and they saw me and broke apart.

"Mark, you're not going to marry Jessica," I said.

He stepped toward me, his hands clenched. "You dirty sniveling sneak!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

"I am a sneak," I said; "that's true. I heard the last thing you said. And you're not going to marry Jessica."

Before I could guard myself he lunged at me, and I half fell from the blow of his fist; but somehow I managed to pull myself up, and I lifted my stick and slashed it across his face. Mrs. Duffield screamed once and then clapped her hand over her mouth.

Mark drew back and there was blood on his face. He took the handkerchief from his breast pocket and dabbed at the blood. "You lousy invalid," he said, "you can't even fight fair!"

"That's because I am a lousy invalid," I said.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I'm going to do this about it. I'm going to see that Jessica does not marry you."

"You mean you'll snitch as well as sneak?"

"Yes; if necessary I'll snitch. Jessica will believe me, not you. You know that. But why is it necessary to tell? It seems to me it would be much easier if you found some excuse to tell Jessica the engagement has been a mistake."

"Oh, Mark, he's right. It has been a mistake, hasn't it?" Mrs. Duffield put in softly, urgently.

"You can easily explain it's been a mistake, Mark," I said. "And then I think it would be better if you disappeared for a time. Go abroad. Go somewhere."

MARK laughed. "And where will I get the money to go abroad, to go anywhere?" he asked.

"That can be arranged," I said.

"You think you can get the money from Jessica? You think it's your turn to mulct Jessica?"

"No, I don't think that," I said in a tired way. For I found I was terribly tired then. I was worn out. I was ready to sink to the ground. One more blow from Mark and he'd have me defenseless, whipped and whimpering —ready to agree to anything. It was rotten to be an invalid.

But Mark did not know his advantage and did not seize it, although he maintained his bluster. "I'll think it over," he said in his bullying way. "I'll let you know. Come on, Grace. Let's go back. Let's dance. We might as well get some fun out of this party."

They left me there. And I sat down on the grass at the foot of the tree that had sheltered Mark's infidelity. I sat there a long time.

. . . . .

It took all the money I could scrape together, but Mark did what I demanded. He left on a cruise to northern Europe. I hoped the midnight sun would blind him, but I doubted it. Mark had always been adept at turning night into day. With Mark gone, I waited for the thing I dreaded. I dreaded seeing Jessica. I feared what might be the effect upon her of my machinations. Would I find her embittered, desperately hurt, or angry? After all, what business had it been of mine?

She came into the garden one hot afternoon when the air was filled with the buzz of bees and the first butterflies of late summer were drifting around like clouds of yellow petals. It was a tranquil afternoon. Shut in by the red-brick wall that hid the garden from the road, we might have been a hundred miles from anywhere.

Jessica came through the gate in the white fence, and although, sitting there in my customary easy chair, my back was turned to her, I knew it was she; but I did not turn at once to look at her or greet her. But presently she stood directly before me and I was compelled to look up at her, and I saw that she was smiling and that she hadn't changed. She hadn't changed at all. Then she put out her hand and ruffled my hair and made me feel very foolish.

AT least you're not bald, Dan," she said, "and you're not fat. You'll never be fat. And I, for one, think, as I've always thought, that you're excessively nice-looking in a thin and clever way."

"What's all this about?" I asked.

She sat down on the grass. "You know what it's about. That little fool, Grace Duffield, has been talking. Boasting, rather. Was Mark really in love with her?"

I shrugged. "Maybe. His sort of love."

"What I don't understand," she said, "is where Mark got the money to go away. He was awfully hard up. I—I happen to know." She looked at me most directly then. "Did you give him the money to go away, Dan?"

I didn't answer. But I didn't have to answer.

Jessica flushed, and after a while she said, "It's quaint, isn't it, that I start out to buy a man and then you buy him off? That's a very quaint situation, Dan. Why did you do it?"

"Because he would have made you unhappy. Because he is a rotter," I blurted forth.

"Yes, he is a rotter, all right," she agreed. "Even so, I don't like being jilted. It isn't an agreeable sensation. I'm going to marry some one else immediately."

"Who this time?" I asked.

"You," she said. "You've brought it on yourself."

I was silent for a moment. Then I said, "It's hitting below the belt, Jessica, to joke about it when—when all my life it's you I've loved and wanted to marry if—if only—"

She was very serious. "I'm not joking, Dan. You're not as much of an invalid as you think you are. Happiness will cure you. And it was you I wanted. Always. But I got so tired of waiting and waiting for you to ask me. It drove me to that foolish, that mad step."

"You mean all that about Mark was a hoax?"

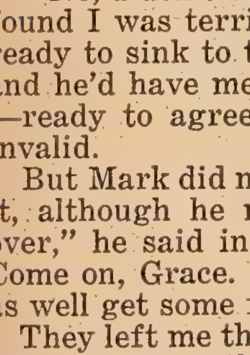
"No," she said, shaking her head. "No, I'd have married him. At least I think I would—although at the last minute— Oh, Dan, don't you see, all the time it was you I loved!"

And then she was kneeling beside me, crying a little, laughing a little, her cheek against mine.

There wasn't any use in talking about it any more.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Her father originated the communistic Brook Farm experiment; he and Thoreau were her teachers. Born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1832, she died at Boston in 1888. Among her works, the most popular girls' book produced in America. Who is the subject of this week's early photo?

2—Which breed is a cross between a greyhound and a terrier?

3—Are growing pains caused by growing?

4—Does an American lose citizenship by joining the French Foreign Legion?

5—Where was the Mayo Clinic established in 1905?

6—According to the Bible, which king was eight when he was eighteen?

7—What size stocking does Garbo wear?

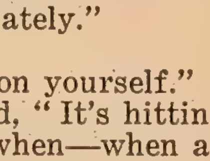
8—When it's 10 P. M. in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, what's the time in Los Angeles?

9—Did the Normandie cross from Havre to New York in less than four days?

10—Which country won the Ryder Cup this year?

11—Is a peanut a nut or a pea?

12—What former Secretary of the Treasury was called "an unreconstructed rebel" by President Roosevelt?



13—Who was Don Budge's partner in the Davis Cup doubles?

14—Which leading colony of Great Britain has a Senate and a House of Representatives?

15—Who authored the Waverley Novels?

16—What size of printing type also means a craving for unnatural foods?

17—How are those condemned to death executed in Germany?

18—Iran was formerly which country?

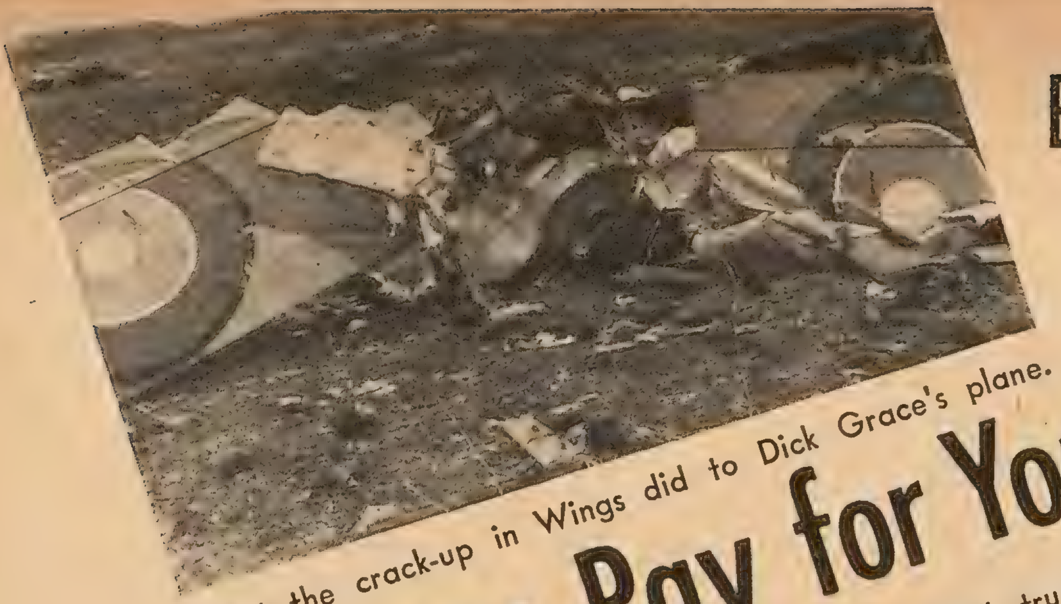
19—The Girl Scouts was founded by whom?

20—Who is the Governor of Massachusetts?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

Whose Nerves Pay for Your Film Thrills?

BY NAT J. FERBER



What the crack-up in Wings did to Dick Grace's plane.

William Powell struggles up for air in One Way Passage.

From plane crashes, bursting boilers, Juggernauts, and death grapples, the movie director prays to be delivered

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WEEK before last, I gave in Liberty half a dozen good examples of the reason Why Movie Directors Get Gray Hair. These were sensationally hazardous "stunt scenes" in memorable pictures—scenes in which actors or stunt men or extras or all three risked their lives, and in some of which something went or nearly went wrong, so that their escapes were hairbreadth indeed. The point was, you will recall, that while those people run the risk, it is the director who suffers the agonies of apprehension and whose nerves pay for the moviegoer's thrill.

Striking as they were, these instances can scarcely have conveyed the half of it! Here are a few more:

William Wellman was once one of the few Hollywood directors who loved to do the thrill stuff. On the set of A Star Is Born, Bill, looking very young and almost handsome, confided to me that he is now "too old" to get a kick out of it. He worries. He thinks no picture is worth serious injuries. He's been through too many such scenes, and he says he forgets them as quickly as possible.

One that he can't forget occurred in Wings. The two boys playing the leads were Buddy Rogers and Dick Arlen. Buddy had never flown; Dick had, a little. There were near fatalities which still haunt Wellman on wakeful nights.

He had some great flyers on this picture. Dick Grace doubled for Buddy Rogers. The scene required him to dive headlong and crack up in front of no man's land. Grace was expert at crack-ups. Wellman had carefully prepared the spot. He had substituted twine for barbed wire, flimsy wood for sturdy fence posts. He was unusually nervous anticipating the scene. Everything was prepared. Grace knew exactly what he was to do. He had done the same thing many times. Yet there was always a chance he would miss and hit the barbed wire.

Just as he was coming down, every one realized that the strong wind was blowing him off his course. Wellman knew a moment of sick dread. The crash had to be done with a "dead stick"—no control—so there was no chance for Grace to pull out of it. He missed the prepared area and hit the wires. The plane bounded over and smacked down, bottom side up. Wellman stood paralyzed, watching.

Before going up, Grace had agreed that after the crash he would wag the wings just a trifle to indicate that he was all right. It seemed an age before that signal finally came. Wellman counts this his worst moment in pictures.

He also recalls a scene in Public Enemy in which he had to shoot a machine gun at Jimmy Cagney and be sure of missing him. He did it himself, because Jimmy was too expensive to be fired at carelessly.

It is conceivable that a sensitive man like Director Frank Borzage should have suffered in Shipmates Forever. One scene was laid in a reproduction of the boiler room of a battleship. It called for a threatening explosion, caused by a leaky firebox. Dick Powell was to rush in and save the life of Johnny Arledge.

Borzage had nothing to worry about when the scene was planned, since it was intended to get the effect with trick photography, chemical smoke, and "processed" flame. But this was found to look "faky." Nothing would suffice but real smoke and real fire.

The flames from the firebox were controlled by blowers. With perfect timing they could be made to shoot behind and in front of the actors without touching them. Also there could be lulls to allow Powell to rush in and kneel beside his injured companion.

Firemen with extinguishers stood by.

At a crucial moment, Powell slipped and seemed to Borzage to be enveloped in a sheet of flame. Borzage almost went out of his mind—until Dick rose to his feet unhurt. He had escaped by a fraction of an inch.

Tay Garnett refuses to use any one who isn't a specialist at the particular risk involved in the scene he shoots. This, he insists, is the first and most essential precaution in the making of dangerous shots. He always directs his stunt scenes personally, and sees to it, before the cameras are turned, that every possible precaution has been taken.

When about to shoot such scenes he is exhilarated by an anticipatory thrill; but he does not permit himself to become excited or rattled. He knows exactly what he wants to do, and, given an experienced man to do it, is confident that, nine times out of ten, the stunt will come off all right.

In the old days, he points out, actors did not have doubles. They had to do, themselves, the dangerous stunts required by their roles. These stunts were mostly falls, usually off horses or moving trains. The airplane stuff came later. Garnett himself was an actor, and because he didn't mind doing dangerous stunts he became, for a time, a professional stunt man. His experiences remain vividly in his memory. The things he minded most were the lion chases which were so popular with picture fans in the good old serial days.

"You never knew what a lion would do," he declares.

Having started his stunt career as a stripling, when the United States entered the World War it seemed the natural thing for him to get into it. He became a naval aviator, had a lot of thrills, and after it was over returned to Hollywood to take up once more the career which has made him an outstanding director and an acknowledged master of the thrill scenes.

The Flying Fool was the first one that gave him a lot of worry. Later, when he was making Hell's Angels, which employed a number of stunt flyers in very dangerous scenes, Garnett himself took the place of a flyer who failed to show up for a dogfight. He stayed with it for several exciting days—and loved it, though he nearly cracked up two or three times.

NONE of those on Garnett's S. O. S. Iceberg will forget their experiences on the big Jungfrau glaciers. Many shots were made in deep crevasses under extremely hazardous conditions. The stunt men on this picture were all Germans—experienced snow and ice men who knew the country; the best men available for such work.

Company, technical crew, and guides worked constantly "in ropes," with an "anchor man" placed every twenty feet for safety. The whole company had to learn to use skis—in fact, for weeks at a time were never off skis. Even Garnett had the jitters there. One never knew when one might hit a hole only superficially covered with snow. Every foot of ground had to be tested. Although the troupe suffered a few casualties such as broken legs, there were no fatalities. On one occasion some of the boys, out on a skiing party, discovered the bodies of a long missing group of mountain climbers who had fallen into a crevasse.

Garnett believes the most dangerous scenes he ever shot were those in China Seas, which he made for M-G-M. Outstanding as a casualty threat was the scene in which a heavy steam roller, part of the cargo of the ship, broke loose in a heavy storm and rolled wildly around the deck while screaming humans scuttled frantically out of the way. Incidentally, this was an episode borrowed from Victor Hugo. The roller, specially constructed for the scene, was considerably lighter than the fourteen-ton iron monster from which it was reproduced. Nevertheless, it had to carry sufficient weight to roll realistically. Its hurtling seven tons were a real threat to life and limb, and to the vessel itself. Even the doughty Garnett was glad when this one was over and only minor casualties recorded.

He recalls the "thrill" Warren Hymer gave William Powell during the filming of One Way Passage. Powell and Hymer had to do an underwater scene handcuffed together. The key to the handcuffs was in Hymer's pocket. Powell had to get it out and unlock the handcuffs to get to the surface. Bill was not an exceptionally good swimmer, and Hymer, in a playful mood, made him struggle for the key. When he could hold his breath no longer he decided to go up for air. To his horror, he realized he was still handcuffed to Hymer, who, all in the spirit of good clean fun, put up a fight. By the time the pair did get to the surface, Powell had swallowed a skinful.

In the same picture Powell and Hymer had to jump from the deck of the ship forty feet into the sea, their wrists again handcuffed together.

Both scenes were of the type on which doubles cannot be used because the "takes" were to be close-ups.

In Circus Clown, Director Ray Enright wanted the lion to lick Joe E. Brown's feet. It seemed a simple enough trick for a trained lion; but whenever the rehearsal reached that point, the lion would balk.

"I'll fix him," said the trainer, and brought a quantity of honey, which he carefully spread on Joe's feet.

Enright watched doubtfully. He wasn't sure whether lions licked honey or chewed it. That would make a great difference to Joe E. Brown. He and Joe went into conference and Joe decided to take a chance.

Everybody on the set held his breath when the cameras started grinding. Slowly the lion approached Joe's feet. There was a moment of breathless suspense. The standby sharpshooter held his rifle in readiness.

The lion sniffed the air, then sniffed the honey.

Like a big tabby cat, he started licking.

Enright breathed again, and the scene was a success.

All through Dante's Inferno, Director Harry Lachman worried for fear some one would be hurt. Doing the "inferno" scenes the actors had to work continually through a thick layer of smoke. At one point, men had to dive through the smoke and drop forty feet into a net which they could not see. And they could not be sure that the men who had dropped before them had got out of the way. They had signals, carefully worked out in advance—but there was the ever-present chance of miscalculation. Nevertheless, the most serious accident was a sprained ankle.

Lachman directed one of the funniest of the Laurel and Hardy pictures—Our Relations. Every one who has seen it will remember the scene in which Laurel and Hardy, captured by gangsters, have their feet stuck into tubs of cement, which hardens. The cement mold, rounded on the bottom, is flat at the top. When the two unfortunates are unable to tell the whereabouts of a valuable ring, the gangsters decide to throw them into the sea, weighted down as they are with the cement. Laurel and Hardy are left teetering on the edge of the dock in most comical fashion, exactly like those little leaden-weighted figures which the Chinese make, and which when laid down always pop upright again.

Despite all sorts of advance precautions, this was an exceedingly dangerous stunt. One could never be sure, when the man teetered almost completely over, that the balance would prove accurate enough to bring him back again. Lachman says the "cement" bases were weighted down with lead. However, it was discovered that Hardy was so heavy that the balance could not be established. He toppled over and lay there, unable to rise. Experts struggled with the problem, and finally had to give up. They used wires to pull Mr. Hardy upright—and Lachman was put to considerable trouble to keep the wires invisible.

CHARLES BARTON, director of Westerns and thrillers for Paramount, made And Sudden Death, that epic of the reckless driver. In one scene, a car was to catapult over the side of a bridge. The stunt man, Chic Collins, was to take the car to the edge and stop short; then another shot was to be made of the car going over the bridge. When Collins reached the edge, the roadbed gave way. The car slid halfway over and hung there. Collins gingerly scrambled to safety.

Archie Mayo never makes a scene in which there is danger of any one being hurt. If the script calls for stunt work, he turns the company over to his assistant or another director and stays away until the scene is completed. His stunt phobia dates back to the making of The Life of Jimmy Dolan.

One scene called for a man to jump from one moving train to another. The trains were both going slowly, and the tracks were close together. Any active man should have been able to do the trick without trouble.

But, inexplicably, this man fell between the trains.

The horror-stricken Mayo collapsed. It was hours before he learned that the man was not killed. The agony of those hours still remains with him.

THE END

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

IT was something like fifty thousand years ago that women began to dominate men. . . . Men were afraid of women at the very dawn of civilization. . . . They were afraid because they didn't understand why only women could have children, or how a woman could survive that vital ebb which was associated in the masculine mind with war and wounds and death. . . . Women seemed magical to prehistoric man, and therefore powerful. . . . The moon was called the Lord of the Women. . . . This attitude toward women has come down through the ages, in changing form but with the same psychology. . . . Julius Caesar boasted not so much of his forefathers as of his claimed descent from Venus Genetrix. . . . He didn't fall as hard for Cleopatra's physical charms as for the fact that she was worshiped in Egypt as a goddess. . . . Napoleon never considered himself a genuine emperor until he had married a woman of royal blood. . . . In our own democratic symbolism of today, the Statue of Liberty is a statue of a woman, not a statue of a man. . . .

I learned all this through an interesting talk with F. Britten Austin, the English historical writer who researches deepest into the past of womankind. For an Englishman, Mr. Britten Austin is extraordinary. He has never played golf, polo, tennis, football, or cricket. Never eats suet puddings. Never wears shaggy tweeds. . . .

"The World War," he says, "was a wonderful rest. Four years away from home. No movies. No *women* around. Nothing to do but fight." Now he's a happily married man; lives in Paris; collects rare books and old silver. Has just left America for a long homeward trip by way of the Orient.

F. Britten Austin

● A popular young actor was hospitaled not long ago for an appendicitis operation. Through some mismanagement his wife and the *other woman* both came to see him at the same time. They never had met before. Contrary to custom, they took an immediate liking to each other, became friends. So much so that the wife insisted upon giving her husband a divorce so that he could marry the other girl. But he, upon hearing this, skinned out of the hospital, left town secretly, is still on the run.

Now his wife is in Reno, getting the divorce anyway, paying for it herself. Her friend, the other woman, is with her. When the decree comes through they plan to chase the runaway actor and make him marry the other girl.

This is a true story, and a new step, I think, in the march of feminine cooperation. Wish I could tell you the actor's name. You'd know it quite well.

● Paris fashions swing back, this autumn, to prewar magnificence and formality. No chance for the smartly casual clothes American women love —unless our American designers start a revolt against the overelaborate French trend, which I certainly hope they will do. . . . Street costumes in Paris are being trimmed with silver braid, gilt piping, satin appliqué. Expensive long-haired furs smother loose-back coats. Box coats of ruby red top gray or bottle-green woolen dresses, the skirts fourteen inches from the ground. Afternoon dresses are draped and spangled, evening gowns gold-and-diamond-embroidered, eclipsing the apparel of Indian rajahs.

● Some time ago I mentioned never having seen a firm name that denoted partnership between parent and daughter. Since then I've heard about a few. At Nashville, Tennessee, the sign over a big garage and automobile-accessory store reads, Frank Carr & Daughters. In Chicago a wholesale diamond-setting house does business under the name, I. Oiring & Daughter. These two were sent in by Sylvia Miller, lady jeweler, and Ayars La Marr, orchestra leader, both of Denver, Colorado. . . . Here's a dandy from Halifax, Nova Scotia: Thomas Wallace, Sons & Daughters, Optometrists and Opticians. . . . "The danger," writes Mr. Wallace, "is that girls *will* get married and upset the firm name; but that doesn't worry me, because I've got eight daughters to draw from."

● On a high stool at a cocktail bar sat a lady, sipping. Between the feet of her stool sat a smart little wire-haired terrier. Presently he spied another dog and began to bark. The lady dipped a finger in her cocktail, reached down and rubbed it on her pup's nose.

He stopped barking at once, and after that there wasn't another yip out of him. I simply couldn't contain my curiosity as to what sort of cocktail it was that had quieted him so effectively. Asked the barman. It was a sidecar . . . ⅔ brandy, ⅓ Cointreau, lime juice, ice, shake well. . . . Can be served, I suppose, with a nice bone or a dog biscuit.

● If your girl or boy is just learning to drive your car, I recommend John J. Floherty's new book of safety tips for beginners: Youth at the Wheel. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

● Lady I met at the shore this summer has invented a new breakfast treat; calls it *cottage bacon;* prepares it as follows. . . . Make a batter with 4 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 heaping teaspoon flour. Beat well. Fry 6 thin slices bacon until transparent, remove them from pan, dip them in the batter, arrange in a flat fireproof dish and pour the remaining batter over them.

Bake golden brown (about 20 minutes) in moderate oven. Serve piping hot, in the fireproof dish, with grilled tomato slices.

Attention of Daniel Acker's Dog

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

The poignant tale of a boy and his pal — with an ending that will tug at your heart

BY ELSIE CHRISTIE

HE had a hunch to play hooky that Friday afternoon. But there were to be doings in the auditorium from two to three. That might be some fun. Even a short-legged little boy, undersized for his years, could, by sliding down in his seat, reach far enough with his toes to kick the boy ahead of him when the program got dull.

He should have played hooky. He missed the program anyhow.

At quarter to two by the clock in the Presbyterian church tower, which he could see from the classroom window, the principal came to the door and beckoned to him; told him to leave his books but to get his hat and coat.

Bessie Smith was just tiptoeing out of the girls' cloakroom when he started over to the boys'. Her eyes got bigger as they darted from him to the waiting principal. She hurried along toward the room he had left. Bessie was another reason why he hadn't played hooky. She was going to recite a poem in the auditorium. He'd never spoken to her, but he always looked at her when he could without her seeing it.

On the alert, but with perfectly blank face, he followed the principal down to the office.

In the office sat Truant Officer McNary. They were well acquainted. He'd come to take Daniel over to Judge Amidon's office in the Brick Block. That was nothing new, either. But the judge, never very cross, was curiously gentle today. That made Daniel wary. He kept his bright blue eyes on the judge and lied; but it didn't do any good. They'd found out who stole the stuff from the Village Hall last week when it took fire.

Officer McNary stood over Daniel while the judge talked with a lady who was there. The judge called her the Agent. Those two, he soon found out, had decided to send him to a different school. "Industrial" was part of the name—a word not really in his vocabulary but vaguely known to him as unpleasant.

He was beginning thought on a plan for running away, probably tomorrow, if they should be serious about this, when the judge began to talk to him. That was like the other times, too, but it was new for the judge to go on about Daniel's grandfather having been a fine citizen, and about Daniel being named for him (there was nothing good anybody could have said about Daniel's father, safely dead), and about Daniel making the most of this chance. What chance? he wondered. He kept blinking so as not to let the judge look too straight into his eyes. When the judge shook hands, he gave Daniel a quarter. He took it without a word, astonished.

"Come, Dan'l," said Officer McNary, "we're going to let you say good-by to your mother before you go with Mrs. Morely on the train."

He hardly believed his ears but he said nothing, walking out between the two. They took him in a car to the crazy little shack back on the Spicebush Road that was his home. Officer McNary kept a hand on his shoulder all the time his mother was screaming and threatening.

"Look, now, Mrs. Acker," said Officer McNary soothingly. "Sit down. Why can't we all be sociable about this? You know we warned yez there'd be something done about Daniel this time."

She swore at him. She lunged at Daniel and nearly smothered him, yelling that he was her darling. Then she let go and shook her fist at him.

The uproar in the cluttered sour little room made his head ache suddenly. He screamed "Shut up!" at her, and Officer McNary fended her off. Daniel began to call hysterically, "Spot!" He forgot it was too early for Spot to expect him. Spot stayed safely around in the woods back of the house during school hours.

They hurried Daniel out to the car. It was minutes before he stopped trembling. But he kept watch of the roadsides where Spot might possibly be. Spot was nowhere in sight.

They got to the station just as the train was about to leave. Officer McNary ran with them to the steps.

When they were seated the agent opened a book and read. She didn't bother Daniel any. He sat next to the window. Never before in his life had he been out of Weybright. It began to be an adventure, in spite of everything. A couple of times he asked questions about things they were passing. The agent told him what he wanted to know, and he decided she wasn't bad.

When she said, "We're going to take a subway that goes under the river to New York," he glanced up at her, startled. He said nothing, but walked rather close alongside her. In the subway train, the roar confused him and whipped up his headache. When they got back on top of the earth and stood waiting for a streetcar, he took a good breath and sent a spray of spit through his teeth toward the gutter. That revived him. He'd have liked some Weybright boy to come along just then to see that he was doing some real traveling.

The traveling all cost money, he noticed. He was not accustomed to money. Though the quarter in his pocket was potential backing for the idea of giving the agent the slip and getting away, he realized that a quarter wouldn't take him far. And there was so little anywhere along the route to the Grand Central Station that tempted a small, hungry countryman to strike out for himself that the idea ceased to recur to him. He went along, present adventure beginning to crowd out thought of home, of Spot, of Bessie Smith. His formless picture of the journey's end grew dimmer, too.

They went into a restaurant in the station for supper. He felt uncomfortable but important, too, when a grown man, dressed up, stood by to wait on them. He said promptly, when queried, "Ham sandwich anna cuppa coffee."

The agent said, "That's not much of a supper. You'll have to eat some of my omelet too."

His face lightened a little, though he didn't otherwise express his satisfaction. In the Acker home breakfast was small and there was usually no lunch. There hadn't been today.

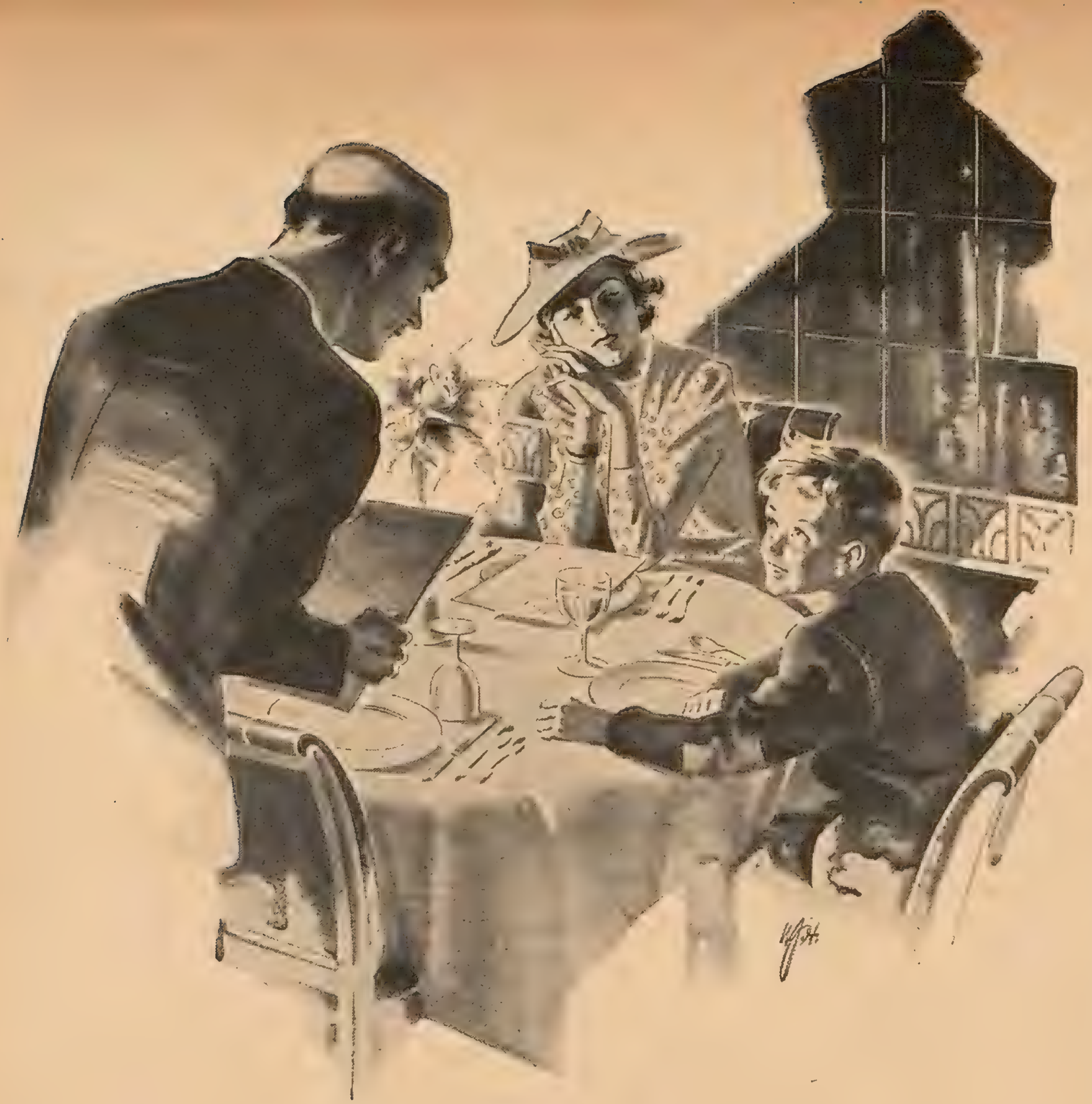
When the omelet was set down between them, he stared and was shocked into speech: "Look what they put in your eggs!" Sitting taller, he reached over for the sprig of parsley that topped it and dropped it disgustedly on to the floor. It was the first gallant thing he had done for a lady in all his life.

She didn't say anything for some minutes, but he didn't notice. He wasn't used to being thanked, and he was busy putting mustard on his sandwich. He ate some omelet too, and pie. Afterward they walked around the station. He was fascinated by the newsstand.

"Go ahead, spend your quarter," the agent said.

It was a new sensation, not snitching and running. He

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HEFFRON



Daniel said promptly to the waiter when queried, " Ham sandwich anna cuppa coffee."

bought chocolate and chewing gum. The man handed him change. He looked around for something more to buy. Being found with any cash on you was, in his experience, a bad thing.

The agent said, " You could send Judge Amidon a postcard." He looked at her blankly. She explained, " Tell him you thank him for the quarter and for being friendly to you. And your mother would like to hear from you, too."

He doubted the latter idea, but the boldness of sending a card to a judge appealed to him. He bought three cards. With the agent's pencil he wrote to his mother, " How are you I am havein a fin time." To the judge he wrote the same, adding, " thank you the mony." He labored over the third. Finally it was done. They got stamps, and hunted a mailbox. He hesitated about dropping the third card in, but finally did. It was to Miss Bessie Smith, Weybright, N. J., and it said, " How are you I am havein a fin time. Daniel Acker."

The earliest riser in sleeping car No. 7 on the Buffalo Flyer, brushing against lower-berth curtains on his way up the aisle, felt eyes upon him. Looking up, he saw a small sharp expressionless face gazing at him from between the curtains of an upper. No succeeding move on the part of any passenger escaped that scrutiny.

They stopped at a counter in the station for breakfast. The agent suggested cereal. During the journey she had risen in his estimation, but this set her back considerably. He turned from her to the counterman.

" You got any ham sandwiches? " he asked. Reassured, he ordered, " Ham sandwich anna cuppa coffee."

But the familiar meal didn't taste as good as last night's. It didn't succeed in quieting a troublesome thought. The school couldn't be much farther. He felt sort of chilly.

They crossed the city to another station. The agent said it was an hour before their train left.

He said, " Where does it go to? "

" It goes to the school," she told him, sitting down on a bench.

With a glance at her that half asked permission, he turned and strolled toward the newsstand. He stood eying the wares, thinking hard. Two men, talking near by, caught his attention. He listened to them.

Presently he came back to the agent. He said, " There was a fire here this morning. It wasn't very far down the street. I heard a man say so." There was eagerness in his face and in his voice. He loved fires.

She looked at her watch. " Well," she said, " if it isn't too far, we can go."

They found it easily. The engines were still busy. There were crowds; cops. He surveyed the latter appraisingly from the security of respectable companionship. Standing with the agent on a step leading to some one's front walk, he got a good view. He was having a fine time.

Suddenly a brown-and-white setter ran in front of them, tail waving, all expectancy, looking for some one. Daniel forgot the fire.

" Here, boy," he coaxed.

The dog paused, sniffed briefly, still wagging; raised his nose in apology for not stopping longer, and was off on his errand.

" We'll have to go now," said the agent.

Daniel went, head down. He was saying under his breath, " Here, Spot! Here, Spot! " What for? He didn't know.

Suddenly he felt sick at his stomach. He clenched his teeth, swallowing desperately. That helped a little. So did the chance of scaring with a loud hiss a cat prowling around an ash can they passed. After that, he spat hard and amply.

But he was afraid.

On the train, during the brief final lap of the journey, he spoke just once.

" Do they play baseball at the school? " he asked. All his fear was in the words.

The agent said yes, they played baseball. He wondered if she was lying, the way teachers and people like that did. He didn't want to look at her, though, to see if he could tell.

Walking ahead of her into the room at the school where the principal of it was waiting for them, he raised his eyes for a flash. The man didn't look anything like a policeman. He had them sit down at once. But Daniel hardly noticed.

The principal and the agent talked awhile. He wasn't listening. When the agent stood up and said, " Well, good-by, Daniel, and good luck to you," he didn't see her hand.

" Good-by," she said again, going.

He didn't move or make a sound. He couldn't take a chance. A tough kid *cry?*

. . . . .

This is what kept him from coming home, Spot, old fellow.

THE END

WHY ZEPPELINS BURN

BY COMMANDER C. E. ROSENDAHL, U. S. N.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The opinions or assertions expressed herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the view of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.

A QUESTION asked since the Hindenburg disaster is: What about the future of airships?

Picture a fleet of majestic merchantmen of the sky, flying the American flag over the chief oceanic trade routes of the world. They could win back the prestige and practical advantages which were ours when our merchant marine was supreme, nearly a century ago.

The units of such an " air marine " could be ships of around ten million cubic feet *helium* capacity, or even larger. They could carry 100 passengers and many tons of mail and other cargo, and make nonstop trips of about one and a half to two days to Europe; less than four days to the Orient. For passengers this kind of travel would be almost incredibly quiet, smooth, comfortable—and safe. Distant destinations would be reached in not much, if any, more than the time listed upon present seaplane schedules, and in some cases much less.

Now, picture " strained relations " with a potential enemy who would have to attack from seaward. Strategy would demand that such an enemy sail its fleet as far as possible toward its objective before detection, or even before we fully realized that war was inevitable. Clearly, it would be imperative to observe the earliest enemy movements. But seaplanes can be used as observers over only the fringes of the seas, and it is impossible to have sufficient swift surface ships to patrol the Atlantic and the Pacific.

A few airships on either ocean should be our advance scouts and outermost line of defense. Able to cruise swiftly for thousands of miles, to hover aloft for long periods, to send out swift observation planes or fighters and bombers, airship patrol and attack might spell the difference between victory and defeat.

Some surprising facts about past disasters and a warning that we need airships for future defense

In the recent search in the Pacific by our navy and coast guard for Amelia Earhart and Captain Noonan, airplanes had to be brought to the Howland Island area by relatively slow-moving surface vessels. The three planes from Honolulu did not reach the scene by battleship until the fourth day; those which came from the mainland by carrier could not begin the search until their ninth day out from California. An airship like the Macon, carrying her own five airplanes, could easily have reached the scene in a day and a half from Honolulu. Even if forced to come from California and to refuel in Honolulu, an aerial Macon-type scout cruiser could have reached it in four days. In either case, the airship with her planes could have examined the probable area in a day or so and returned safely to Hawaii. A few years ago, when two navy planes were down in the Pacific, it was the Macon and her planes that located them hours before any other naval forces could reach them.

You will have heard of the difficulty or impossibility of defending a great city against airplane attack. Defending planes are on the ground. They must climb, perhaps to three-mile altitude or higher, in order to intercept enemy raiding planes. That takes time and consumes so much fuel that they cannot remain in action for long or pursue an enemy far.

There is no reason, however, why airplane carriers of the skies—Zeppelins, loaded with defense planes—cannot cruise or hover at considerable heights over cities. Planes so sustained aloft could go into action quicker and fight longer. And, conceivably, that might be the margin which would save a London or a New York from crippling attack.

Certainly there is nothing visionary in expecting to see airships which can carry several times the number of planes carried by the Macon, and readily launch and recover them in flight. Moreover, the airship can carry effective bombers, besides well ranged lighter types. Obviously, an airship with such a complement of planes —in addition to its own capacity as a bomber while hidden in the clouds—becomes far more than a scout and raider. Under the right conditions it could attack an enemy naval force of considerable size.

It might, indeed, be a glorious day in American history if a single airship of such size, scouting more than a thousand miles from our shore, were to discover in a beclouded stormy area an entire enemy force on its way to attack us. Let me sketch the picture briefly.

Cruising obscured in the clouds, motors throttled to low audibility, the airship is directed by telephone by an officer in an observation basket swung below in the open sky at the end of a 3,000-foot cable. The first duty, of course, is to report by wireless to our own battle fleet.

Rough seas might prevent the launching of planes from the enemy airplane carriers; or their planes might never discover the hidden airship. Enemy airplane carriers would be an early objective of attack. Such a vessel is relatively vulnerable. A single direct hit by an aerial bomb can cripple it. Therefore, from a surprise attack by both the airship and its planes, an enemy fleet would be lucky to escape with its " air power " intact.

I hazard a guess that no fleet with its air arm crippled would dare steam onward into an engagement with a fleet whose naval air force was quite intact and the best in the world.

These are only some of the future possibilities for the airship, in advancing our commercial position in the world and in war defense. *I say emphatically that we should not only continue lighter-than-air development but take world leadership in it.*

A small burst of flame appeared on the top of the Hindenburg near the stern. Within a minute she had settled to the ground, ablaze. Ghastly as it was—and only those of us who saw it can realize that in full—it proved only one thing about airships and their future: they should, and will, go on, but be filled with helium, which will not burn or explode.

Of helium, we have in the United States a supply adequate for all the airships which can conceivably be built in all the world for generations to come.

Before and during the war, 147 rigid airships were built and flown. Late in the war Germany was turning out a Zeppelin every six weeks and, including the nonrigid type, one airship every three weeks. Never was a Zeppelin lost through structural failure in flight. After the armistice German building was throttled, as a treaty condition, for nearly a decade. Since the war only eleven rigid airships have been built in all the world.

Altogether, more than 300,000 passengers had been carried, with harm to none, in commercial lighter-than-air transportation up to the time of the Hindenburg disaster.

With precision, the Hindenburg had made fifty-six flights in 1936, including seven round trips to Rio de Janeiro and ten over the North Atlantic, carrying nearly 3,000 passengers. And remember that it was only the second transoceanic passenger airship ever built. During eight years the Graf Zeppelin made 578 flights, 140 ocean crossings, flying 1,025,000 miles, carrying 36,300 persons and well over 200,000 pounds of mail and freight.

Moreover, even eight years ago this smaller airship carried twenty passengers and 1,000 pounds of pay cargo between Tokyo and San Francisco in less than three days. Today's seaplane schedule to China is six days.

The public has been left mystified by unexplained airship disasters, and probably has had a vague notion that there may be something basically wrong with the airship as a type. Let's examine the facts.

The ZR-2, which the United States was buying from the British soon after the war, was copied from a very light-weight German high-altitude bomber. It was designed for maneuvering at high speeds in the rarefied air of high altitudes. It was put through severe tests and strains in the heavier lower air. This was like sending a light swift motorboat into the pounding open sea. Naturally the ship crumpled.

The semirigid Roma, flying low at high speed, found itself without enough maneuvering room to " pull out " before crashing into high-tension wires. Being inflated with hydrogen, the result was inevitable.

The British R-101 was sent out into unfavorable weather after only a few hours of test flight following major alterations. This ship also lacked an elementary safety feature incorporated in all previous airships—controls within the pilot car for releasing emergency ballast in the ends of the ship. Losing altitude, presumably because of cell deflation forward, it was impossible to compensate quickly enough by dropping ballast, and the ship flew into a low hill. That might have meant only some structural damage and a few broken limbs, except for the fact that the R-101 was inflated with hydrogen.

Regarding the Akron, I am convinced that the ship was not storm-buffeted to destruction. Storm conditions falsified the altimeter readings and the ship simply flew into the Atlantic Ocean in darkness at a speed of at least 100 miles an hour.

In my opinion, the loss of the Macon was likewise avoidable. Delaying structural reinforcements previously known to be needed now appears to have been a collective error in judgment. Had these changes been made, the Macon might well still be flying.

After long consideration, the official board of investigation decided the " most probable " cause of the hydrogen fire that destroyed the Hindenburg was the ignition of a mixture of free hydrogen and air by a brush discharge known as St. Elmo's fire. Whatever the cause, the disaster could not have happened with helium. It is entirely safe to say that all airships from now on must and will be filled with helium gas.

Because of short distances in crowded Europe and improved range of airplanes, the Zeppelin there is no longer of such great war significance as it once was. German experience in both construction and operation is pre-eminent. This experience should not be lost to the world now, but it will be unless Germany is allowed a supply of helium for commercial airship purposes.

One often hears talk of " fireproofing " hydrogen, but no such idea has yet proven practicable. Helium is required, and should be available to those who can further airship progress. We can effectively insure its being used for peaceful purposes only.

Our world monopoly still would give the United States dominance in airships—if we would only take advantage of it. We have built three naval airships, and lost them from what I consider avoidable causes. If we had lost the first three steamships ever built, do you think that would have halted development? Nor does disaster halt marine progress now. Many submarines were lost in the early days—and since. But development went on and still does. The automobile is said to take one life every fifteen minutes. But how we drive on! We also have airplane accidents; nevertheless, frequency and excellence of service and totals of passengers carried build up steadily. Similarly, the airship will go ahead.

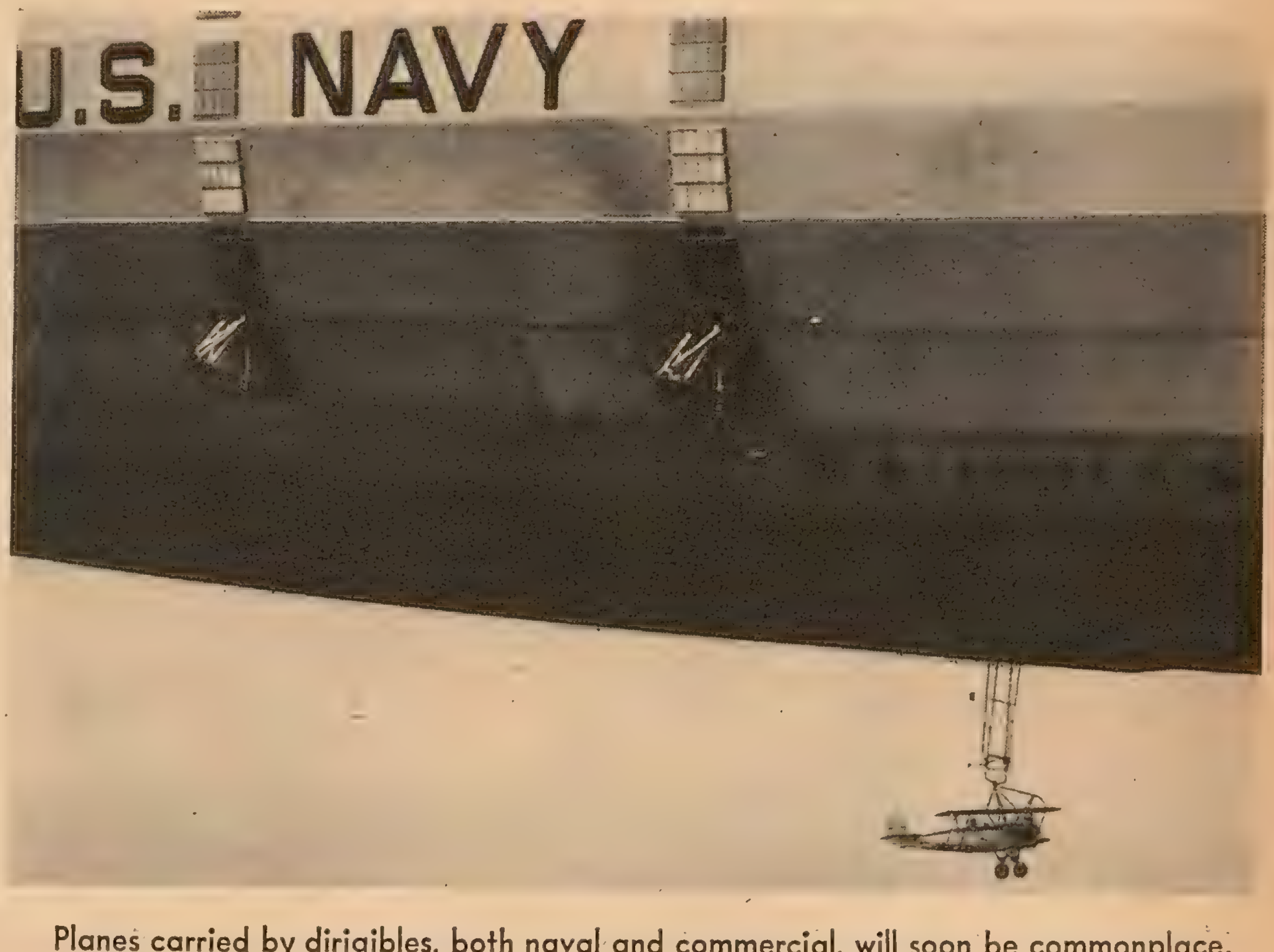
Oceanic transportation will see three main classes: The bulk of freight and passengers by steamer at essentially the same speeds as today. " Super-express " service by heavier-than-air craft for light urgent loads at very high speed and correspondingly high cost. Fast economical service by dirigible carrying bulky aerial loads and many passengers in comfort and freedom from seasickness or airsickness.

For defense, we have been spending about $60,000,000 annually on airplanes. None of them can do the airship's defense job; both are specialists.

We have encouraged foreign air mail by heavier-than-air craft with $4,500,000 yearly, and supported domestic air mail with $9,000,000. An indirect merchant-marine aid for a year was $27,000,000, and it was not enough; a new subsidy program is being put into effect.

Uncle Sam considers these worthy expenditures. My contention is that the future of the airship is so promising and sure that, similarly, we should spend a few millions on its development. The future of the airship can be what we make it.

THE END



Planes carried by dirigibles, both naval and commercial, will soon be commonplace.

BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES

AT a shooting gallery John Merriam picks up Bob Hamilton. They go to a bar. "I'm in danger," Merriam tells his new acquaintance, and asks him if he'd like the job of being his bodyguard at a hundred a week. An oil man from Mexico on his uppers, Bob Hamilton is glad to accept, though the proposition is made him at eleven o'clock at night.

His strange employer takes him to a stranger home which belongs to an eccentric and socially prominent antiquarian, Charles Dutton, also known as "Bombi." The apartment is above his curio shop on Third Avenue, New York. It is filled with *objets d'art*, mostly Oriental.

While Merriam is out for seltzer, a young lady in evening clothes calls on him. Hamilton introduces himself and entertains her. She is Beatrice Shaw, a cousin of Merriam. When the latter returns with his bottle, the girl tells him that their Uncle Henry is in a towering rage at him for some escapade with a Mrs. Grace Barnes, and that he'd better lie low until the tempest is over. She has stolen away from the middle of their evening party to warn him, risking her own fair head for him.

Cousin John requests Hamilton to escort Beatrice to her home uptown. He does so; but how to get in without Uncle Henry catching her is a problem. Seizing a ladder at the rear of the house, Hamilton manages to sneak Beatrice into her own room. But the ladder falls, leaving him there with her.

Then her fiancé, Tom Pittfield, bangs on her door. He suspects, indeed has glimpsed the man's figure. To save the situation, Hamilton drops out of the window and vanishes. Bombi, one of the guests, assures Tom that it was *he* in Beatrice's boudoir. Going back to Third Avenue, Hamilton finds Merriam waiting for him with a gun!

PART TWO—"SOME ONE WHO HATES HIM!"

DRINK had loosened Merriam's red face. He could purse up only one side of his mouth with resolution, while the other part sagged open. When he recognized Hamilton, he groaned with relief and sagged against the wall.

"Ah, Hamil'on!" he burbled. "Thought never come . . . damn ghosts . . . rats . . . eat soul . . ."

He was like an unwired loose bale of cloth when Hamilton at last rolled the bulk of him into a bed.

. . . . .

Twice in the night Merriam called out like a dying man in his drunken sleep, and Hamilton reached the bedside of his employer to find him snoring peacefully again. The dawn found Hamilton awake, with every nerve strung to a high tension. He got up, bathed, and made coffee in the kitchen. He hunted through the place thoroughly that morning, and found above the furnished rooms another entire suite filled with a gigantic litter of crated and loose articles of all sorts. To hunt through this confusion was like wandering through the jumbled boulders left piled by a landslide.

From the attic a ladder ran up to a skylight in the roof. He climbed the ladder, the effort telling him of the dozen bruised places on his body from the fall of the night before. The skylight he found entirely firm, both the lock and the latch seemed strong, and the wood of the frame thick and in good condition. He returned through the attic to the floor beneath, feeling that the place was fairly well secured both above and below.

It was well after noon before Merriam's groaning called him. He let the fellow mourn until he had mixed a stiff lemon sour, which he took in. He watched Merriam prop himself on a trembling arm to swallow the drink.

After that the big fellow wrapped his head in his arms and suffered in silence for a moment. At last he said: "You think I'm a dog. Well, maybe I am. But I'll tell you this: The person that's gunning for me is the sharpest brain and the coldest heart that ever lived. I keep a rifle beside my bed. I got you in to help fend the devil off. But if I'm spotted here, I'm going to die. The two of us couldn't keep the danger off. If I take to booze, I've got plenty of reasons."

He dragged himself out of bed and staggered off to a bath. He was still spluttering and splashing in the tub when the doorbell rang, and when Hamilton unlatched the lock Beatrice Shaw appeared in a trim linen suit with a blue hat and a blue cornflower in a buttonhole.

Behind her loomed a man as huge among his fellows as an elephant among domestic cattle, a great, smooth, smiling Buddha of a man with a skin as dark as that of a Hindu and a fluff of blond hair that looked almost white by contrast. It was so thin that the red of his scalp shone through. Huge as he was, he came lightly up the stairs behind the girl. She was waving at Hamilton and laughing with pleasure to see him again.

"That's the one," she said. "Bombi, that's the Robert Hamilton who did everything."

At the head of the stairs she put both her hands in Hamilton's, smiling up into his face.

"Does John know about everything?" she asked.

"Not a word," said Hamilton.

"Ah, good!" she said.

"I told you that," said Bombi.

"Mr. Charles Dutton, Mr. Robert Hamilton," she said.

"It was magnificent, Hamilton," said the giant, taking the hand of the younger man in a grasp of illimitable power. "Be my friend. I don't want you for an enemy."

"I heard you from the ground below," said Hamilton. "I heard you say everything."

"It was simply good fortune from God that put me with a book in the library across the hall," said Bombi, laughing on that great humming gonglike note of his.

"Were you hurt by the fall?" asked the girl. "Were you broken almost to pieces?"

"Sit down and have a drink," said Hamilton, "before we all melt away in mutual admiration and gratitude."

"You hear?" she asked over her shoulder.

"Yes," said Bombi. "A man has to have a hard surface to turn away a sharp blow. But underneath it's all soft. Probably giddy about you already. Aren't you, Hamilton?"

"I fell on my back, not on my head," said Hamilton sourly, and they laughed together, all three.

Then John Merriam came out in a bathrobe with his head still wet and purple bruises under his eyes. Hamilton vanished, because he knew that they wanted to be alone; and in fact they were talking for almost two hours before the girl went away with Bombi. Hamilton kept himself busy in the kitchen, improvising a lunch with what he could find ready. It was nearly midafternoon when Merriam came to him, dressed for the street, and gave him a hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills.

"You can get a decent suit of ready-mades for that, can't you?" said Merriam. "Anyway, it's a week's pay in advance. I'm going out. I'd go crazy in this damned place even if I had you with me in it. I'm going to get into a crowd and stay there. . . . Here's a key for you. . . . Just be back here at eleven tonight. I may be here myself by that time. Anyway, be here holding down the fort at eleven. . . . And if a fellow called Barnes shows up at any time—tall lean man with a black devil of an eye—just tell him that I've gone to Montreal, will you?"

"Does this Barnes know you're here?" asked Hamilton.

"He doesn't know. But somebody's finding out everything about me, and the whole world may be on my doorstep before the day's over."

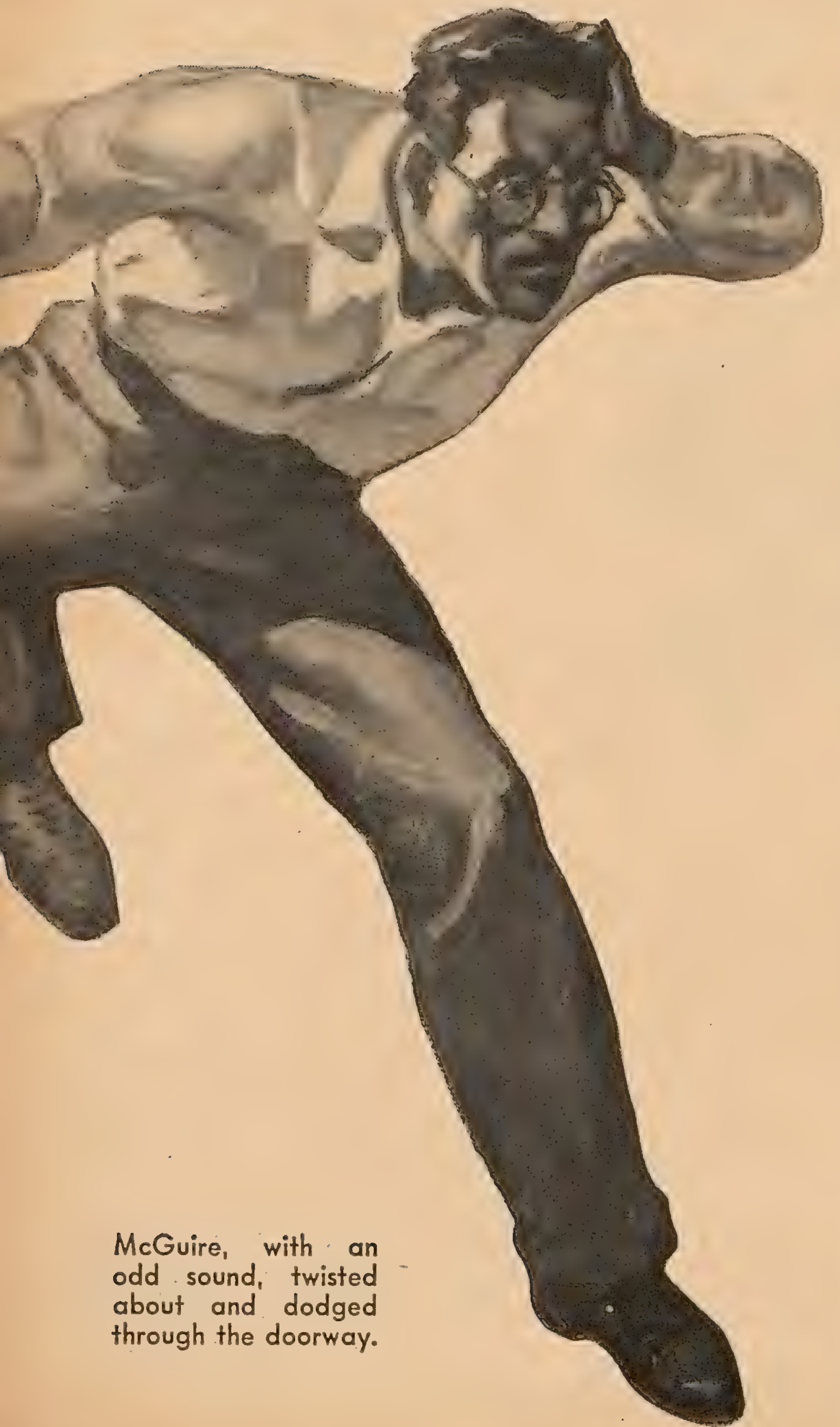
MERRIAM went out, and within the hour Hamilton followed. He found a ready-made suit that fitted him perfectly. He got a decent pair of shoes and some shirts and underwear that almost exhausted his cash. Then he went on the trail which had brought him to New York.

He interviewed half a dozen men in three hours. His introductions were sufficiently powerful and people listened, but when he mentioned oil, their eyes instinctively turned away, and when he spoke of the fifteen-mile pipe line which would have to be built to the sea, they almost yawned in his face.

He was not discouraged when he left them. He was simply fortified in patience. He killed time until eleven with a moving picture and a light supper; then he returned to the Third Avenue place.

No one answered his ring at the front door of the apartment, but after he had stood waiting for a moment he heard a muffled cough near by, and then from the deep embrasure of Bombi's shop he saw a shadow detach. A man stepped on to the sidewalk and went off with a scowl. Hamilton could not help feeling in his own blood some of the fear which had glimmered in the eyes of Merriam. Fear came up beside Hamilton also, and breathed with his breath; but danger had seasoned so much of the last five years that he had come to expect and welcome it as a necessary sauce in that strange human salad, happiness.

He pressed the bell again and heard its dim lonely ringing inside the house. When it was apparent that Merriam was not there, he took out the key and with it



McGuire, with an odd sound, twisted about and dodged through the doorway.

Suspicion stalks and mystery deepens in a tense and exciting new novel of love, adventure, and sinister crime

opened the door, realizing now that Merriam never had intended to be there before his arrival.

The steep narrow flight of carpeted stairs was dimmer than ever. At the head of them feet seemed to be vanishing; but he knew that this was a device of his own imagination. He laid the key on a console table.

He went into the kitchen, mixed a strong drink and brought it back. It seemed weak. He freshened the drink with at least another finger. He lighted a cigarette to give himself more company, but the smoke insisted on taking vaguely ghostlike forms and walking back toward the rear windows in the slow drift of an imperceptible air current. He was watching one of these gradual recessions when he heard the footfalls.

They were more like separate pressures upon his mind than the actual noise of falling heels and toes; he could feel the weight coming down the attic stairs, rather than hear it. He rose and went soundlessly to the door, then stepped at one long stride into the hall.

To his excited eyes, images whirled away like dust to the right and left; and when he looked down the stairs, there was again a vague sense of hurrying feet. He gripped the newel post at the top of the steps and steadied himself with a whispered oath or two.

He went straight to the attic with the flashlight and searched among all those coffinlike boxes. He continued the search through the entire main floor and found nothing.

With a feeling that his duty had been done and a glow of summer warmth taking the place of his breathless chill, he again took his place in the comfortable chair beside his drink, yawned, stretched, and began to throw an inquisitive eye over the books which lined the wall beside the big mirror. It was then that something passed his face, a whisper of air as though from an opened door, though he knew that every outer door in the apartment was shut.

Now he heard, beyond the slightest doubt, a footfall climbing the stairs, pausing, climbing again.

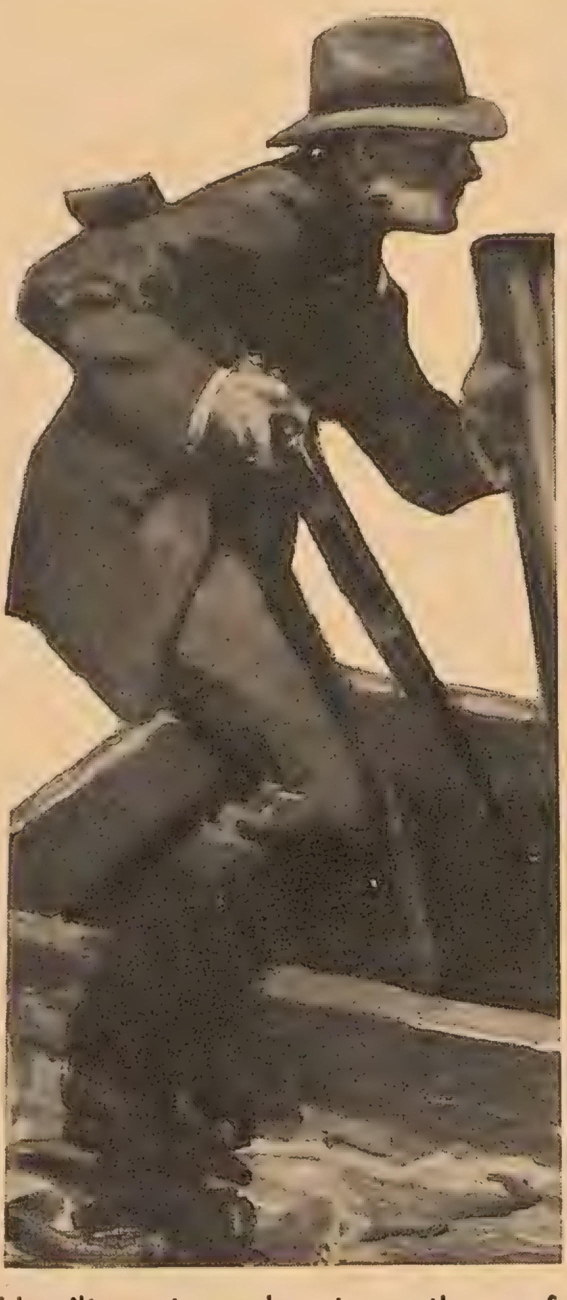
Something stood in the hallway. He heard, faintly but clearly, a softly pattering fall of drops. Then John Merriam stepped into the doorway with a great smear of blood across his throat and running down over his clothes. He was strangling, biting at the air, reaching for it with his hands, and his eyes screamed to Hamilton for help. He made a dreadful gesture with both hands toward his wound, and Hamilton knew that nothing could seal up and keep the life that was rushing out of him.

A chair in his way staggered Merriam. He came toward Hamilton with his dripping hands extended, his lips framing words. The name of his murderer, no doubt. But giving up that effort, he turned suddenly aside and leaned his elbows on the top of a chest of drawers.

Then he dropped. He turned over twice on the floor, dragging himself toward the feet of Hamilton and trying to speak, but uttering nothing but blood. After that the big body shuddered and lay still.

Hamilton bent over the fallen man and, as he leaned, a shadow seemed to slip into the doorway to watch him.

He put his hand over the heart of Merriam and kept it there until he was sure that the pulsation had stopped and that there was no sign of respiration. He was still bent over the dead man when the telephone rang. It continued patiently, with the voice of a mindless machine, calling to him.



Hamilton stepped out on the roof.

He crossed to the table and picked up the receiver, speaking loudly as he said: "Hello!" because a small voice would have sounded like a ghost in the room beside him. As he talked, he turned a little so that he could keep his eye on the dead man. What he heard over the wire was a thin sharp tone most like the pitch of a young boy's voice before adolescence begins to roughen the vocal fibers.

"Are you there, Hamilton?" said the speaker.

"I'm here. Yes. Who is it?" asked Hamilton. Only Bombi or the girl was supposed to know that he lived in that place, he remembered as he made the answer.

"A friend, Hamilton," said the childish voice. "The last friend you have to warn you. You're lost, Hamilton! You're wanted for murder. You're wanted for the electric chair. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Hamilton. "Who are you?"

"Poor Hamilton, I'm the only human being who wants to give you good advice," said the thin small voice. "Take the few dollars that are left in Merriam's billfold. Leave New York. Slip another name over your shoulders. You can make a new way in the world."

"Who are you?" cried Hamilton.

"A friend! A friend!" came the answer. "Your last friend!" And then a catching of the breath with a thin soprano note of merriment running through it. After that, the receiver clicked. At last Hamilton hung up in turn.

The billfold he found in the inside coat pocket of Merriam, and he took out seventy-five dollars in bills. The desire for flight quickened in him. He put the bills in his pocket, picked up his hat, and went down the stairs with his mind building a horrible picture behind him of the dead man rising again from the floor and laughing, regardless of that great wound across the throat.

The blood spatterings went all the way to the shallow hall that faced the street door. A step from the door they paused, and Hamilton looked with a shudder at the circle of crooked Moorish knives around the scimitar.

He pushed the door open and stepped out on to the pavement. The rain was pouring down. He went straight across the street. Then something stopped him, a queer inward misery and ache of the heart that dissolved into a picture of Beatrice Shaw; the pain was the knowledge that he would not see her again, and the grief seemed to be the remembered sound of her voice.

He had reached the side of one of the great Elevated pillars when the sharp bark of a taxi horn stopped him. The car went by, the yell of the driver ringing in a diminuendo in his ear: "Wake up, you damn fool. . . ."

Hamilton turned again, slowly, and went back to face the dead man and danger.

The telephone began to whir when he was halfway up the stairs. He went with a step of enforced regularity into the room where the one lamp made a round pool of brilliance on the floor. Merriam lay beside it with one dead hand thrust out into the light.

He picked up the phone and spoke. The same thin voice sounded faintly along the wire.

"Ah, Hamilton again?" it said. "Are you still there? Don't wait to pack your things, if you have any, but go as you are! It's murder, and they'll have blood for it. They'll have *your* blood. Hamilton, Hamilton, it means the chair—you'll burn for it!"

(Continued on page 26)

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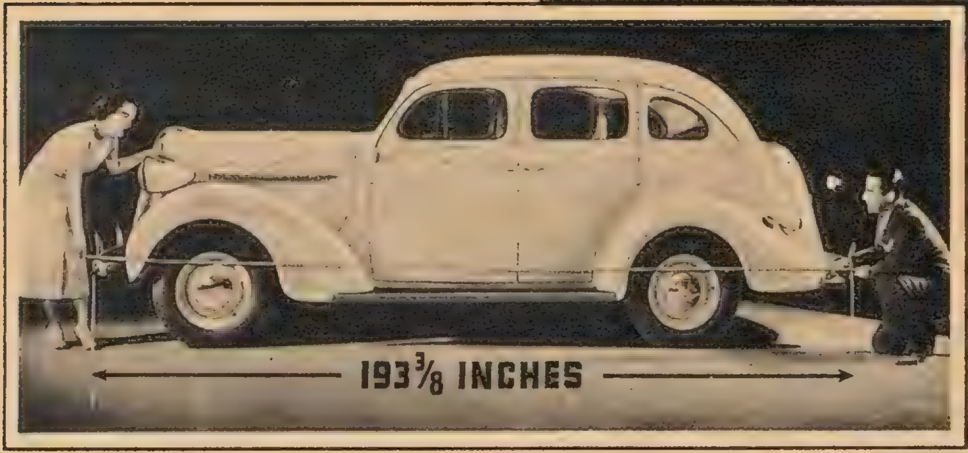

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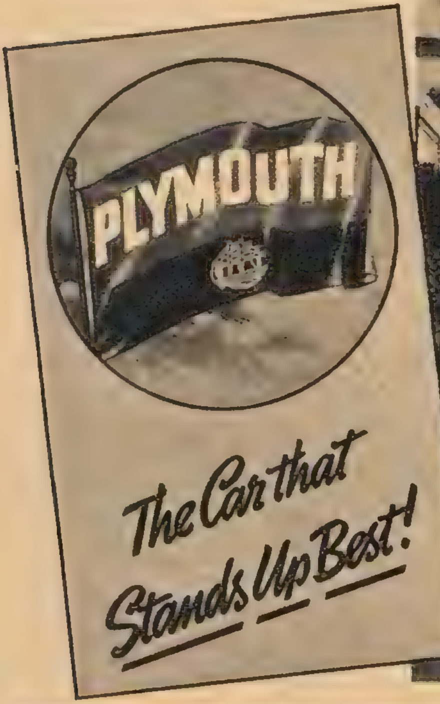
PLYMOUTH
The Car that Stands Up Best!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page 24) Hamilton hung up the receiver. He was cold all over, but he continued to sweat in streams. He took out the seventy-five dollars and restored it to the billfold.

His thought turned to the attic after that. It was the last place he wanted to go, but he picked up Merriam's rifle and went there into the dusty smell of old furniture and among the coffinlike boxes.

Hamilton got a deep breath inside him and went on. When he came to the ladder under the skylight, he made sure that the trapdoor was down, and in fact it was apparently secure, but when he climbed a few rungs and tried the trap again with his hand, it lifted at once!

He stepped out on the roof, with the rifle held ready under his right arm and his finger on the trigger. Behind the chimney pot a man could have hidden. He walked to that place in the rain and found nothing. But there was another roof within mere stepping distance.

He was downstairs again, opening the door to Bombi's apartment, when the doorbell sounded a long ring. He pressed the latch release, and looking down the front stairway he saw four men come bundling through the doorway and stop at the blood upon the floor.

They looked up, then, at him. The big man who had entered first said something inaudible to Hamilton, and then the four came up the stairs.

. . . . .

First-Grade Detective Christopher Macklin, from the time he entered the room and took his stand to the time Hamilton had finished his story, did not move a thing except his eyes, which kept alternating glances at the dead body and at Hamilton. He was a big gray man. His face had much of the lion in it, and something of the rat. He had the eyes of a man who has not slept well for years.

One of the detective's men took down in a notebook what Hamilton said.

"Where's Charles Dutton?" asked the detective when the story ended.

"He lives in another apartment, I believe," said Hamilton.

"What's he keep this place for if he don't live in it?"

"I don't know," said Hamilton.

"He don't know," echoed the detective. "This is a pretty good case. John Merriam. That hooks in the Pittfield millions. And Bombi the great society whiz-bang. And mysterious stranger from Mexico. Hell, the newspapers are gonna go crazy when they get on this. . . . Where's the pretty girl?"

"Where's who?" asked Hamilton, startled.

"The pretty girl," said the detective. "This story won't be worth a damn to the rotten reporters unless there's a beautiful woman to take pictures of. . . . You like the movies?"

"Fairly well," said Hamilton.

YOU like 'em *too* well," stated First-Grade Detective Macklin. "Your whole yarn sounds like one. You happen to get caught in the rain; you happen to step into a shooting gallery; you happen to meet Merriam; he happens to ask you for a drink; he happens to feel nervous; you happen to look like a bodyguard to him; then he happens to get knifed in the throat. I never heard such a mess of happenstance. . . . Ollie, find out where Charles Dutton lives, and get him here. Now spread out and get busy, some of you. . . . Holt, go down and see what you can find in the street. Tucker, start inside the front door and do your stuff."

Detective Macklin of the Homicide Squad licked his lips and continued to stare at Hamilton.

"I wonder if that yarn of yours is going to take you up Salt Creek or not," he wondered aloud. "I just kind of wonder whether or not you'll burn for this in the end. . . . Take a look through that set of drawers, Ollie."

The search began at once.

"Some brass candlesticks in here and some candle shields and that kind of junk," said Ollie Benton.

"Hi, Macklin!" roared a voice below. "Here's Charles Dutton that owns the place. Is he coming up?"

"Let him come!" bellowed Macklin.

Big Charles Dutton appeared in the doorway of the room as silently as the elephant is said to melt his way through the thickest jungle.

"One of you people telephoned for me," he said. "Ah, Hamilton, glad to see you again. . . . This is a pity. Death ought to be beautiful."

"Now, Mr. Dutton," said Macklin, "I want to know why Merriam was here, how long he'd been here, what was he afraid of, and who had grudges against him!"

"He was here for three or four days," said Bombi. "He was a good client of my shop. When he said he wanted to disappear, I let him have these rooms. He was in fear, but what he feared I don't know."

"He was in fear, was he?" asked Macklin. "And you give him these rooms, while you move into a hotel?"

"I never live here," said Dutton. "This might do for a Persian prince or a romantic girl. I use it only by day as a set of added showrooms for my shop, and in the evening for a party now and then."

"Merriam was in fear, eh?" muttered Macklin. "And you know this one?"

"Robert Hamilton is a good friend of mine," said Dutton.

"Where have I seen you before?" snapped Macklin.

"With Inspector Jefferson Rodman, perhaps?"

RODMAN!" exclaimed Macklin. "Wait a minute. Are you the one that gave him the steer in the Fordyce case? You're the one with the brains right out of a book, I remember. Show you a seed and you'll find the rest of the apple, and all that. . . . Well, Dutton, I'm glad to have you around. We're right at the point where Merriam was standing before he dropped. Ollie, what you finding in the cabinet on top of the chest?"

"Kind of velvet-lined, the drawers in this little box are," said the detective, who was examining a small cabinet on top of the main chest of drawers. "Lemme see . . . some pocket dust and lint, and a flat lump of clay, and a bit of thread that's been unraveled, and the end of a red feather all frayed out, and something that looks like—yeah, it's a twig with dry thorns on it."

"What kind of sense does all that make?" asked Macklin.

"No kind, I guess," said the detective.

"Then close it up," decided Macklin. "That's just pocket dust. But what's the notebook?"

He picked up a narrow old pad with a flimsy cover of brown paper and opened it to the top page.

"'G. C. K.,'" he read aloud. "'Asparagus, lettuce (half head), string beans, two pound tenderloin steak, loaf bread, bottle olives . . .' It's a kitchen expense book back in 1911."

He closed the book and dropped it back into the drawer. His eye vacantly examined the jewel cabinet and its faintly colorful sheen of ivory and tinted woods.

Three pairs of footfalls came up the stairs and turned into the room. It was the detective who had been sent down to the street and two men along with him, one a leather-skinned fellow with a bleared eye, and the other a little man almost as dark as a Negro, except that a gray dust, as of bad health, lay on his skin. He had a withered twist of a face and wore huge glasses.

"Here's a taxi driver," said the detective. "Been keeping himself up near the corner outside of the hamburger joint there."

The man with the bleared eyes pointed at Hamilton.

"That's the one," he said. "He come out of the door and started right across the street. A cab come along and had to step on the brakes and take a corner to keep from blowing him down. Afterward he turned straight around and came back into the house."

"I started to get away from the place," said Hamilton. "That dead man lying on the floor was too much for me. . . ." He paused, considering mention of the voice on the telephone, but it seemed an oddity too far-fetched for use just then. "Then I decided that it was foolish to run away, and came back."

Macklin said in his loud decisive voice: "That cab . . . did it slow up enough for this man to throw anything inside it?"

"Sure it did," said the cab driver.

"Taxi was empty, was it?" asked Macklin.

"Yeah, empty," affirmed the cabby.

"You can go," said Macklin, waving him away. Then he turned and glared at Hamilton. "You got me interested right down to the ground," he declared.

The taxi driver was disappearing as the detective went on: "I come back with that man and take a good look inside the shop underneath here. Finally I make out this fellow here. Just a glimpse of him sitting at a table near the door and working at a big account book. I knock and get him to open up. From where he was sitting, he could see anybody that stood in front of the entrance to this apartment. Maybe he can tell us who showed up there during the last coupla hours."

"That sounds like something," admitted Macklin. "Who are you, brother?"

"This is my friend and assistant, Sassan Vashtu McGuire," said Charles Dutton. "I'm afraid that he's been up rather late with the accounts of the month."

"Sassan Vashtu what?" asked Macklin. "McGuire, did you say? That's a hot one, Ollie, isn't it?"

"My father married in Nepal," said Sassan Vashtu McGuire.

"What kind of people are they up there?" asked Macklin.

"Warriors," answered McGuire.

"Whata they fight with?" laughed Macklin.

"Knives," said McGuire.

"Patience, Vashtu," said the gentle booming voice of Charles Dutton.

"Yes, lord," answered McGuire, and bowed profoundly.

"Ever see this?" asked Macklin, pointing.

McGUIRE took another step into the room and stared at the body. "It is Mr. John Merriam," he announced. "He was often in our shop."

And he bowed to the dead man with a polite little smile wrinkling his face.

"You could see the door of this place from where you were sitting?" asked Macklin.

"In the beyond a street lamp is burning," said McGuire. "The light steps through the window into the shop. And when any one stood at the street door of this apartment, the shadow flowed as far as my table."

"See anybody come to that door?"

McGuire answered smoothly: "I saw this gentleman come, leave, and return again." He bowed toward Hamilton. "And I saw Mr. Richard Barnes and Mrs. Barnes; and a young lady unknown to me; and Henry Pittfield . . ."

"Hey, wait! They all came together?" demanded Macklin.

"They came one by one," said McGuire, "near eleven o'clock."

"One by one . . . one by one!" muttered Macklin. Then he shouted: "Hop on the phone and get 'em here! . . . One by one, eh? And all of them around the time the knife was stuck into Merriam? Where was the name of Barnes hooked up with Merriam's recently?"

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"The newspapers and the columnists made quite a thing of it," said Bombi, his voice spreading an ominous note through the room. "It happened that Grace Barnes and John Merriam were out a little late the other night, and their car skidded into a taxi; just enough of an accident to reach the papers a day or two later."

"Why not the next morning?" demanded Macklin. "The news hawks are keen enough to get their hooks into a playboy like Merriam."

"Perhaps it was covered up," suggested Bombi, "until a friend a little too close to Merriam discovered what had happened and invited the reporters to make notes."

From the telephone the detective came back to announce that all four of the wanted people would be on hand at once.

"What do you mean by 'a friend a little too close to Merriam'?" asked Macklin.

"Some one who has been following him the way a cat follows a bird," said Dutton. "Some one from whom he had been hiding here. Some one who hated him."

"Now, how are you gonna ruin a young fellow by simply telling the world that he's been out late with another lad's wife? How late was it?" asked Macklin.

"A little after four, I believe," said Dutton.

"Yeah, that's too late to be funny to the husband," said Macklin. "But who's going to care so much? No mother or father living, is there?"

"There's an uncle. There's old Henry Pittfield," said Bombi.

"I see," nodded the detective. . . . "McGuire, how'd you get that welt on your jaw?"

The Hindu-Irishman straightened with a shudder.

"Two days ago," he said, "Mr. Merriam is in the shop and I speak to him about an old bill. A great heat of anger came on him. He struck me with his fist!"

"Was he drunk?"

"Sir," said Sassan Vashtu McGuire, "he was not very drunk. It was I who was very small. That was the reason."

"This Merriam don't build very well, does he?" asked Macklin. "He takes a crack at the little guys and hides from the big ones. What kind of a mug did you figure him, Hamilton?"

"He had more up the nose than he could take," said Hamilton.

Macklin nodded, doubting Hamilton with all his eyes.

The detective who had been set to work from the front door in entered the room, breathing hard.

"That set of knives," said Tucker, "hanging on the wall beside the front door. I figure maybe one of them was used. I pull out two or three of them and find them rusted. Another is froze so fast with rust that I can't budge it. Then I open the door from the hall into the Dutton shop and what d'you think? There's a row of blood drops streaking out onto the floor!"

"What?" shouted Macklin.

"Yeah. See how it went? The thug stood back behind the door of the shop. Hears Merriam come in. Pulls the shop door open and lets Merriam have it in the throat. When he pulls the knife out and swings it back, it leaves a spray of blood on the floor. . . ."

Macklin turned his head slowly. His eyes came to a full stop on McGuire.

"Your mother's people were good at knives, McGuire," said Macklin. "And who could of been in that shop besides you?"

Sassan Vashtu McGuire began to bow as though in polite assent; but then, with an odd quick sound between a panting breath and a groan, he twisted about and dodged through the doorway. Tucker missed him with a clutching hand.

Macklin, silently but with a face stretched by a savage grin, plunged through the doorway with a big automatic held out in front of him.

His mother "was good at knives," and do you suppose that the weird Sassan Vashtu McGuire has used similar skill on Merriam? Or is the whole ghastly set-up a frame on Hamilton? Future developments are astonishing and blood-tingling in next week's Liberty.

COURT RULING HOLDS DRIVER TO BLAME FOR BLOW-OUT ACCIDENT

In the Interest of Safe Driving, Every Motorist Should Read This Decision

"There is no series of accidents more destructive or more terrifying in the use of autos than those which come from blow-outs. Any ordinary individual knows that when a tire is worn through to the fabric its further use is dangerous and it should be removed . . . All drivers must be held to a knowledge of these facts. Owner or operator cannot escape simply because he does not know. He must know. The hazard is too great to permit cars in this condition to be driven on the highway . . . The law requires that owners and drivers know the condition of parts which may become dangerous with wear. It will assume that they do know of the dangers ascertainable by examination."*

**Excerpts from an opinion in a case involving worn tires, written by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania*

Are Your Tires Safe?

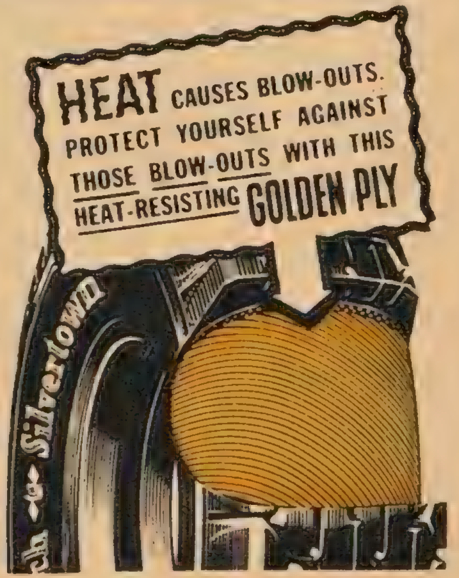
When a high court brands tread-worn tires as dangerous to life and property, it's plenty of proof that a blow-out is a mighty serious thing.

Many of the blow-outs that throw cars out of control and kill or injure thousands every year are due to heat generated *inside* of tires by today's high-speed driving.

To provide motorists with the *real* protection they need against high-speed blow-outs, Goodrich engineers invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

This Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply protects you against these high-speed blow-outs.

Don't run the risks of trying to squeeze another 1,000 miles out of tread-worn tires . . . don't wait until *after* a blow-out has caused you a lot of grief and expense. Equip your car *right now* with a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

The Only Tire With Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

We Compound a Felony

BY ELMER RANSOM

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

As it turned out it wasn't coincidence. Rather, design; but how Matthew Crandall guessed that I was to be at the University Club in Augusta is beyond me, or how he sensed that I was headed for Alaska. But Crandall was always a queer sort.

Thirteen years ago we'd graduated in the same law class at the state university. Occasionally I read a skit by him in the Alumni Bulletin. Shanghai, Burma, Tibet, Bhutan, Montevideo, Manáos, Addis Ababa. Odd places, odd adventures.

Then, after his marriage, he took up criminology. To give him an outlet for the surge of adventure that matrimony couldn't stifle, I suspect. The public heard little of his accomplishments. He was always shy with the press.

I was surprised to recognize his old drawl:

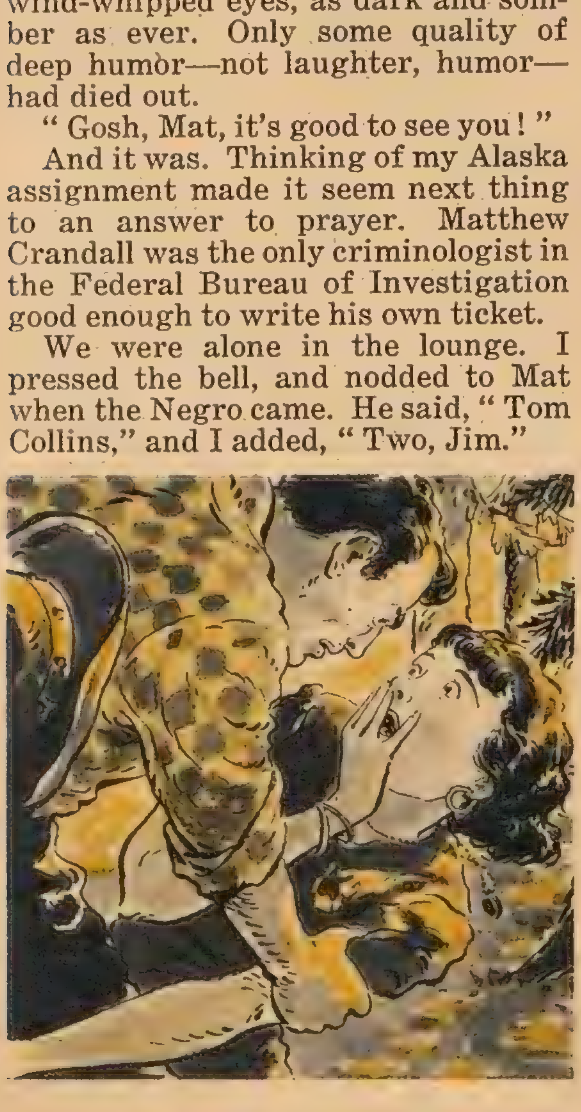
"Well, Larry, don't you know me?"

He was just as able-looking as when he took my passes at left half; about five feet ten, weighing close to a hundred and seventy-five. His face had aged. A sprinkling of gray showed around the temples, and a mass of crow's-feet puckered his wind-whipped eyes, as dark and somber as ever. Only some quality of deep humor—not laughter, humor—had died out.

"Gosh, Mat, it's good to see you!"

And it was. Thinking of my Alaska assignment made it seem next thing to an answer to prayer. Matthew Crandall was the only criminologist in the Federal Bureau of Investigation good enough to write his own ticket.

We were alone in the lounge. I pressed the bell, and nodded to Mat when the Negro came. He said, "Tom Collins," and I added, "Two, Jim."



We talked shop, of course, and he was, I think, faintly amused at my enthusiasm.

"This is the second drink I've had since—" He stopped. A cloud passed. "—Since I lost Elise. You heard?"

"No. I'm shocked—sorry," I said, inadequately.

He took out his wallet; extracted a clipping. His wife, it reported, had been killed in a rockslide while they were camping together in the Chugach Mountains.

"We were there for her health," he explained. "She had just about recovered from a breakdown."

He took the clipping back. I noticed his hands; long, able, artistic fingers, and steady.

I tried to bridge the moment.

"I'm headed for Alaska, Mat, on the Saunders murder. How about a lift from your recent experience there?"

He leaned over his drink. Saunders had been widely publicized as a sportsman. He was killed while hunting in southern Alaska. A good deal of a rotter—a regular Casanova with women, with none of the Italian's fiery virtues. But the real thing with a rifle. He'd killed big game all over the world. A passion, it seemed; perhaps in itself sexual in its deeper significance.

I said I had met Saunders at the Explorers' Club.

"Like him?" asked Mat.

"No," I answered. "Just a killer."

At that, the Saunders murder wasn't a pretty thing. It had been medieval; Oriental. I don't hold any brief for a life like Saunders'. He was bound to run into some person who wouldn't stand for his philandering. But torture was different.

"I was in Alaska," Crandall said. "My wife had just died, and—well—I was cut up." He paused a moment to sip his Tom Collins. "The governor, someway, had heard about me, and asked that I undertake the investigation.

"The man who killed him might just as well have signed his name to the crime. All sorts of evidence that the locals overlooked. The job didn't seem too hard, but I wasn't hankering for it. The governor pressed me, though, and Washington O. K.'d it.

"I tracked the killer to a little shack on Thundercliff. There I had a drink with him, and I got the old song to a different tune. Saunders had made love to the murderer's wife, and she, foolishly perhaps, had gone to her husband with it.

"The husband warned Saunders. The sportsman laughed, and that was unfortunate. The husband had been in the field for weeks, and to Saunders he was just another guide or prospector. He looked right tough; tough but dangerous, Larry. But Saunders wouldn't have noticed that. He was egocentric."

Mat paused and sipped his drink.

"One afternoon, late, the young woman was returning to the shack she and her husband occupied. Saunders intercepted and attacked her.

"It may seem incredible to your twentieth-century moderns, but when the woman recovered sufficiently, she left a note for her husband and jumped over a cliff. Her picture was on the wall of the cabin. A beautiful, highly sensitive face. Neurotic perhaps—who knows? But lovely, and this man loved her very much.

"Saunders had signed his death warrant. The husband was quite deliberate. He tailed the Saunders party for days. He took a keen delight in the state of jitters he induced in Saunders. The killer complex seems often the defense mechanism of cowardice.

"One day he caught Saunders alone, forced him up a long valley at the point of a gun, and turned off between a line of high peaks until they had gone some fifteen miles. The husband stripped him." Mat paused and asked a question:

"Do you know anything of the mosquitoes in Alaska?"

I nodded, and he didn't bother to enlarge on this.

"When it was over, the husband returned to his cabin and wrote to the authorities, telling where the body might be found. They gave the note to me. You know the rest. Fortunately or unfortunately that note was destroyed."

"Did you try to arrest the murderer?" I asked.

"No. I'm sure the man won't be taken alive."

"What did you do?"

Mat looked at me appraisingly: "I compounded a felony."

There was a curious twist to his lips—sardonic and satisfied. Then *I knew.*

He rose. I held out my hand.

"Thank you for listening," he said.

Those steady hands. I could picture Matthew Crandall, the instrument of retribution, in those mountains that had witnessed the violation and death of the woman he loved.

"Thank you for trusting me," I said.

And I, too, compounded a felony.

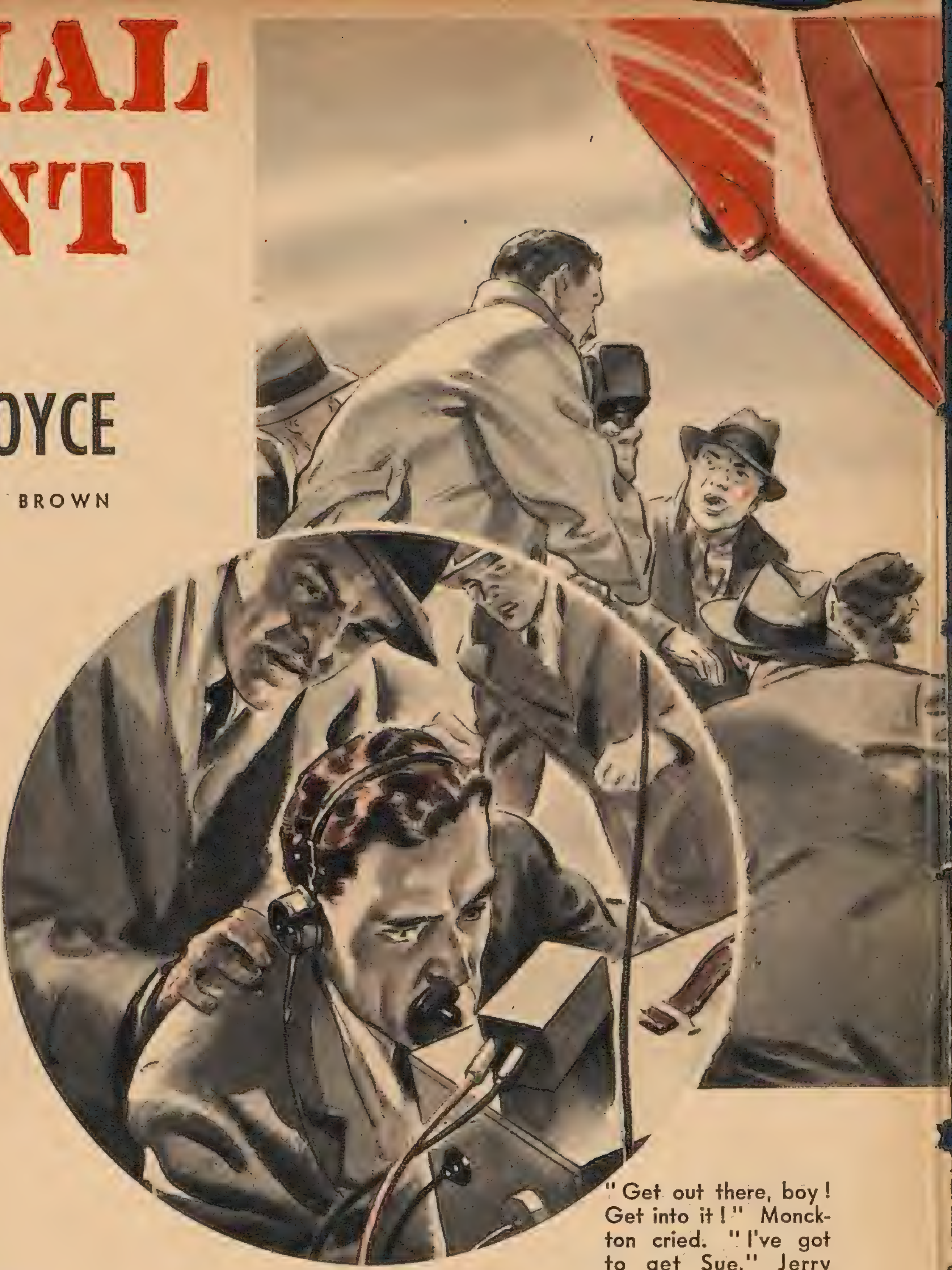
THE END

SPECIAL EVENT

BY BURKE BOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The charming story of a baby and a job, and a puzzled young husband who tried to juggle them both



"Get out there, boy! Get into it!" Monckton cried. "I've got to get Sue," Jerry said. "Lemme alone!"

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

JERRY PETERS snatched for the telephone that jangled on his desk, gripping the receiver tight.

"H'lo!"

His voice hardened. "Oh, it's you. Listen. I'll give you the cues when I get 'em. Cue you on the Morse if I have to. Lay off the calls. G'by."

He slammed the phone down, shoved a hand through the rust-colored hair lying close-cropped above a big forehead, and kicked the stiffness out of his legs.

There were three telephones on his desk, and all day he had jumped every time they rang; but none had brought the news he had keyed himself to hear.

Miss Howard fluttered into the office from the outer room. She was a mild little blonde.

"Phone call, Mr. Peters. The operator says it's important, and she wants to be sure she can get you."

"Important!" Jerry exploded. "Then why in cat don't you give it to me! Which wire?"

"It's Washington. And the man from Madison Square Garden is still waiting. He says he has something to tell you."

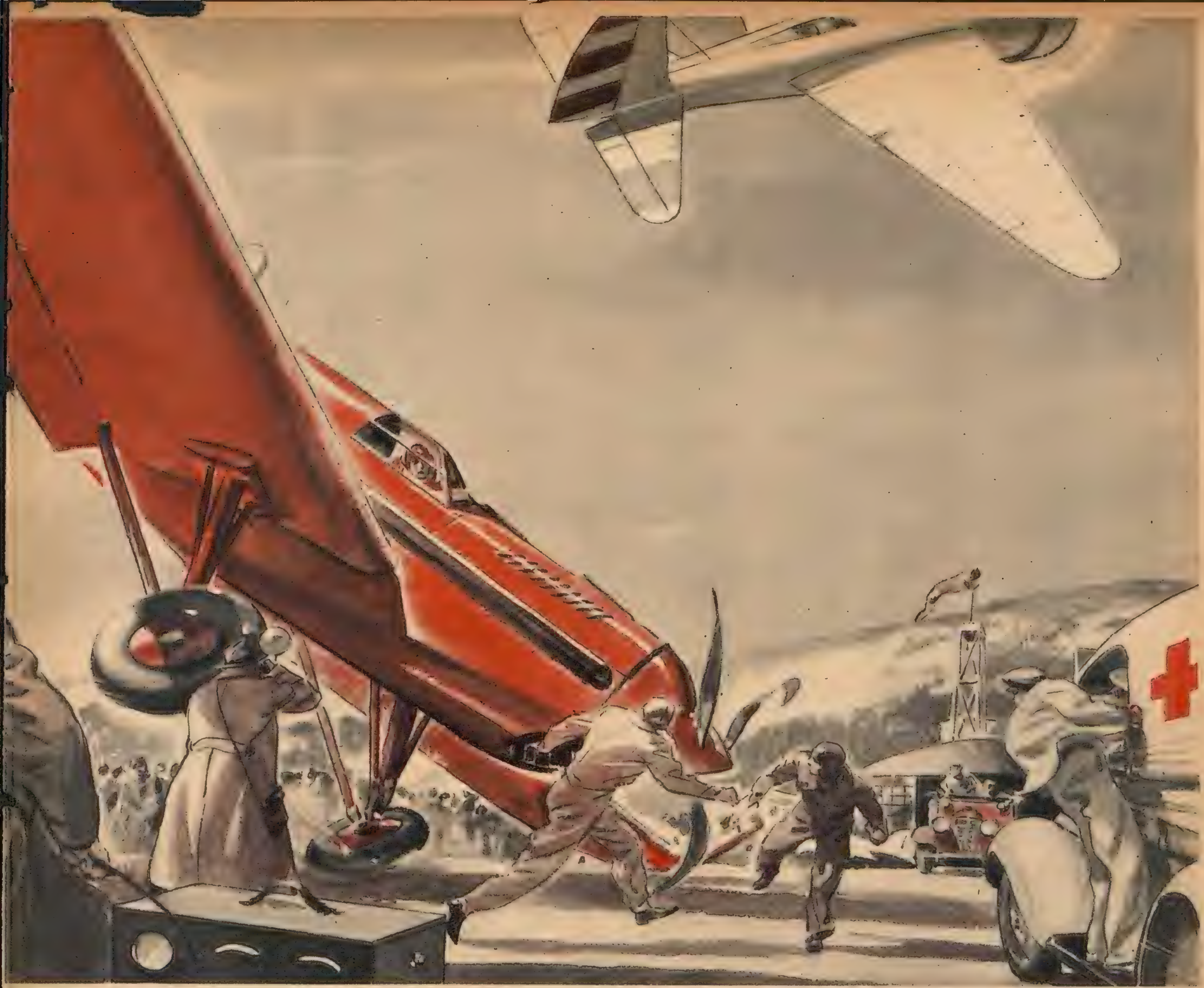
The rest was lost in the crash of Jerry's fist against the desk top, and in the shivering rattle of inkstands and pens and ash tray and the picture of a girl in a silver frame. Jerry lunged to his feet, his chair hurled back against the wall.

"Hell with what he says! He can say it to himself! And tell Washington I'm dead! I've got enough, I tell you!"

She stared at him. Temperament didn't go with Jerry—with his long legs and his redheaded healthy brawn. Jerry's hundred and eighty pounds of tall, hard-knit driving force carried a nerveless rush and power that juggled microphones and switches and orchestras and split-second timing, and came up with that wide smile of his to cop three twinklers in the radio columns the next day.

Mike, the floor page, pushed his uniform importantly over the sill.

"Boss wants you, Mr. Peters. Drop everything and get over there. Big show coming up and it looks like you're elected."



The boss was Farjeon H. Madden, in charge of programs for Continental Networks, Inc. Presently Jerry's heels were digging into carpet in the famous corner office. He drew to a stop in front of a black-walnut desk.

Through the tapestried front of a massive varnished cabinet at the far end of the office came an announcer's voice: "For his first audition number Gillian McIlveray has chosen the tender song of love by Guy d'Hardelot—Because."

Mr. Madden cocked an ear, then swung around. "Peters, I want you to go to Newfoundland tonight."

"Newfoundland?" Jerry's heart sank. "Me?"

"Davis and Randmussen, those flyers who've been lost in the arctic, are hopping from Greenland to St. John's, and we'll put 'em on the air when they get there. It's a great show! Flyers come to life out of the polar ice! Take Barr and Delaney and catch a plane from the airport in an hour. I'm booking it as a Special Event."

Jerry heard him with a white face, his hands clenched tight at his sides. Special Events was his department. It meant that he took microphones anywhere he could find reality. Anywhere—anything—that would carry a thrill to what they called the radio audience. A good job, usually. A swell job. Any time but now!

"But, Mr. Madden," said Jerry desperately, "my wife—"

Madden thrust his head forward with a roar. "There aren't any wives in radio! This is show business! Now you listen to me, mister. You've been doing lousy shows for the last four months. You've been slipping, and slipping fast. I'm sending you to Newfoundland to give you one more chance."

"Or else?" Jerry swallowed.

"And that's final. See me when you get back."

"But—but, Mr. Madden!"

A secretary, walking discreetly, appeared by the desk. "Mr. Peters' office on the phone, Mr. Madden. His home is calling."

Jerry whirled and started for the door, galloped back in a half circle toward Madden's phone, stopped. "Hold it! Tell her to hold it!" His long body spun again, and his hair was a splash of red, diving out, and he was gone.

It took just twenty-five running strides for Jerry to get to his office halfway across the building. The telephone was off the receiver, and it took one more stride to claw for it.

"Sue! . . . Sue, what's been going on?"

Sue's voice came laughing back at him: "I've been to the doctor. Don't sound so worried, darling. Everybody has babies."

"What did the doctor say?"

"Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week."

"Next week? Sue—can you put it off till next week?"

She laughed again. Jerry knew how she looked when she laughed—pretty-eyed and utterly delicious, with soft brown hair and delicate lips. "You don't put babies off, darling."

"You don't think it would come tomorrow, do you?"

"I don't think anything about it. I just want to know when you'll be home for supper."

"I won't be home for supper. Sue girl, I'm flying to Newfoundland in an hour."

He heard her gasp. "Newfoundland! Jerry!"

"I'll be back soon, chicks. Couple of days at the most."

"Oh, no, not that long! You can't go, Jerry!"

"I've got to. It's those two flyers the whole country's been goofy over."

"But I need you, Jerry. I need you here with me!"

"Honey, do you think I want to go?"

He shook his head to clear a picture out of his mind. A picture of Sue alone at their little table in the square high-ceilinged living room, with the two candles lit the way they were always lit at dusk, when he and Sue ate their supper together. Or a picture of Sue, her face twisted with spasmodic pain, trying to get down the flights of stairs that led from their brownstone walk-up to the street. They had been married three years, and Jerry suddenly realized that he loved her more now than he had ever loved her before.

BURKE BOYCE

knows the workings of radio from his eight years as an N.B.C. script writer. Before turning to the air, he wrote stories which were published in India, England, and America, and contributed verse to the New Yorker. He is a Harvard man, married, and has one son, Peter.

"Honey," he said huskily—"my little honey."

Her voice like a frightened child's: "Tell them about me, Jerry. Mr. Madden must have some sentiment to him. Tell him I'm going to have a baby!"

"It's no go. I've tried."

"Does he say you've got to go?"

"He says it's my job. And he says—" He checked himself in time. He didn't want to tell her what else Madden had said. And he remembered Johnson, and Rayfield, and poor old Peewee Smitt. They'd stood up to Madden and they'd been fired.

Sue's tone, so close to tears, turned cold. "Is your job more important than me, Jerry?"

Jerry raised his fist and scrubbed the back of it across a wet forehead.

"But you know how deep we've had to go on this baby business. I've borrowed on every nickel I'll make for the next three months. I don't want you worrying about it, because that's my end of it. But if I don't hang on to my job, how in heaven's name are we going to live?"

She said, "It would be different if I had any family here with me, but I haven't. All I've got is you. And when you'd wipe the dishes and do all the things you've done to help me, I'd think, Jerry will look after me; I don't need anybody but him. You've got to do something, Jerry. Can't you do something?"

He felt sick and there was a fool lump in his throat.

All at once Sue began to laugh. It wasn't like the way she had laughed before.

"Special event," she said. "Special event for you, blessed event for me. Funny, isn't it? I just thought of it. It's awfully funny!"

"Sue!" Jerry blurted. "Snap out of it!"

Her voice broke off.

"All right," she said dully, "I'll snap out of it. But we'll be through, Jerry. If you let them take you away from me while I'm having this baby, we'll be through. Good-by."

"Sue—wait!"

There was no answer.

"Good-by," he said, and didn't know he had said it. He put the phone back on the receiver.

Miss Howard was sitting at her desk when he went out to tell her he would be gone a couple of days. She nodded, fussing with her hands, and looked up reproachfully.

"Oh, Mr. Peters, I hope the trip will do you good. You've never shouted at me before like you did today."

At the airport the plane was waiting. As it left the ground and pointed its blunt nose into the northeast, Jerry held a sullen and morose silence, broad shoulders slumped against the back of his seat, collar of his trench coat bundled around his ears. Under the shadow of the hatbrim bashed low on his forehead his eyes blazed.

Barr and Delaney, announcers, were riding with him, and an engineer named Monckton.

They pierced the wet dawn and nosed down toward a stubble of rooftops to a neat landing. Jerry hunched himself from his seat and led the way out of the plane, barking orders as he went.

"Haven't got all day! Get going!"

Coils of cable, microphones, the heavy weight of the O. P. set were lugged out to the field, glowing a soft pink in the thin sea mist lifting lazily to the eastern sun.

For the next hour Jerry dug into the business of setting up the details of the broadcast. He spraddled above a tangled maze of wires and control units and headsets and cables, and whipped them into position. He knew this part of the job backward, and it gave him a kind of fierce joy to let himself loose on it. Microphones here, wire lines there, incoming reports from the flyers checked off with the airport officials, special observation points surveyed and decided on, and the final routine of what was to go on the air fitted and meshed together with an eye to excitement and showmanship.

He called the announcers and laid out his strategy like a general going into battle. Barr would take the ground talk about the actual landing and handle the first interviews. His tough stocky body was made for boring through crowds, and the simulated excitement he could summon into his voice carried like a whiplash. Delaney, a suave master at word pictures, would fill in the gaps from a window up near the top of the main office building. Jerry himself, beginning to sweat a little in the palms of his hands, would take charge in the airport office at the end of the P. L. loop that gave direct communication back to the control board in the Continental studios.

"You want to keep it hot," he told them, "and keep it going. Madden's been spot-announcing it all last night and this morning, and half of Mr. and Mrs. America will be crawling into their radios to get it. Make it good!"

"Don't we always, sweetheart?" Barr asked. "Anything we make is good."

"Not always," drawled Delaney. "I remember the time—"

Jerry cut him short with a growl. "Here's your homework." He handed them mimeographed sheets of quotations from press clippings on Davis and Randmussen. "In case you have to stall. But don't stall. Give it everything you got."

A plane opened up, went roaring skyward from the ground. The ambulance and official autos gathered at the end of the main runway. Crowds lining the sides of the field surged in closer.

Monckton jogged up to him. "Be sighting 'em in five minutes. The field's talking to 'em short-wave."

"That means us!" said Jerry. "Hop to it!"

He jumped for the office door, with Monckton behind him. Barr and Delaney hurried away. He and Monckton sat down in front of the portable amplifier, and Monckton twirled dials and handed him his breast set and the headband with its two pairs of earphones.

"New York's ready for you."

"H'lo, New York," said Jerry into the mouthpiece of the breast set. "Peters on the O. P. 4 at St. John's."

Joe Gattle's Brooklyn accent came back to him from the main board at Continental: "O. K., Peters. Shoot!"

"Want the air at ten thirty," said Jerry. "Ten twenty-five forty now by my watch. Check?"

"Ten twenty-six eight. All set."

Sue would be at home now, in the kitchen doing the breakfast dishes. Or maybe she wouldn't. Maybe she would be somewhere else—in the hospital room they'd picked out a month ago, with a doctor and nurses and the sickish smell of ether.

He made himself stop thinking about it, and switched his line over from the P. L. to the program loop. He still had a job to do, and old Madden would be listening. It had to be good—so good that Madden wouldn't be able to tear it apart. He opened his watch and laid it face upward in front of him. Two and one half minutes.

"Hello, Barr," he called over the program wire. "Give us some test talk."

"ABCDEFG," rattled Barr into his microphone halfway down the landing runway. "And how about sending our love to Madden?"

"How about getting some new gags? Come in, Delaney."

"We are standing," said Delaney's mellow voice through Jerry's earphones, "in the lush, palm-scented climes of this tropical paradise, and I wish the hell I'd worn my heavy underwear."

"Hold it."

Everything jake. With the P. L. (the private line) he could talk directly to headquarters at Continental studios in New York, and the program loop allowed him to listen to the broadcast and give his instructions to the announcers through their individual headsets while they were on the air. In thirty seconds it would be half past ten and he'd have his network.

Monckton jerked an arm up in a short, peculiar curve.

"She's yours."

Jerry took the mouthpiece of the breast set, holding it close to his lips. "Take it away, Barr!"

Widget Barr nodded his head and began to talk. His voice rang a crisp staccato in Jerry's earphones:

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, and greetings from the landing field up here in St. John's, Newfoundland. Continental Networks presents a Special Event broadcast from this field today—a description of the home-coming of the intrepid flyers Davis and Randmussen. There's excitement up here, I can tell you. We are standing—"

Monckton put an elbow into Jerry. "New York's calling you."

Jerry swore. Good God, what was the matter with them down there? Had they muffed it?

He swung over to the P. L. "H'lo!"

Joe Gattle said, "Peters? Somebody to talk to you."

"Can't talk now. You getting the show?"

"Sure. Coming in O. K. Hold on."

While he waited, fuming, Monckton poked him again. "There's the plane!"

He looked out of the window and saw it, circling far overhead, beginning its bank for the long slant to the field.

BARR'S voice was kicking higher in the program earphones: "There they are, folks—there they are now! One of the welcoming planes is with 'em, and they've just dipped a greeting to it. The crowd is going mad! We can't see yet which of the flyers is at the controls, but—"

Jerry leaned over and punched the program switch, and called over the wire that led to Barr's ears: "Lay off that 'can't see' stuff! Tell 'em what you *can* see!"

"Let me take it, Jerry," Delaney broke in on the wire. "I've got the real view up here where I am."

"Barr!" said Jerry. "Give it to Delaney! Give it—"

A voice from New York said into Jerry's P. L. earphones, "Hello!" It was a feminine voice.

Jerry switched over again, so he could answer. "Hold it!" he snapped.

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Barr hadn't understood his orders. He hadn't given the mike to Delaney. He was going right on.

"Hello!" repeated the voice from New York.

"Hold it, can't you? We've got a program here!"

The voice gave a gasp and cried, "Jerry!"

It made him jerk forward, gripping hard at the mouthpiece that hung against his chest.

"Jerry darling, can't you hear me?"

There was only one girl whose voice ever did nameless things to his spine like that.

"Sue!"

Monckton turned, yelling past Jerry's earphones: "Better get after Barr. Delaney's having kittens up in the window."

"Keep outa this!" Jerry shoved him away.

"Sue! Sue, where are you?"

"Jerry—oh, Jerry . . . " Then her voice grew faint, trailing off.

He jammed the mouthpiece of the breast set against his lips until they were bruised and white. "Sue—answer me!"

After what seemed like an age he caught her words again. "Jerry, I'm in the infirmary at Continental. They—" She faltered, and he could hear her trying to stifle sobs that were choking her. "Oh, Jerry darling—"

"Sue, for God's sake, talk to me! What happened?"

"I can't talk, Jerry. I—I can't . . . "

"Sue, you've got to! Listen to me, Sue! You've got to!"

His palms were cold and damp with sweat, and his whole body had gone numb. Every mile that lay between them reared its length like a nightmare, and he shook the insensate rubber mouthpiece.

Sue did her best to control her sobs. "Last night, after you'd gone, I came over here—hoped I could catch you. And then—before I knew . . . " Her voice trailed off again.

Things got jammed in Jerry's throat and stuck there. He kept on straining to reach Sue—pleading into the mouthpiece, trying to bring her back to him.

Presently he realized that part of the noise was Monckton's shouting, and that the black-and-white shapes were people running by outside. Monckton's fingers were a vise on his arm.

"Peters! The plane's nosed over! Right on her back! Great jeepers, what a show! Get out there, boy! Get into it! Barr can't hold it by himself!"

Jerry turned glassy eyes on him, uncomprehending. "I've got to get Sue!" he said. "Lemme alone!"

The door of the office burst open, catapulting Widget Barr into the room. He took one jump and clamped Jerry's shoulder.

"Hey! It's the chance of a life! Delaney's stalling for time till we can get through the crowd. They're taking 'em out of the ship, and we can interview 'em right from the stretchers. They're both conscious. Boy, what a break! Come on!"

BUT Jerry flung him aside. "Lemme alone, I tell you!" He croaked into the mouthpiece: "Sue! Sue—can't you say anything? Just a word—just one word!"

"Jump out there and do what you can," Monckton told Barr. "He's muffed it for fair!"

Jerry didn't even see him go, or hear the slam of the door behind him. Then Sue's voice came to him again. She was saying, "I can't seem to stop crying, Jerry. I'm sorry . . . And after all the mean things I said to you!"

"My God, Sue, you wouldn't be crying unless—"

"I wouldn't be crying unless I had to. It's because I'm so happy. So awfully, awfully happy!"

"Happy!"

"Our baby, darling. He came last night. While I was here."

Jerry let out a yell that blasted every needle across every dial on the amplifier. "Sue! Baby! Ours!" He flailed an arm, catching Monckton a staggering wallop between the shoulder blades. "Baby!" he cried. "Yow!"

Then he was back at the mouthpiece, babbling at it. "Oh, honey—my little honey—and I walked out on you!"

"Let's forget that part of it, Jerry. It's over now, and it wasn't your fault."

"Oh, yes, it was. I was afraid of my job. I'll never be afraid of anything else again, except leaving you like this. Sue, I've been going nuts up here! When you told me we'd be through I thought I didn't care any more. Didn't care about anything! Now I know how much I do care. I'll make it all up to you—ten times over—all the rest of my life, if you'll only let me. Just tell me you'll go on loving me. . . . Tell me you will!"

"Oh, Jerry!" She was beginning to cry again, but he could hear laughter in her throat, too. The kind of laugh that meant Sue to him, the kind that made him feel hot all over. "I'll always love you, darling. And we're not through at all. We're just beginning. You and little Jerry and me."

The wire clicked, and Joe Gattle's voice broke in: "Sorry, guy, time's up. Surprise, huh? We ran an extension from the P. L. into the infirmary for you. Congratulations, papa!"

"Joe!" said Jerry. "Hang on a minute, Joe!"

"You get busy," said Joe. "Hear what's happening to your show out there?"

Jerry let go of the mouthpiece with both his hands, flexing knuckles that cracked from the pressure he'd put on them. "Little Jerry," he said under his breath, softly. And he repeated it: "Little Jerry."

HE swung round to Monckton. "What's happening to the show out there, big boy?" Monckton stopped working his battered shoulder blades and favored him with a single withering look.

"The show," he said grimly, "has gone straight to hell."

"In that case," said Jerry, "let it stay there. How soon do we get a plane back to New York?"

. . . .

When Madden arrived at his office the next morning Jerry was waiting for him in the anteroom.

Madden pushed open the door and motioned him inside.

He eased himself into the leather-padded chair behind his desk, and Jerry stood in front of him, ready to take his medicine. He met the look on Madden's impassive gray face with a cold male directness.

"Did you hear the show, Mr. Madden?"

"No; didn't hear it."

"I thought you'd be listening."

"Never mind what you thought. What are you trying to tell me?"

"I gummed the whole thing. It was lousy."

"Was it?"

So Madden was going to make it hard for him. All right, he could take it. He could take anything just about now.

He bent over and put the backs of his fists on the top of the walnut desk. "It was the lousiest show I've ever done. I only wanted to tell you I didn't do it on purpose. This is my resignation."

Madden reached for the resignation, squinted at the signature, and laid it weightily on the perpetual file of papers beside his blotter. Then he leaned back in his chair, his eyes half closed.

"No, I didn't listen to your show. I was listening to something else." He broke off for an instant; then opened his eyes and jerked forward, shooting the words out: "I was listening to the best ten minutes I ever heard out of that loud-speaker! And I got it over the P. L.!"

Jerry gulped. "When Sue and I were talking?"

"Don't worry," said Madden. "It didn't go out over the air. I wish it had. It would have knocked those flyers and their synthetic whoop-it-up into a cocked hat." He stopped for breath. "How's the baby?"

"Fine," said Jerry.

"Go up and see him."

"I've seen him. He has red hair. He—"

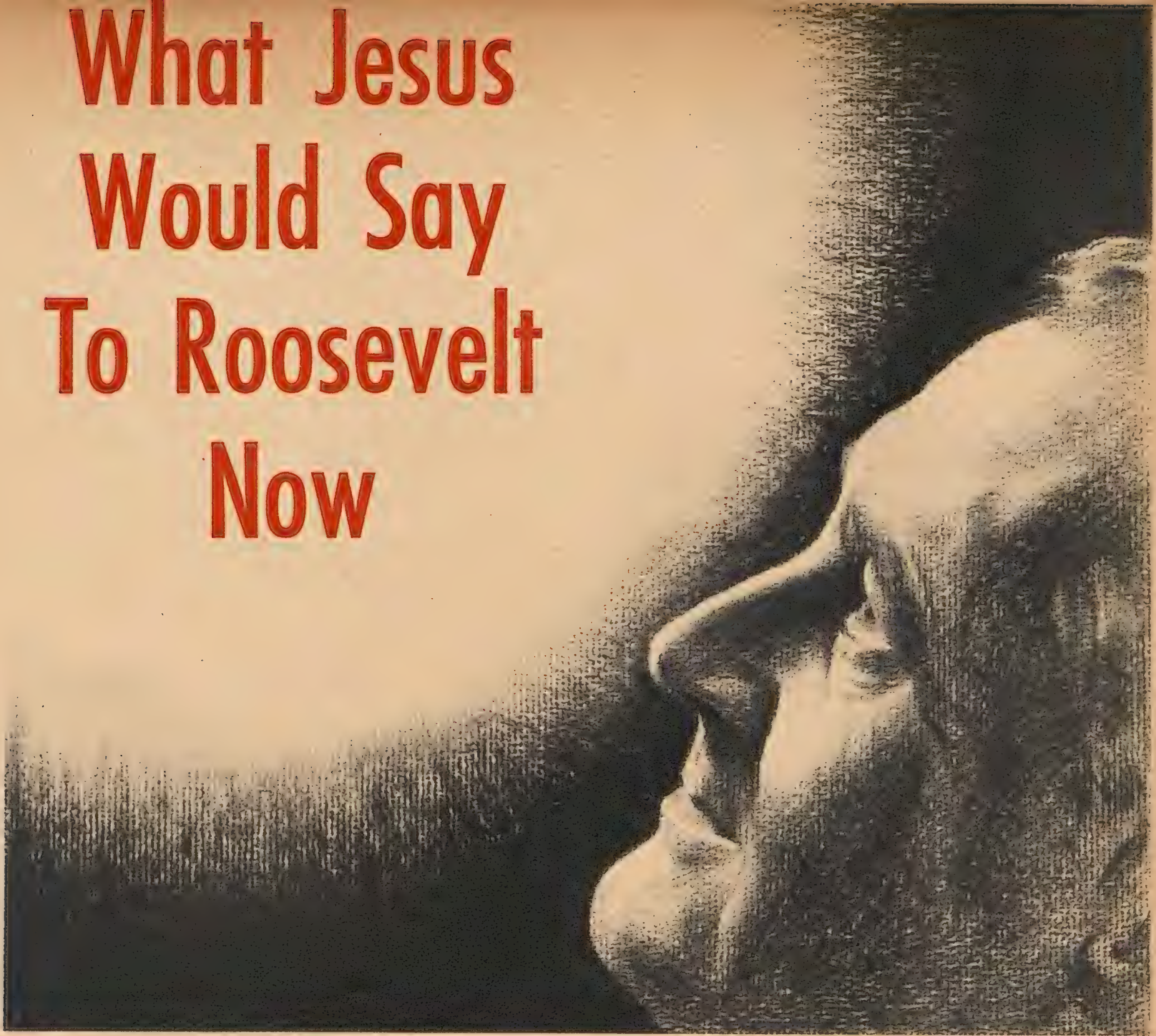
"Go up and see him some more. And tell that game little wife of yours she's right. You're not through. You're just beginning. Then come back and go to work."

"Damn it," said Jerry, "it can't be that good!"

"Well, damn it," said Madden, "it is!"

THE END

What Jesus Would Say To Roosevelt Now



READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ONE of the remarkable things about the history of Jesus as told by His biographers is the silence concerning much that we would suppose would be a part of His wonderful teaching.

For example, He never said a word against slavery. And yet He lived in a world that had millions of slaves whose lives were at the bidding of masters who could and did kill them whenever anger or caprice dictated. The Roman Empire was sustained on the work of slaves.

Likewise, so far as we know, He never mentioned militarism or war as a world habit. And yet the Roman Empire was an armed camp; and its legions overran a vast territory and ruthlessly murdered and pillaged, and occupied any land it wanted for colonies or plunder.

It seems strange that Jesus, living in a province that was a part of this empire, taken by armed force and taxed and bled white to help support the fighting legions, never mentioned the word war and never spoke out against military despotism. It has been said that if He had spoken out against either slavery or war He would have been arrested and executed before He could have begun His ministry of teaching, and it was His wisdom that anticipated such a fate and kept Him silent.

Yet the principles taught by Jesus finally put an end to slavery as an institution in most of the world, and they will eventually, we believe, put an end to war. The fact is that slavery and war cannot exist side by side with His teaching. And in the long run, if the world wants happiness and justice and well-being, it will have to obey the principles He taught.

But the human race has not yet reached the plane of moral courage that is necessary to end the centuries-old human habit of mass murder.

Into the world in which we have to live, let us imagine that Jesus suddenly comes.

A different world physically, but no different in its humanity than it was when He was born. What would He find?

A world at war. With all its organized Christianity called churches, its colleges and schools, its printing presses and wonders of science, still people killing one another in Spain and China and elsewhere.

A world that spends more for war than for education or religion or science. More heavily armed than ever before. Italy offers a premium on childbearing so as to

With war in sight, would HE urge isolation or mediation? What would HE say to the defeated President about the Court fight? A revealing answer by the **REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON**, Author of In His Steps have more boys to train as soldiers. And the great war cost the world $400,000,000,000. Apparently this world into which Jesus steps has learned nothing.

A world that contains munitions men who care for nothing but more wars in order to sell their bombs and poison gas. A world that boasts of its nationalism: my country right or wrong. A world that makes the state supreme over the individual. "Johnny, get your gun!" And Johnny has nothing to say.

A world that lies under the shadow of fear and hate.

What would Jesus do? What could even He do?

He would see a new definition of war. This is the Preamble to the Kellogg Peace Pact: "All war is an assault on the stability of human society and should be suppressed in the common interest. The United States desires to see the institution of war abolished." That is not a definition made by a pacifist. It is the definition made by the United States government in a treaty.

Jesus would see more people hating war than ever before. He would see the churches against war as they have never been. He would see the women of the world against war. A delegation of women recently placed on the table at Geneva before the League of Nations a petition signed by a million women asking for total disarmament, and there were 100,000 signatures of Japanese women.

He would see the young men of the world rising up and telling the war lords to fight the battles they start. That never happened before in human history.

I believe that the first thing Jesus would do would be to call at the White House and have a face-to-face talk with the President. He would go there to talk not politics but humanity. I believe He would commend the stand that the President and the Congress have taken on the embargo of material that selfish and money-loving men would plan to send to warring countries. And in the name of a common welfare He would plead with the President and the Congress to add to the embargo acts anything that would make it illegal and unpatriotic to sympathize with or give support to any country at war.

He would also commend highly the action of the President in the South American Conference uniting the South American republics with the United States in a common purpose to keep the Americas as one body out of Europe's clashes, its mad jealousies, and its war fevers.

But would Jesus confine Himself to international matters? Jesus was tremendously interested in *individuals*. It is not possible to imagine Him treating the President as the head of a great Republic. He would regard the President as a *human being* in need of counsel and sympathy. No matter what were the different political views of him held by different parties, Jesus would think of the President as a man like other men.

HE would therefore approach him as one in need of friendly counsel, and in the spirit of forgiveness for any mistakes he may have made. The disappointment of the President in the matter of the Supreme Court, a decision that was made by a mandate of the people as against his own mandate, must have caused the President deep personal chagrin. It was a blow to his personal prestige and must have caused him to feel that his influence even with the members of his own party was beginning to wane, if it were not the beginning of its end. In any case, Jesus would not use this event as a warning or a reason for unfriendly and cheap criticism. Rather He would use it as an occasion for human understanding and appeal to the President to remember that all men are liable to mistakes in public office and that no man is free from errors of judgment and conduct.

It is not possible to picture Jesus as taking sides politically. We can easily imagine the interview as ending with a glow of personal friendship between the two men; and who can tell what that might mean to the President after his Visitor had gone? It is not impossible that he might extend the same forgiving spirit to all whom he may call his enemies. For nothing is ever gained in politics by hatred or ill will.

I believe that after seeing the President and Congress, Jesus would call, by telephone or radio, Mussolini and Hitler and Stalin. He would plead with them, not as a believer in any form of government called by any human name, but as a lover of mankind, to get together and join hands with the other nations to stop the foolishness and futility of militarism.

What do you think would happen if He did that? If, as many think, some European dictators are crazy, are they so crazy that they would pay no attention to the word of the greatest Person that ever lived? The voice of the Son of God speaking for human welfare?

There was no daily press in Jesus' time. He would realize at once the great influence and power it has over the common people. Imagine Jesus present at the great conferences of editors and reporters, and the tremendous impression He would make on their nervous and excitable personalities by His own characteristic poise and self-possession. The effect of that is beyond measurement. I believe that a message written by Jesus for the press would be read all over the world and create an impression that would lead to world-wide results against militarism. For never man spake as He spake.

ALSO He would make a personal pilgrimage to Europe and ask for interviews with the dictators and war lords, and appear before the parliaments and governments. The personality of Jesus was His most commanding power. When the Roman soldiers came to arrest Him in the garden, they fell on the ground. When He faced His enemies on different occasions, they were amazed by His appearance, as when the Roman officer was sent to arrest Him when He was speaking in the Temple, and came back without obeying the command.

It is impossible to think that all that personal wonder of His own appeal would pass without results. He would be given an audience anywhere. Not even the dictators who command millions for war would dare to prevent His open appeal for common welfare.

Imagine the picture of Him facing personally the rulers of the world, with all the power of the Son of God, with the churches and the press and the people supporting Him!

But if we are appalled at the preparation for war going on in Central Europe, how about our own preparation, and that of Great Britain? Our war budget already is over $1,000,000,000, and Congress is deliberating more expenditures for additional battleships. Great Britain is considering a war budget of over $7,800,000,000. Are we any less crazy than Central Europe when it comes to "preparation" in order to prevent war? Preparation has always precipitated war, never prevented it.

Jesus would make the same radio and telephone appeal to Great Britain's statesmen and to the King and Parliament as He would make to Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin. With what results? Who can tell?

Moreover, I believe that Jesus would call for a world-wide conference; would call upon all sorts of people. Catholics, Jews, and Protestants, to get together and use their combined influence against the habit of war. Already the Catholics and the Jews are beginning to use the press to urge the union of the great religious bodies in one common effort to put war off the map.

What would Jesus do to end war? He would do what He did when He was here two thousand years ago. His voice would be lifted up against hate and ill will and misunderstanding. He would preach the same doctrine of love to God and neighbor. He would repeat that wonderful command, "Love your enemies!" He would lay down the statesmanship that has never been surpassed by any congress or parliament. And He would not hesitate to use the modern equipment of a modern world to make His message world-wide. Above all, He would insist on the everlasting necessity of being born again. We shall not have a better world until we have better people, and we shall not have better people until they repent of their hate and greed and selfishness, and begin to love God and neighbor.

Whatever else Jesus would do to prevent war, we are very certain that is what He would preach.

And will the world do what He would do? It remains to be seen.

THE END

POOR BLOODY OBSERVERS

"He tried to live!"—Cambrai and what it might have been. A saga of battle in the sky reaches a thrilling climax

BY ARCH WHITEHOUSE

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE two ships seemed to hang together for several seconds and then nod their great heads in resignation. Slowly, slowly down they went, and then a wing came away and fluttered across the village. I saw two girls standing in the village street staring up.

Then, for the first time, the great fear struck me.

Captain Youl was yelling at me: "Who is it?"

Finally I saw them hit. One landed in the yard of the village butcher, the other smack in the little village cemetery. As it crumpled up I saw the letter "N" on the side of its fuselage.

"Mr. Robinson and Ward Clement!" I yelled.

Then I saw the "Washout" signal laid out on the ground in front of our hangars.

"They've put an 'M' out! Washout!"

Captain Youl nodded. We knew what had happened. Some one had muffed the signal to turn and had crossed *over* when he should have gone *under*.

We landed and saw the trucks and ambulances racing down to the village. Captain Youl went into the officers' mess. Finally some one told me the show was washed out and I could go to my tent.

I went and drank what was left of a bottle of brandy Ward had brought in the night before. I tried to bawl but somehow I couldn't. About noon Barker and Symes came in. They had pulled Ward out.

"You'd never believe it, Arch," Barker told me. "He had climbed all the way up the fuselage to the sternpost. How he got past those cross-bracing wires, God only knows; but he certainly tried to live!"

He handed me Ward's wrist watch, still ticking.

The orderly-room corporal shoved his head in.

"You're promoted," he said. "It'll be in orders tomorrow. Two stripes up. You're a corporal."

"Strike me pink!" Barker gasped. "You'll be gettin' seven bob a day now—with yer flying pay!"

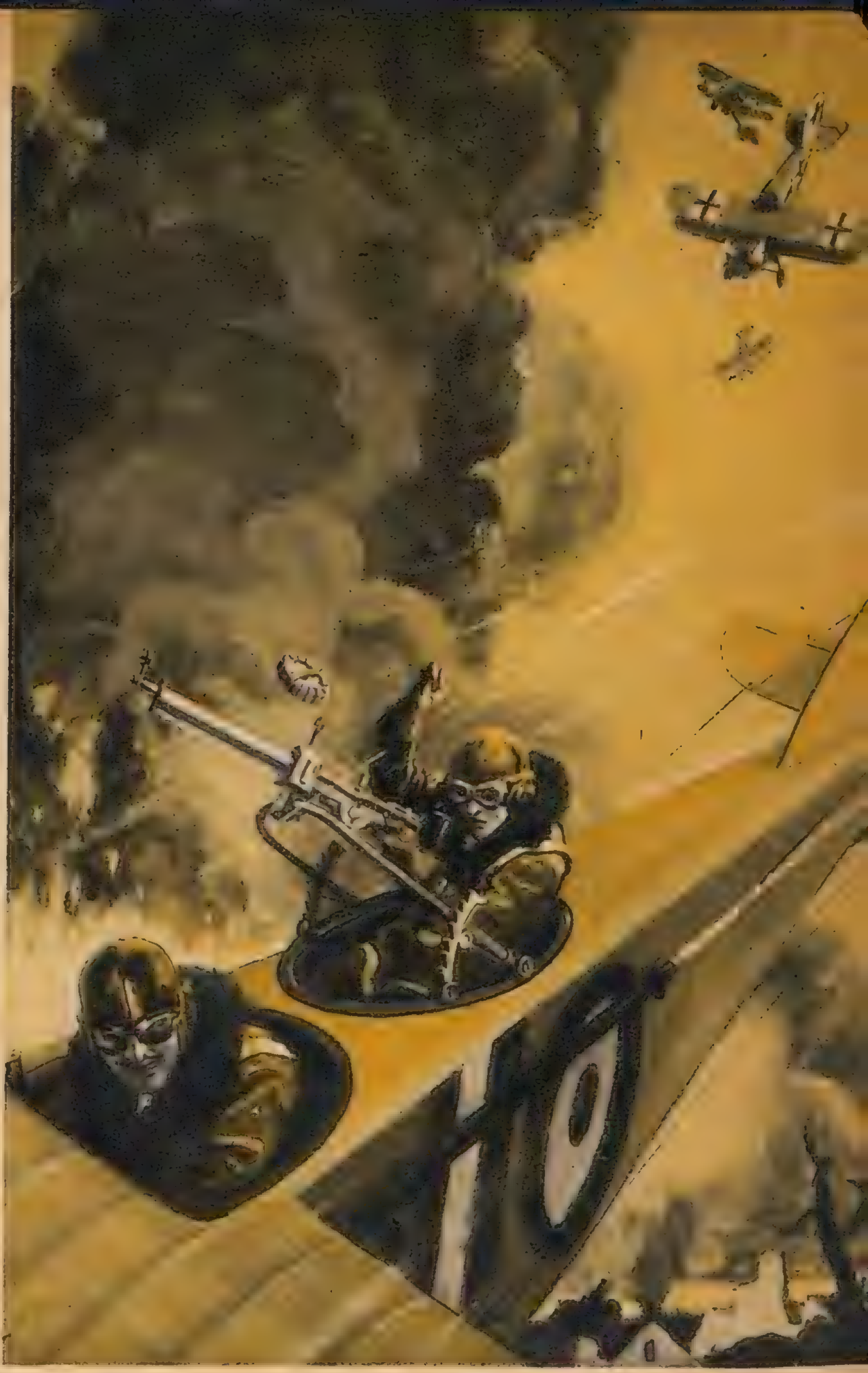
I packed Ward's kit, cleaned up, and went into the mess tent. No one spoke to me and I gave up trying to eat and went down to the village. Marie and Babette met me. It was they whom I had seen standing in the street.

"*Le grand Canadien?*" Marie asked hollowly.

I just nodded and went into the shop.

They gave me hot coffee—well spiked with rum.

They were grand kids. . . .



"Mac, intent on spotting, had a drum shot off his gun."

Looking back to those last few weeks of 1917, when I found myself so completely alone, I wonder how I lived that long, or why. The major and I were almost the only ones left of the original Chippily mob. Captain Youl was the only flying man I could talk to, and even he seemed utterly changed after that collision.

Campbell had gone. Where, I never learned. He climbed into a tender one morning and—never came back.

Mac and I seemed always to be in the air or on the ground at different times. He eventually, I believe, went back to England early in December. I never saw him or heard from him again.

The weather began to get cool after Ward Clement went west, and I put in considerable time helping erect a Nissen hut along with two other gunners who were newcomers. The work provided a new interest and kept me from going completely mad. When the hut was finished, we three moved in.

It dawned on me that the only time I was really content was when I was in the air, and I began haunting the hangars and Recording Office, hoping to get a chance to go on patrol—with any one! I think I really worked very hard. My notebook covering this period is crammed full of intricate observation reports. I knew every trench, sap, M. G. pit, and stretch of barbed wire from St. Quentin to Dixmude. At least I think I did.

Then came the Cambrai show.

As I now know, Haig's plan was to break the Hindenburg Line at its nodal point in front of Cambrai. The fun began on November 20. The tanks broke through the wire O. K., helped considerably by smoke and fog.

We took part in all the flying until we could hardly stagger out of our machines. On the first day, while they were taking Ribecourt, Marcoing, Neuf Wood, Noyelles, and Masnières, we were down low, flying through our own shellfire to hammer Cooper bombs on the German antitank-gun emplacements. We strafed the roads and chased horse-drawn transport all over open fields, firing hundreds of rounds of ammunition, burning out our gun barrels, returning again and again for fuel, bombs, and drums. One day I logged twelve hours and forty minutes in the air, and then almost went out again on a night-bombing show with the major. During this mad period I flew with several pilots. The idea seemed to be that while the men who flew the machines *might* get tired, observers and gunners seldom needed any rest.

It was on November 20 that Mac and Captain McKelvie put on a great show. (McKelvie, by the way, is the man who has always been confused with Captain McKeever, the crack two-seater ace. Their names were similar and they were equally skilled. McKeever, however, was not in No. 22. He was a member of No. 11 Squadron.)

They were sent over to spot Cambrai and make a report on the movement of troops there. The weather being what it was, they crossed the line at about sixty feet. They had no idea where they were until a terrific explosion almost blew them out of the sky. Mac saw it was a German ammunition dump. So intent were they on spotting and recording this incident and trying to place it, that they did not see a flight of nine Albatros scouts nosing down at them. Mac had an ammunition drum shot off his gun before he knew what had happened.

He rammed another on the peg and opened fire at close range. An Albatros burst into flames and almost crashed into them. McKelvie whipped his Bristol Fighter out just in time, and another flew into the A Flight skipper's sights. He calmly shot its wings away with a ten-round burst. An Albatros settled on their tail, firing like mad, but Mac returned the fire and saw the pilot fold up and collapse over the side of his cockpit.

So fast was this action, the three machines were falling to the earth at the same time. Then the six other Albatros scouts drew off, re-formed, and plunged into the attack again. McKelvie fooled them, however. Instead of turning away, he screwed back and attacked head on. His gun barked and an Albatros disintegrated. A second slipped into a wild spin and went into the ground for no reason whatsoever.

BUT the Bristol was not having a picnic. Already her wings looked like a stripped airfoil section, and poor Mac, trying to get in a burst to help out his pilot, felt his one Lewis gun break up in his hands. His face was cut badly by the chunks of twisted metal. One piece went into his arm, and I'll bet Mac stood up and swore at them . . . and meant it.

Meanwhile McKelvie was bashing head on at Albatroses all over the shop, until finally there was nothing more in the ammo cans. One long-range burst almost tore his flying boot off, but not a slug touched him. They hedgehopped all the way home, less than twenty-five feet off the ground, and just managed to get in.

. . . . .

The Cambrai show was held up, mainly through the lack of information. Mac and McKelvie had returned and reported that the Germans were pulling out of the battle area. Mac had seen enough to justify such a report, but unfortunately he was only a gunner.

Lieutenant Davidson (left), the pilot who flew in the fog with Whitehouse, and (standing) Lieutenant Morgan.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

From November 25 until the 30th the fog was thick, which completely blotted out all chances of the balloons doing any observation work. We tried to get into the air and over the line to see what actual effect the British advance had made in the enemy back areas. Were they retreating to the Douai Canal defenses or bringing up reinforcements to hold the bulging Siegfried Line?

War history, studied today, indicates that had the staff believed Mac, they could have walked into Cambrai, which would have forced the Germans to evacuate the whole Drocourt-Quéant switch line and would have placed the Allies farther ahead than they had been since the beginning of the war. But Mac was only a gunner. I believe they gave him a Distinguished Conduct Medal for his shooting and three stripes to put up on his sleeve, but they refused to recognize his report, which, if acted upon at the time, would have saved the lives of thousands of men. Or am I second-guessing?

AT any rate, the fog the next day was even thicker, but they dragged out the Fighters just the same. About eight o'clock in the morning one went out to see if there was anything to what Mac had reported. This was an *officer* observer, of course. An hour later we received word that his plane had hit the top of a slag heap at Lens. Another ship was sent out, from A Flight this time. We never did hear what happened to that one.

I noticed, in the group that stood on the tarmac, one young officer pilot who walked up and down, apparently trying to make a great decision. He was in A Flight at the time, I believe, but by now we were flying with any one and in anything. Finally he walked over to Major Learmont and whispered to him.

Then the major called me over and said, "I want you to go over with Lieutenant Davidson, Whitehouse."

I saluted and said, "Yes, sir."

"Wait a minute. How do you feel about it? You needn't go, you know, unless you like. It's a nasty day."

"I don't mind going, sir, if Mr. Davidson wants me."

Then I kicked myself for being such a fool. But there was something fine about Davidson and his attitude.

"You know what we're up against, don't you?" the major said as I climbed in. "We've got to find out what is happening around Cambrai. Don't see things that aren't there, just to make out a report. Get us the genuine information. Understand?"

He shook hands with me and they started the engine.

The fog came down thicker than ever. Eighty feet off the ground and we lost sight of everything!

We climbed to 3,000 feet. Mr. Davidson was flying on a true southeast course that would take us straight to Cambrai. He continued to climb, and finally we came out into streaked patches of sunshine. We both grinned, and shook hands. We were out of the fog, but we couldn't see the ground.

Cambrai was fully fifty miles from our field. I checked our time and worked out our position, and finally tapped Mr. Davidson on the shoulder and pointed down. He nodded and cut the engine to idling speed.

We went down and the fog streaked our goggles and left a damp film over everything. It was eerie! He held the ship at her slowest gliding speed and we watched the altimeter drop to something over 1,000 feet. He jazzed the throttle to make sure the engine would catch as soon as we came through, but still nothing showed.

He drew the nose up. I didn't blame him. I fully expected to go through a French farmhouse roof.

"Try it again," I yelled at him. My voice sounded like a foghorn. We both jumped at the noise I made.

He eased down slightly again, and gave me a look of resignation. I was just about to say, "All right, buzz off!" when I saw something red—and white.

I yanked at his joy-stick arm. "Look out!"

We swished across a brown roof on which was painted a bright white circle with a red cross in the center.

He shut his eyes and drew back on the stick. As we zoomed up into the fog again, I saw that we had missed the top of a Red Cross hospital by inches. While I stared, it toppled in and I saw men tugging at it, apparently trying to take it apart.

"Go back down! They're pulling their hospital down!"

"Where are we?" he yelled back at me.

"We're on their side. I saw their uniforms."

We dipped gently down again, gambling on church spires. We came out into the clear and saw portable huts being taken apart and loaded into wagons. I wrote in my book: "12:10 . . . Red Cross hospital moving."

The men who were working stared up at us in blank-faced amazement, but did not move. We circled, and I saw troops, German tanks, and a platoon of infantry marching out of what I recognized as Cantaing.

"Over that way!" I yelled. "Cambrai—that way!"

We swished past a row of poplar trees, found what was left of the Bapaume-Cambrai road, and finally came up to the red-brick fringe of Cambrai.

By now, of course, they were potting away at us with rifles and machine guns, but somehow it did not bother us. We roared over the jagged walls of the town and our prop wash blew the mortar dust from the tops of the shell-shattered buildings. In the market place I saw several platoons of gray-clad troops, three rows of light trucks, and seven motorcars of various types.

"The other side . . . so that we can see the road leading to Solesmes and Valenciennes!" I shouted.

Mr. Davidson swung over the top of a building and headed for the east side of the town. One glance along the roads from there was enough for any one. I started to make notes, but he was out to have a good time. He went down on an artillery column and opened fire at close range. I saw mounted men dragged across stone walls with their feet caught in the stirrups. A field gun drawn by six horses broke out of the column and tried to climb a wall. It fell back.

I was in position now to open fire over the rudder, for Mr. Davidson zoomed hard and I could hear his guns chattering madly. What could he be shooting at? I looked up and saw three Fokker single-seaters bearing down on me. I turned to tap him on the shoulder and discovered that he was flying headlong into a formation of Albatros two-seaters.

I figured the war was over then and there, but I remembered what the major had said about getting that information. "Get out of here!" I screamed.

HE took no notice, but plunged on, smack into the two-seater formation. I shut my eyes. No crash came. I pressed my trigger and fanned the air with the muzzle of my gun. When I really opened my eyes, an Albatros, flaming like a torch, smashed nose first into a Fokker that was trying to get on my tail.

We thundered through the mass of two-seaters and I poured another long burst into one of them. The gunner aboard it was answering my fire; our plane danced under the blows. I swore at him and let him have a burst and he disappeared into his cockpit. The pilot was game, however, and he came around and tried to get on our tail. I fought it out for several minutes with that Jerry until I finally saw him roll over on his back, toss out his observer, and then nose down and smash.

"Beat it!" I yelled as I saw the others re-forming to get us. Mr. Davidson did beat it and we got clear. How long we flew in that fog I do not know. At 2.23 he asked me where we were, and I told him to go down and we'd have a look. By that time the fog was breaking up a trifle. Finally I recognized the area south of St. Quentin near Laon and I knew we were on the French front. "Fly northwest by north," I wrote down.

"We can't make it." He pointed to the fuel gauge.

"All right. There's a French drome at Nesle, over yonder. We can get fuel there."

We had considerable trouble in explaining our mission, but in the end the French officers agreed to furnish us with fuel. Then it dawned on me that we might save considerable time if we could telephone through to our squadron and explain matters. Mr. Davidson agreed, and we went into our act again with our Allies.

I'll omit the full details of our pained efforts to get a connection with *any one* who would even admit that there

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was a British army in France. We lost fully an hour in the vain attempt. No matter what we did or to whom we appealed, the best we could do was to raise a Portuguese gas-training school! Eventually we gave it up and flew home—to learn that we had been officially listed as missing in action.

Our report seemed to convince; but the staff decided to wait just a few hours more and see if they could confirm it through a balloon observer.

Unfortunately the Germans staged an unexpected counterattack from Bonvais south to Vendhuille, and practically all the British gains of November 20 to 25 were wiped out. They even took positions that had been held since the April before. Had the British listened to Mac on the morning of November 20, they could have walked into Cambrai without a shot being fired, and the Battle of Cambrai would have been a major success.

WE settled down to a winter of discontent. Flying was agony, simply because of the cold. We all went around with blue-green splotches on our cheeks, from frostbite. We smothered ourselves with whale oil and stunk to high heaven. They brought out the first electrically heated flying suits, but the pilots, who sat up close to the engine, were the first to get them.

The days wore on and the weather became worse and worse. We flew about three days a week now. It was disgustingly uneventful; the Jerries seemed to be under the influence of the coming Christmas spirit. Captain Youl and I took C Flight over whenever possible and gave the newcomers a chance to get formation-flying experience. Youl stressed that after that crash.

We settled down to put on a squadron show for Christmas, and got up a program that was a honey. Among the mechanics we had a wealth of talent. A stage was rigged up at one end of the men's mess and lights were run in from the portable dynamo lorry. We obtained permission to invite friends from the village.

The show was set for Christmas Eve, and it snowed then, adding to the gaiety. The officers, led by Major Learmont, came in and served the dinner. Long before it was over they were scotched in between greasy-tunicked air mechanics, sharing the plum duff. Then we worked like beavers to clear it all away and set out the benches and available chairs for the performance.

The civilians were escorted to the mess and seated. Marie and Babette with their mother came in and were given front seats near the piano. We had card tricks, yokel acts, and piano solos. We had the inevitable long thin lad who simply had to recite Gunga Din. The officers filled in with classical piano numbers, and we wound up with God Save the King and the Marseillaise.

As we were filing out, Major Learmont stopped me. "I've got a Christmas present for you—your papers to go to England. See me in the morning about them, will you?"

And then, as I turned and looked back into the smoke-filled mess, I realized that it was all over. I was through. I would never be an observer again.

The next morning—Christmas Day!—C Flight had to go on patrol. We got off an hour late. Few were really fit to take the air. An hour later a Bristol Fighter with the silken streamer collided head on with a Jerry over Lens and went down in flames.

Well, I was going to learn to fly. They'd never get me in the back seat of a two-seater fighter again.

But it was January 20, 1918, before I actually got away. Meanwhile I went over again and again, crossing my fingers every time. But I always came back. Only the good die young, they say.

I wonder what happened to Captain Youl.

I lived to wear pilot's wings and fly a single-seater fighter. I lived to see the armistice. But none of it ever quite came up to the days when I was a P. B. O.

And so, to the P. B. Os. all over the world I send my greetings, hoping that in some small way these lines will twang a chord of happy memory and revive the spirit of comradeship that should never have been allowed to die.

Hail and farewell!

THE END

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Better Oils FROM THE GROUND UP!

The Umpire Talks Back

BY BILL McGOWAN

Never tell an umpire he can't see the plate! He doesn't TRY to! Some frank information on our national game

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

I HAVE received my usual quota of insults this summer, as nobody loves an umpire longer than to the next close decision. I know. I have had that firmly impressed upon me by millions of wild-eyed baseball fans and by the players of six different leagues in twenty-four years of umpiring. You can call 'em all right and still be wrong in the eyes of everybody in the ball park.

Often, when umpiring behind the plate, I hear some boisterous fan yelling, "You blind bum, you can't even see the plate!"

In this connection I have something to say that few baseball fans know: *The umpire doesn't see the plate in calling balls and strikes.* He doesn't have to. What he sees is a "strike zone" that extends from the batter's shoulders to his knees and is seventeen inches wide, the width of the plate. Any ball that passes inside this well defined upright rectangle is a strike.

It is impossible for the umpire to see the ball and the plate both at the same time. He sizes up each batter as he steps to the plate and immediately gets this strike zone in relation to that particular batter firmly fixed. Thereafter, regardless of whether the batter adopts a crouching stance at the plate or stands erect, that strike zone remains fixed. The umpire follows the course of the ball's flight until it passes through this strike zone or outside of it. He *knows absolutely* whether or not the ball entered this strike zone in passing the plate. If he had to try to watch the ball and the plate both, he *couldn't know.* Besides, the catcher frequently blocks the umpire's view of the plate. So that the umpire *doesn't see the plate* —but he misses mighty few balls and strikes.

Let me give you an instance of this. I first began to call 'em as I see 'em in the American League back in 1925. Previous to that I was given a tryout umpiring games between big-league clubs on the spring training trips, which is the usual method of proving up big-league umpire prospects. I was behind the plate in a game between the Washington American League club and the Boston National League club down in St. Petersburg, Florida. Walter Johnson was pitching for Washington.

For eight innings the two teams battled in a scoreless tie. I was feeling pretty proud of myself, for in spite of the tense struggle there hadn't been a single protest on a ball or strike decision. Then, with two out in the last half of the ninth inning, Johnson walked a Boston batter and two infield boots filled the bases. Dave Bancroft strode to the plate. He worked the count to three balls and two strikes. Everything depended upon Johnson's next pitch.

I don't think I have ever watched anything as closely and carefully as I did that pitch. I knew that a big-league job depended upon the satisfactory nature of my work in these training-camp games. To make matters worse for me, Muddy Ruel, catching for Washington, signaled to Johnson for a curve.

Johnson took his wind-up and threw the fastest curve ball I have ever seen. Bancroft stepped in but didn't swing. Ruel caught the ball directly behind the outside corner of the plate from Bancroft, a left-hand hitter. He held it there for an instant to show everybody it was over; then he started for the bench —only to hear me call, "Ball four!"

I had had that strike zone visualized so accurately that I don't think the ball could have missed it by even a fraction of an inch without my knowing it had—and I knew absolutely that this pitch had *curved around* the strike zone instead of passing through it. I couldn't have known that if I had been watching the plate.

The whole Washington team surrounded me, yelling to high heaven over that decision.

"How could you miss one like that? Right down the alley!" exclaimed Ruel.

"You didn't have the guts to call it, you bush-league tramp!" yelled another of the players.

At this point Walter Johnson pushed his teammates aside and stepped into the circle of players around me.

"Just a minute, fellows," he said. "I pitched this ball game, and wanted to win it as much as anybody on this ball club. I think I'm entitled to have something to say here. That ball was three inches outside—it curved around the plate!"

Until Walter Johnson made that admission, probably the Washington players—even Ruel, the catcher—thought they were right in their protest, due to the fact that they see only the plate *after* the ball has passed it, because it is impossible for them to see both at the same time. But the umpire, with that strike zone visualized almost as accurately as though it were marked out in the air with a chalk line, seldom misses balls and strikes, in spite of the fact that balls that curve around that strike zone or away from it look different to the fans.

Remember that, you fellows, the next time you feel like yelling, "You blind bum, you can't even see the plate!" Because the umpire isn't even *trying* to see the plate.

In the old days the umpires used to think it was a sign of weakness to admit they had been wrong. I don't subscribe to that idea. Nobody is infallible. Here's an instance in which I was wrong—and admitted it.

The Boston Red Sox were playing in Cleveland. Dusty Cooke was at bat.

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I was calling balls and strikes, and Brick Owens was umpiring on the bases. With the count two and two, Cooke started to swing at the next pitch. The ball was low and for just an instant the catcher obstructed my view. Cooke tried to check his swing. The effort threw him off balance—but I was sure that Cooke's bat had gone all the way around. I called him out on strikes.

Bucky Harris, then manager of the Red Sox, was coaching at third base. He walked calmly in to the plate.

"Just a minute, Bill," he said. "You called Dusty out, and that's good enough for me. But you thought he swung at the ball, didn't you? Now, I'm not kicking—but would you care to ask Brick about that, Bill? Maybe the catcher got in your way."

"Sure, Bucky," I said, "I'll ask Brick."

I motioned for Brick Owens to come in. "Did Cooke swing at that ball?" I asked him.

"No, Bill—his bat didn't go all the way around," Owens replied.

"You win, Bucky," I said.

Just then Cooke, sore at the decision I had originally made, hit my chest protector with his bat and knocked it off my arm. Our instructions make it mandatory for us in such cases to put the player out of the game. I had no other alternative, even though I had been wrong in my decision.

Believe it or not, if I umpired baseball games till old age made me as blind as the fans sometimes say I am, I'd still get a thrill out of it. There is always something new happening to give me a kick out of my job.

I think I umpired a game in which there was the most unusual batting feat baseball has ever known. This happened in 1917, when I was umpiring in the Blue Ridge League.

This game was between Martinsburg and Frederick, at Frederick, Maryland. Lu Blue, later with Detroit in the American League, was the star first baseman of the Martinsburg team.

BLUE was a natural left-hand hitter, but switched over to bat from the right side of the plate against left-hand pitching. Frederick was leading 4 to 0 going into the ninth inning. Then Martinsburg filled the bases, with Blue at bat. Bill King, star right-hander of the Frederick team, was pitching. With the count two balls and two strikes, Blue whaled the next pitch far over the right-field fence for a home run that scored four runs and tied the score, 4 to 4.

The game went into extra innings. The score was still 4 to 4 in the twelfth inning when exactly the same situation arose—Martinsburg filled the bases with two out and Blue at bat. The manager of the Frederick team, recalling that Blue had hit a home run off right-hand pitching, took King out and sent in a left-hander to pitch. Blue stepped over to the opposite side of the plate and batted right-handed—and again he slammed out a home run with the bases loaded, this time over the left-field fence, winning the game 8 to 4.

I don't think that has ever been duplicated in baseball history—a batter making two home runs with the bases full in the same game, one hitting right-handed and the other hitting left-handed.

Here's another kick I get out of this umpiring job. Back in 1914 I was one of the umpires in a little league that had been organized down on the Delmar peninsula. The towns in this little league were Seaford and Milford in Delaware and Cambridge and Salisbury in Maryland. Three of the players on the Seaford club were Jimmy Dykes, Eddie Rommel, and Joe Boley. The teams traveled from town to town in automobiles, and the umpires had to ride with the players. On one of these trips I was riding in the same car with Dykes, Rommel, and Boley, when Eddie Rommel said: "Well, fellows, we're not making much money now—but never mind, the four of us will be up there in the big leagues some day!"

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Then, in the World Series between the Philadelphia Athletics and St. Louis Cardinals in 1931, seventeen years later, Rommel, Boley, and Dykes were all players with the Athletics and I was one of the umpires.

This association with ballplayers from the minor leagues up to the majors is one of the little intimate personal touches to an umpire's job the sentiment of which gets under your skin. It is in keeping this sentiment out of his decisions that the umpire has his hardest job.

Back in the spring of 1920 I recommended a player named Goslin, with the Salem team, to Zinn Beck, manager of the Columbia (South Carolina) team in the South Atlantic League. Goslin was just a raw green farmer boy who had never been away from home. I even had to put him on the train, tell him what to do and how to act and what hotel to go to.

And then, fifteen years later, I was one of the umpires in the 1935 World Series between Detroit and the Chicago Cubs when, in the last half of the ninth inning of the sixth and final game, with two out and the score tied and Mickey Cochrane on second base, this same Goose Goslin stepped up to the plate shouting to his teammates, "G'wan in and get your showers, fellows—I'm gonna bust one!" Then he socked a clean base hit to right field and drove in the run that gave the world championship to Detroit.

Don't you think I got a thrill out of that, and that my mind raced back fifteen years to that day in 1920 when I had put a green farmer boy on a train and shipped him off to his first baseball job? I'll say I did!

Oh, it isn't all insults and abuse. We even learn to get some amusement out of it ourselves. I got a kick out of this one by Nick Altrock.

In a game in Washington it seemed that I had to call all the close ones against the Washington team, and the players were on my tail all afternoon. In one of the late innings a foul ball was hit into the grandstand. Shortly after that some men were seen carrying a woman out, and Nick Altrock, who had been coaching at third base, walked over to see what was wrong.

"Did the ball hit that woman?" I called to Nick.

"No," yelled Nick, loud enough for everybody in the ball park to hear. "You called one right and she fainted."

I like my job. I've liked it ever since the first wild-eyed fans down on the lots started to call me "robber" and "blind bum," and I'll continue to like it till they cut this blue suit off me and cart me away to the junk pile. And, as Tim Hurst used to say, "Yez can't beat thim hours!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 14

1—Louisa May Alcott.

2—A whippet.

3—No; they are symptoms of a concealed infection, usually in the veins of the child's legs, and a doctor should be consulted.

4—Yes. To re-enter the United States, he is classed as an alien, subject to immigration quota.

5—At St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minnesota.

6—Jehoiachin. II Kings 24:8—"Jehoiachin was eighteen years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem three months . . ." II Chronicles 36:9—"Jehoiachin was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned three months and ten days in Jerusalem . . ."

7—According to a Hollywood stocking stylist, incredible as it may appear, size nine and a half.

8—Six P. M.

9—No; the Atlantic speed record of three days twenty-three hours and two minutes, set by the French liner August 1, was measured from Bishop's Rock, England, to Ambrose Light.

10—The United States.

11—The delectable goober is more a pea than a nut, since it's a member of the bean family.

12—Senator Carter Glass.

13—Gene Mako.

14—Australia.

15—Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

16—Pica.

17—They are beheaded with the guillotine.

18—Persia.

19—Mrs. Juliette Low (1861-1927).

20— Charles F. Hurley

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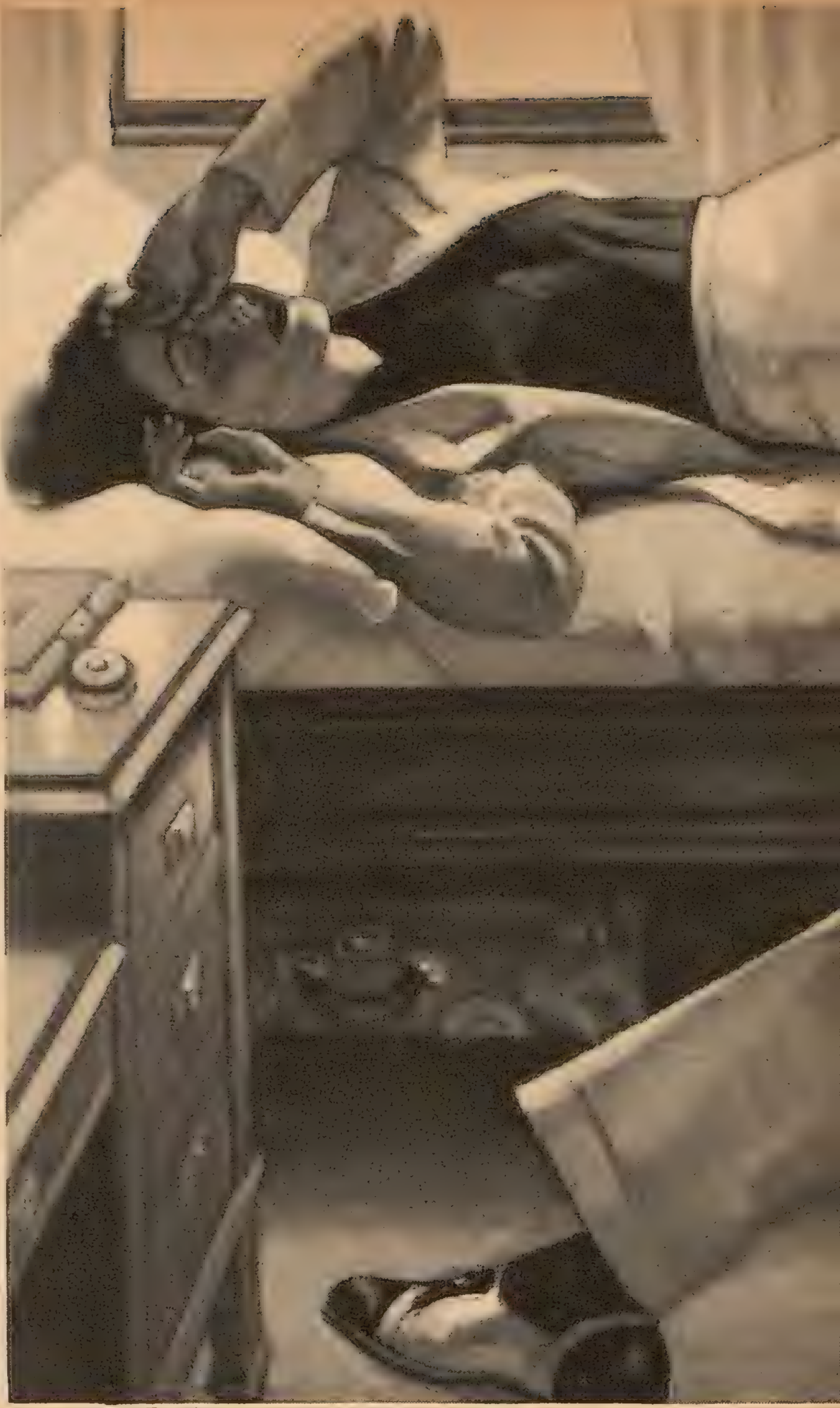


"Oh, Jeff," she sobbed, "if you only knew how unhappy I am!

THE GLASS

The killer strikes! A vivid novel of a blonde and a baffling mystery at sea

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

JEFF CORNING, son of the owner of the liner Star of Alaska, is investigating some mysterious happenings on the ship. One passenger, Lady Moray, was held up in her cabin by a masked man with piercing black eyes and a limp, and robbed of a green glass bracelet she got in Yokohama. Another, Mrs. Terrill, disappears while wearing a similar bracelet. A cablegram from the line's London office warns Jeff that others who possess green glass bracelets may be in danger.

The ship stops at Monaco and most of the passengers go ashore for the evening. Jeff is in the dining salon, deserted except for the Russian Princess Dalakhine and her suite, when Connie Montrose appears, one of the disastrous bracelets gleaming on her arm. Jeff is alarmed. In spite of the fact that Connie jilted him to marry wealthy Jay Montrose soon after her brother, Winston Hope, left the diplomatic service under a cloud, Jeff still loves her. Although the cablegram has urged "utmost secrecy," he warns her of her danger. But she laughs at him. Jeff determines to protect her. Her husband is usually drunk and fully occupied with Betty Weldon, a movie actress.

One night, just after turning in, Jeff hears a woman scream. It turns out to be Betty Weldon, who has seen a masked man with a gun in her cabin!

PART THREE—THE CORPSE IN THE CABIN

THE result of this excitement was a 2.15 A. M. conference called by Captain Traike. Several of his officers were present, also Detective Rainey and Jeff Corning.

By this time it had been ascertained that nothing had been stolen from Miss Weldon.

Her description of the gun-toting prowler, however, coincided with that given by Lady Moray. The same man had entered both staterooms.

First Officer Kane remained a bit skeptical, and from his blunt report given the captain it was plain that he thought the Montrose angle should not be left out of their considerations.

It was an angle that Captain Traike seemed loath to discuss. "You are intimating, then," he told his first officer, "that she had unlocked her door to secretly admit Mr. Montrose?"

"That was my deduction, sir, and I think Detective Rainey and Mr. Corning will incline to agree with me."

The news was unpleasant to the captain.

"I fancy," he said, "we need not go into that. Obviously, Mr. Montrose isn't the sort of person who would menace people with a gun—whatever else he may do. Our concern is with the man answering Lady Moray's and Miss Weldon's description. So long as this vessel remains at sea, the man is right in our midst. We must smoke him out from whatever hiding place he is in."

He paused to reflect for a moment. "There's one great difficulty about it," he pointed out succinctly, "and that is our interference with the freedom of passengers who have paid their money for the cruise.

"We can be ruthless with them, regardless of rank or objection. We can search them, ransack their staterooms, cancel their going ashore until the matter is solved—but that sort of thing will make pretty reading in the home newspapers, and we'll have a stack of passage cancellations on our hands a mile high."

"May I make a suggestion, sir?" The request came from the second officer.

"Yes, Mr. Hallick."

"Have every man aboard this ship parade before Lady Moray and Miss Weldon. Both ladies say they can identify the man, and we ought to be able to spot him instantly by his walk."

"Mr. Hallick," Detective Rainey said, "I have a strong hunch that he is throwing us off the trail there. Unless the man is a fool, he must have faked his limp."

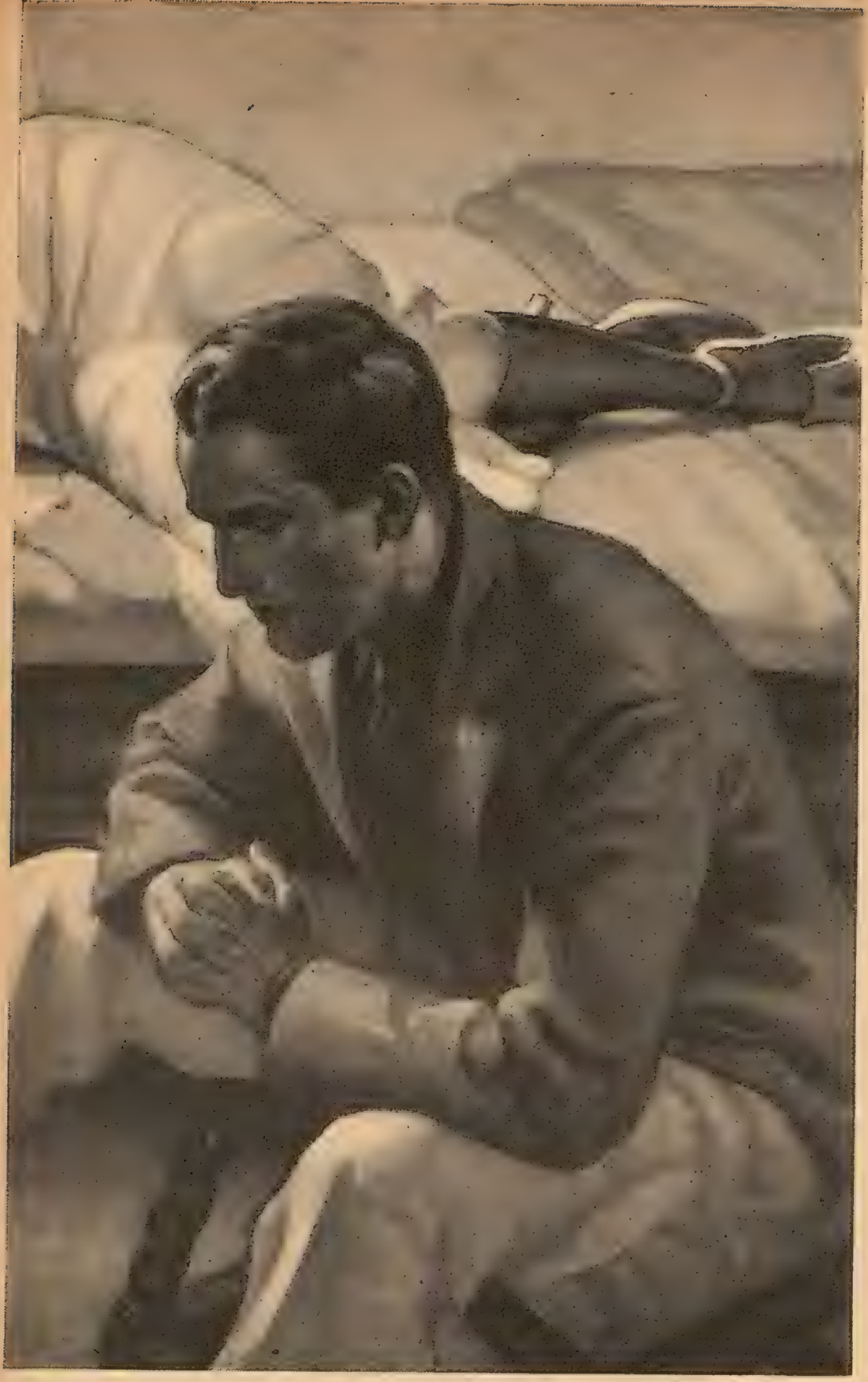
"Nonetheless," Captain Traike observed, "Mr. Hallick's suggestion sounds good. We'll get going with it; and," he emphasized, "we'll make it thorough."

"Mr. Kane," he told his first officer, "I want every male passenger in the ballroom at 11 A. M. And apart from the few officers and men necessary to safeguard our navigation, the engine room, the wireless—men who can previously be passed on by the two ladies in question—I want every other officer and member of the crew lined up in the ballroom.

"To do this successfully," he added, "it will be necessary to stop the ship."

He stood up. "At eleven o'clock in the morning, gentlemen. Thank you—and good night."

Around ten o'clock the passengers found the 59,000-ton Star of Alaska becalmed on a blue and placid Mediterranean, and could learn no reason for it other than



While she wept her heart out, he didn't move, didn't speak.

BRACELET

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

the amazing order that every male on board was to report in the ballroom at eleven.

The ship seethed with excitement.

The women, with two exceptions, were not admitted, and hundreds of them crowded the entrances to the ballroom to watch the unusual proceedings.

Most of the passengers obeyed willingly, if only to discover what it was all about.

Captain Traike stood on the raised orchestra platform. With him were Lady Moray and Miss Weldon.

"Gentlemen, officers, and members of the crew," he began, "I first want to apologize for requesting your presence here. The reason may be quickly defined. The respective staterooms of both these ladies were feloniously entered by a thief during separate nights, and while nothing of value was stolen, Lady Moray's and Miss Weldon's descriptions of the man tally, and both swear he had a gun in his hand.

"So my excuse, gentlemen," he said to the passengers, "is that this liberty on my part has been taken for the protection of your wives, daughters, and children.

"I am going to ask Mr. Kane, my first officer, to accompany Lady Moray and Miss Weldon up and down the ranks in an effort to pick out the man they both feel confident they can recognize. Proceed, Mr. Kane."

From his position in the line, Jeff Corning did some inspecting of his own. The repellent face he had seen on the upper deck was graven in his memory, but he was able to find no one who resembled the man.

He noted the tall disdainful secretary to the Princess Dalakhine, monocle in eye. On one side of him was the thick-necked Korean, her bodyguard, and on the other side a third member of the entourage, a man with Asiatic eyes, who was the Princess' butler.

THE passengers were inspected without either Lady Moray or Miss Weldon pausing in their walk up and down the lines. The men were then asked to leave the ballroom in single file, passing between two officers stationed on each side of the exit. Not one of them betrayed any evidence of a limp.

Detective Rainey, with Corning, remained behind and watched the rest of it. Both women stopped in front of the steward Matthews—in his nervousness he looked guilty; and Miss Weldon made a damaging statement against a dark-faced member of the engine-room crew.

Like Matthews, he was free from any impediment in his walk; but under the circumstances, both were led away by Detective Rainey for further questioning.

The inspection was over without getting the direct results Captain Traike had hoped for.

Corning trailed Lady Moray to her stateroom to ask her a few questions in private.

"It's all very exciting, isn't it, Mr. Corning?" she piped in her baby voice.

He nodded, warning himself to advance diplomatically and with caution. "Lady Moray, would you mind telling me how you came into possession of your aventurine bracelet? It was given you, I think you said, by a mysterious man in Yokohama?"

"Perhaps fascinating is the better word."

Corning smiled at her. "Possibly I shouldn't ask you about it?"

She seemed only too eager to impart the story. "You see, we decided to view some of the Yokohama shrines—"

"Just whom do you mean by—we?"

"I had been having lunch with poor Mrs. Terrill. Of course I didn't know her very well; a shipboard acquaintance. We both thought it would be nice to take rickshas and go on a sight-seeing tour. We visited a lot of beautiful places, and finally stopped outside a private Japanese residence that was too cute for words. We hadn't been there five minutes when Miss Weldon and Mrs. Montrose came up. They were sight-seeing too."

The mention of Connie's name sent a quiver of anticipation through Corning, and he kept very still.

"Well, we were admiring the house," Lady Moray prattled on, "and would you believe it, Mr. Corning, an American was living there—gone native, if you know what I mean?" Her eyes rolled.

Corning wished to heaven she would hurry on.

"He was wearing a Japanese kimono, and was so courteous and charming. He came to the gate, introduced himself, and invited us to see his gardens and the interior of his house. Of course we were thrilled.

"Well, we went in and he got his Japanese servants to make tea for us, and seemed so glad to talk with some of his fellow countrywomen again.

"Then, after tea, he presented us each with a souvenir of the occasion, a pale-green aventurine bracelet."

"He gave all of you bracelets?"

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"He brought out four bracelets—all exactly alike—and gave one to each of us."

Why had Connie seemed so vague as to the possession of her bracelet? Corning speculated. Surely she couldn't have forgotten such a novel occasion! She had, in fact, mentioned Shanghai as the place where she—

Another reflection took possession of his brain. The meaning of the ransacking of Betty Weldon's room was now startlingly clear. But she had reported no loss. Either the thief had been frustrated in his search, or she had completely forgotten the bracelet. He suspected the latter. It wasn't the sort of ornament that went with her flashy display.

"You say this American introduced himself to you? Do you recall his name?"

"Mr. Rutledge."

"Rutledge." Jeff Corning pondered over it. "The name," he pretended to reflect, "is familiar. Man about thirty-five, tall, with flaxen hair?"

"Tall, yes. But he would be older than thirty-five. Forty-five, I should say. And his hair was black—gray at the temples—very handsome."

"And none of you had ever seen him before?"

"Oh, no." Lady Moray's piping denial of this was positive. "We were all perfect strangers to him—that's what was so exciting about it."

Corning rose. "Thank you, Lady Moray."

He went to his stateroom, sat down, and tried to unravel the mystery, succeeding only in snarling it into a worse tangle than ever.

Had this man Rutledge possibly known of the danger attending ownership of the bracelets? *In danger of imminent death!* Surely no man would subject four unknown women to anything so horrible! No; that suspicion was definitely untenable, the mere thought of it monstrous.

FOR an hour he fought off the magnetism the telephone had for him, but suddenly he could resist it no longer and called Apartment 135.

To his inquiries the stewardess answering the ring said that Mrs. Montrose had not been in her room all day. "In fact, sir, she wasn't here last night. That is, her room wasn't occupied."

The news paralyzed him for a second; and then he was off, tearing in the direction of 135. The stewardess was just locking the door from the outside.

"No, sir," she repeated; "there's nobody inside." And she reopened the door for him to see.

Corning went to Rainey's quarters. Corning's face brought the little man sharply to his feet.

"Don't tell me something else has gone wrong?" he said.

Corning, in a quivering whisper, told him that it now seemed as though Mrs. Montrose had disappeared.

"She's in 25a on B Deck," said Rainey. "I guess you know why. That incident of last night didn't set very well with her. She moved last night with the help of the purser, taking whatever possessions she could grab in a hurry."

"I see," Corning said. "Th-thanks. I—I was a bit worried for the moment." And feeling called upon to explain his worry, he added: "I knew her before her marriage. We were close friends."

"Well, if that's so, you might be a comfort to her. I imagine, right now, she's in need of a friend."

"Yes—I'll call her up. Thanks."

He went out and made for the nearest phone.

"Connie," he said, "this is Jeff Corning. I—I must see you, Connie. May I come to your room?"

"Yes, if you wish to."

IN a smaller stateroom than the one she had formerly occupied, a room almost bare of personal things, Connie Montrose sat alone. Overnight, depressions had come to her cheeks. There were shadows around her eyes. She gave the impression of a deep-rooted anguish that had prevented sleep, and her attempted smile of welcome touched him poignantly.

"Come in, Jeff." And she said at once, "It isn't necessary to explain this move to you, is it?"

His reply was barely audible: "No."

"I think you realized things the day you came aboard, didn't you?"

"I could see that you were not—that something had changed you—a little."

She nodded. "A frightful situation, isn't it?" she said tremulously, a catch in her voice.

"Connie, why did you"—the question was forced out of him against his will—"why did you marry him?"

For what seemed an interminable time she didn't reply. Then she said, "I had to live."

"To—to live?"

She got to her feet and walked aimlessly about the room. "Oh, it wasn't that, exactly—although I was down to my last dollar or so and couldn't—just couldn't—find any work. I thought of writing to you, telling you; but somehow I couldn't. Your letters had seemed more distant in feeling—"

This amazed him. "Connie—"

"You wrote less frequently. And then that rumor of your engagement. Perhaps, if the truth were known," she faltered, "I lost the strength to fight it out alone. He was rather a glamorous figure. He fascinated me for a while. It—it happened on the spur of a moment. We drove to Greenwich early one morning—from a house party—"

She flung herself on the bed, her face in the pillow, her shoulders convulsed with the sudden release of emotional tears.

"Oh, Jeff," she sobbed, "if you only knew—only knew how unhappy I am!" . . .

While she wept her heart out he didn't move, didn't speak. Then, long after she had calmed herself and lay there without sign even of breathing, he moved toward her and laid a trembling hand on her shoulder.

"Connie," he managed to say, "when—when your cable came—I—I can't tell you what—what it did to me—can't—it just about made me—"

He had to stop. But instinctively, tenderly, he lifted her up by the shoulders and looked into her eyes. And then they were in each other's arms, and he was kissing her face stained with tears, her lips.

"Oh, Jeff—oh, Jeff—dear—"

Then, with the blood rioting through his veins, he abruptly released her and went blindly to the door.

"I'll leave you for a few minutes," he heard himself say. "I'm coming back, though. There's something else I've got to—" He had to stop, a strange happiness taking all the breath out of him.

She would want to eliminate the signs of her tears; and he waited in the lounge, giving her a quarter of an hour before knocking on her door again.

This time he found her more composed, though both of them had difficulty in meeting each other's eyes.

"Connie," he began quietly, "the last time I brought up this subject, you laughed at me. I assure you, solemnly and truthfully, that it is a desperate and critical matter."

And he told her the story of the glass bracelets, as related to him by Lady Moray.

She listened without saying a word.

"Is her story true?" he asked.

"Yes. I had forgotten."

That was hard to believe, but he didn't like to point it out to her.

"Do you think that this Mr. Rutledge might have had some ulterior motive in giving each of you one of those bracelets?"

"What motive could he have had?"

"Do you think that Miss Weldon, let us say, may have previously known the man, and inveigled you into believing the meeting was purely fortuitous?"

"NO; I'm sure she didn't."

"At any rate, you can no longer disbelieve that there is something sinister about the whole thing. Lady Moray's stateroom was entered. So was Miss Weldon's. You know that Mrs. Terrill has completely disappeared. All three of them owned one of those bracelets. Won't you grant me the dread significance of that?"

Her lower lip was trembling. "Dread significance?" she repeated. "It seems so utterly preposterous."

"You remember what I told you about that cable I received."

"I still refuse to believe that anything so absurd can be true."

What Corning had gradually been inclined to suspect now struck him with certainty. Connie knew more about these glass bracelets than she wanted to admit.

"Connie," he urged her very gently, "I only want to protect you.

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"I took you into my confidence, and violated my orders in doing so. Can't you, won't you, take me into yours?" he begged earnestly.

Her eyes widened. "But, Jeff—there is nothing to tell."

"May I see your bracelet for a moment—examine it?"

Her reaction to this was startling. A look of alarm—no, fear!—came into her eyes, and she sprang to her jewel case, searched feverishly in it, then in her valise, then on her bureau.

"I—I must have left it," she said, panting for breath. She walked to the door. "I must get it!"

"Let me, Connie," he pleaded with her.

"No; you stay here. I won't be long."

Jeff Corning tried to halt her, and succeeded in doing so only by force. "Connie—you can't—you shouldn't go back there—not under the circumstances—"

"Jeff—please—let me go—"

"No," he said, thinking of her safety. "For once, I'm going to have my own way. Tell me where the thing is. Is it on that lampstand where you—"

"Yes." Her resistance had waned.

"I'd like to have my own way in something more," he told her gently. "Will you please lock your door until I return?"

"Very well."

Convinced there was some urgent necessity for securing the bracelet, Corning hurried up to A Deck and hunted up his steward, Beatty. He explained that he was on an errand for Mrs. Montrose, and asked for the key to 135.

While he was waiting, the two Southern girls bore down on him.

"Say!" Doris Schummil flung at him. "For the love of ginger cookies, tell us what all the excitement was about last night and this morning. Who was assassinated—where—how—or what have you?"

"Miss Weldon's stateroom was entered."

"Didn't she have her door locked?"

"No," Corning said, bracing himself for their retort.

"Oh! oh!" both of them said simultaneously.

"Bet you it was a stunt," Edna Waterman added. "You know, to get publicity. She hasn't been so hot in the pictures lately."

At this moment Beatty returned with the key, and Corning could have embraced him for the chance to get

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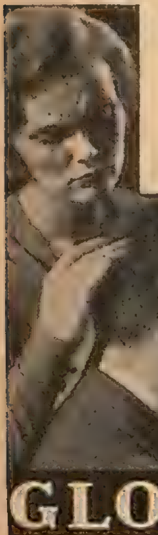

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away from the ubiquitous chatterers.

He went to 135, and to his annoyance Beatty followed him. There was no way to get rid of him without arousing suspicion, so Corning opened the door—and the sight he saw turned him into stone.

On the floor was the crumpled body of Montrose—Jeff Corning at once realized that the man was dead. The blood was still trickling from a wound in his head, and he had fallen near the reading lamp, fetching a chair down with him, his hand clutching it.

"Gawd!" Beatty drooled. "What did 'e do, sir? Blow 'is brains out?"

"I don't know. Ask First Officer Kane and Detective Rainey to come at once. Not a word to another soul!"

"Yes, sir."

The second he was alone, Jeff Corning summoned every faculty within him to act calmly, quickly, and efficiently. The bracelet, he saw instantly, was gone! At least, it was not where Connie said she had left it. That fact pointed directly to a further operation of the man Lady Moray and Betty Weldon had seen. It also pointed to murder.

But the bracelet hadn't belonged to Montrose! And Corning's thoughts flashed back to Connie. Had she left the bracelet there on purpose, in some planned and infamous revenge on her husband? Good God, no! She had wanted to return for it herself.

THE automatic question Why? held Corning in a trance. He recalled her pallor, her queer abstraction, her tears. She hadn't wanted him to go to Stateroom 135! Had she possibly stolen back there and—

He computed the time at her disposal. She had had about ten minutes from the moment he had looked into the empty room and his contact of her by telephone. She had also had another ten minutes or so while he waited in the lounge. Time enough!

With a sickening stab of memory, he looked under the pile of reading material on the table. No gun there. But it was, he quickly noticed in a frantic search of the room, on the bureau. With a bound, he had possession of it, was thrusting it into his pocket, when, behind him, Detective Rainey said, "What's all this?"

He was followed into the room by First Officer Kane, Second Officer Hallick, and the steward Beatty. The door was closed, and all stood motionless while Rainey examined the body.

"Looks like murder, Mr. Kane," he pronounced shortly. "Shot through the head."

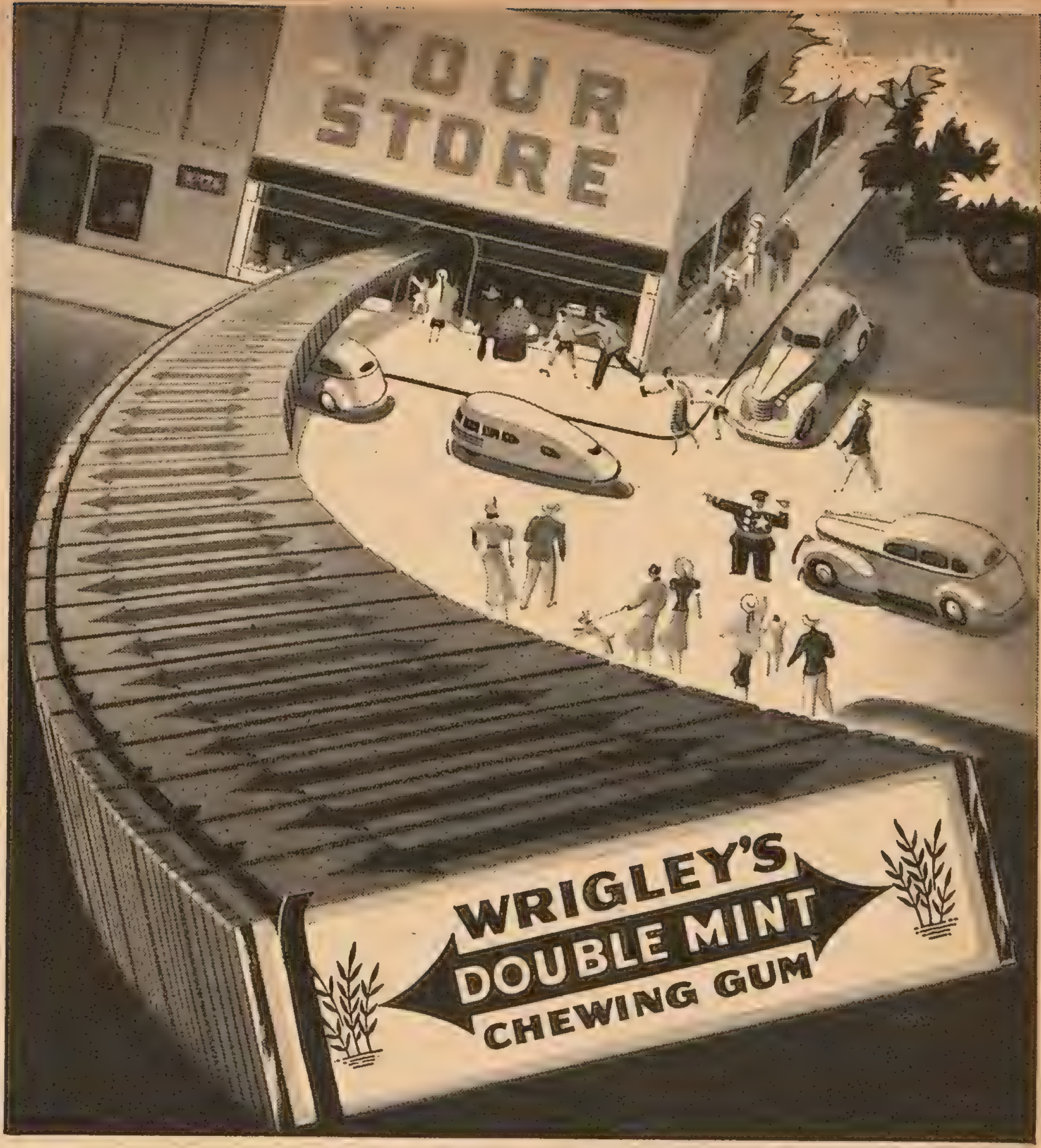
The first officer visibly paled. "How long dead?"

"Not very long. Twenty, thirty minutes—maybe."

"Surely the shot must have been heard by some one?" Second Officer Hallick said. "Strange that nobody gave the alarm."

"Done with a silencer," Rainey surmised.

They searched the room, finding nothing that would give them any evidence.



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Radio MIRROR

Corning told them all he knew: about his earlier telephone call to the apartment; the answer of the stewardess; and the apparent emptiness of the room when he looked in before reporting his fears about Mrs. Montrose to Detective Rainey.

He also informed them that he had called on her, and that she had requested him to bring her a bracelet she had left here. The door was locked, and he had asked Beatty to get the key. Both of them had entered the stateroom and had found Mr. Montrose in the position he was now.

"Does Mrs. Montrose still own a key to this apartment?" Rainey's inquiry clearly conveyed in what direction his suspicions were traveling.

"I don't know," Corning said.

The first officer had been talking in a low voice on the phone; now he joined them again.

"This bracelet you say she requested you to get for her," Rainey asked Corning, eying him critically. "Have you got it?"

"No."

"Where did she say it was?"

"Right here—on top of this lampstand." Corning put his hand on the place.

"What sort of a bracelet was it?"

"She—she didn't say."

Rainey now turned to the first officer. "In view of what happened last night, Mr. Kane, I think our first move is to interview Mrs. Montrose. Do you agree with me?"

"I agree. Mr. Hallick, the captain and the doctor will be here any moment. I've just called them. I leave you in charge."

"Very well, Mr. Kane."

"Mind if I come along with you?" Corning spoke weakly, all the strength gone from his voice.

"I want you to come along," Rainey said.

Together they went down to 25a. The first officer knocked on the door, and was obliged to announce himself before the lock was turned.

Connie manifested a growing anxiety over their solemn and silent entrance. She was looking from one to the other. Then she spoke.

"Is—is anything wrong?"

"Yes, Mrs. Montrose," the ship's detective answered her. "There is something wrong. Very wrong. I am sorry to have to bring you unpleasant news. Your husband is dead. He was shot."

She blanched, but remained very still.

"His—his—own—hand?"

"No, Mrs. Montrose." Rainey's little eyes were fixed on her in a protracted inspection of her face. "Murder."

SHE began to tremble a little now, and Corning mechanically helped her to a chair.

First Officer Kane said: "Mrs. Montrose, when did you last see your husband?"

"Last night for a few moments. A little after one in the morning. In—in our stateroom."

"Was that when you conveyed your intention of leaving him?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't seen him since?"

"No."

"Mrs. Montrose, are you able to account for your whereabouts before Mr. Corning called in here?"

"I haven't left this stateroom all day."

"Can you prove that?"

"Well, I can't actually—I've been alone." She spoke now with increasing nervousness. "The stewardess came in during the day—and—I had my meals served here."

Rainey then put his hand into Corning's coat pocket and produced a small blue revolver.

"Is this yours, Mrs. Montrose?" he asked.

"Yes—it is," she admitted, slowly getting to her feet.

The detective put the gun into his pocket, throwing a hostile look at Corning as he did so.

"Mr. Kane," he said, "as I entered Apartment 135, I saw Mr. Corning put this gun in his pocket. I must therefore ask you to detain both Mrs. Montrose and Mr. Corning on suspicion of complicity in this murder."

Jeff Corning watched Connie's pallor spread rapidly, and his spring forward reached her just in time to prevent her collapse to the floor.

Can Jeff prove his innocence? Can he extricate himself and Connie from the suffocating net of circumstantial evidence? Next week's concluding installment brings the startling denouement of this ingenious mystery story. Don't miss the unmasking of the ruthless killer!

Two-Minute Story

THE GREAT BAZOO!

THE Czar was deposed. The Russian revolution rolled north, south, west. In its wake men dreamed dreams—some of cruelty and revenge, some of white idealism, some of power; and among the latter was Ali Khan, the Tartar, who saw here his chance of kicking out the Russians and making his country, High Tartary, once more independent.

So he proclaimed holy war. The tribesmen rallied to his banner, sweeping across the land, steadily growing in might, finally reaching the city of Bokhara, a key town, well fortified, though held by but a small garrison.

Siege then—and in Moscow the Bolsheviks were frightened, since, with things still at sixes and sevens, they had no troops to send. They wondered what to do when before them appeared the Great Bazoo—that's how, formerly, he had been billed in America—who knew all about magic, telepathy, and reading the future. Russian born he was, a sincere radical, and he made a proposition to the commissars, who listened—then smiled and sent him on to Bokhara.

There he made friends with Ali Khan's lieutenants, brightening the tedium of the long siege by his clever repertoire. And Ali Khan, too, was amused, until he noticed that dissatisfaction was rife among his followers; that more and more they were for giving up the weary siege and returning to the steppes. And how—reported his spies—could it be otherwise? For the Great Bazoo was a worker of amazing miracles. He could take rabbits out of fur caps; could change one iron ring into seven; could, by waving his hand, cause a seed to sprout before your eyes, and swiftly become a plant in bloom.

Also—he knew the future. Had warned Hassan that he would die the day Bokhara fell; had warned Murad Hydar that before the end of the month his wife would deceive him with a gypsy; had warned Hamdi that a bullet would pierce his left eye.

All sorts of grim warnings. And dissatisfaction spreading like powder under spark—until, one day, in the presence of his lieutenants, Ali Khan asked the magician:

"You, being the Great Bazoo, know all about the future?"

"I do indeed."

Ali Khan smiled—a thin smile.

"*Wah!*" he exclaimed. "You are a liar! Indeed, you do not even know that, at this very moment, death stands at your elbow!"

And his broad-bladed dagger leaped out, buried itself to the hilt in the Great Bazoo's heart.

—*Achmed Abdullah.*

THE END

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TRIED and TRUE—and TEARFUL

A favorite drama of yesteryear surprises a skeptical Hollywood: Jack Benny, with more footage than usual, makes the most of it in an amusing revue

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ STELLA DALLAS

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Anne Shirley, Barbara O'Neil, Alan Hale, Marjorie Main, Edmund Elton, George Walcott, Gertrude Short, Tim Holt, Nella Walker, Bruce Satterlee, Jimmy Butler, Jack Egger, Dickie Jones, Anne Shoemaker. Film play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Gertrude Purcell from the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty. Directed by King Vidor. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 95 minutes.

BACK in 1925 Samuel Goldwyn filmed this tear jerker. It made Belle Bennett famous and millions for Mr. Goldwyn. Hollywood was a little skeptical when the producer decided to remake Olive Higgins Prouty's novel. But Hollywood will be surprised. Stella Dallas is a trifle dated, but its emotional appeal and sentimental vigor are still potent.

Stella Dallas is the story of a rich, well educated young chap, at odds with his family, who marries the pretty daughter of a millworker. He goes on, but she, for all her early efforts, lags behind. The inevitable separation comes—and the one child of the union, a daughter, remains with the mother. The film is chiefly the tragedy of this little girl—sensitive, intelligent, torn by her love for a mother who really belongs to another stratum in life.

Maybe you remember Belle Bennett as this shallow mill-town girl, Lois Moran as her daughter, Ronald Colman as the husband who grew beyond his wife. In this new version the interest seems to shift to the daughter, in spite of all Barbara Stanwyck's careful, interesting work as Stella. This is due to the remarkably moving playing of little Anne Shirley, who has grown up in pictures, as Laurel Dallas. Miss Shirley gives an arresting and touching performance. John Boles is excellent as Stephen Dallas, and Barbara O'Neil is sympathetic and understanding as the woman with whom he finally finds solace.

King Vidor's direction is finely sympathetic, although he permits Miss Stanwyck to overdress the older, embittered Stella. The old story has been neatly refurbished, particularly as to dialogue.

Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, Jack Benny, and Gail Patrick in Artists and Models, Hollywood's latest gag and gal glorifier.

VITAL STATISTICS: King Vidor's a Galveston, Texasian. He had a good education; tried his hand at story writing; wrote fifty, had fifty rejects; answered ad to take snapshots of the troops leaving for Vera Cruz, got the job, learned to operate a news camera overnight. Went back to writing for the screen; his first was bought by a Texas studio. He also cast the story, played the lead, directed and cut the picture. Came to Hollywood with his then wife, Florence Vidor. Both made good after a few bumps; divorced and remarried at height of their fortunes. Vidor's had three whacks at marriage, Florence but one since. Has never stopped writing, always supervising his scripts closely. . . . John Boles is the screen's most unhappily married man—has been nagged, disillusioned, and henpecked in Back Street, Craig's Wife, Life of Vergie Winters. Naturally, his home life is perfect. Boles had an expensive childhood in Greenville, Texas; had a medical career nipped by the war; was with the criminal intelligence bureau in Germany, Turkey, and Bulgaria. His acting really began when he volunteered Roses of Picardy in a Havre Y. M. C. A. hut one night, and the boys liked it. After the war Boles got started in Little Jessie James, a B'way musical. He played with Geraldine Farrar in Romany Love Spell, and was in Mercenary Mary, Kitty's Kisses. Came to Hollywood for The Desert Song; has remained to be a dramatic fellow. . . . In the interests of realism, Barbara Stanwyck, otherwise Ruby Stevens of Brooklyn, bleached her auburn red hair to play the tear-jerking Stella. Offered a wig to wear, she refused; said it would hamper her running her hands through her hair, look too tidy. Was picked from forty-eight candidates for the part, got a mere $50,000 for her work. As Stella she ages from nineteen to twenty-four, thirty, thirty-six to forty. Imperceptible changes were hardest for the make-up boys—it taking about four hours longer to add five years to an actor's life than twenty. Besides adding facial pouches, upholstering in the right Stanwyckian places did the trick. Hardest job was to thicken her ankles, to look as if Stella'd been pounding pavement. This was done with artificial ankles with cotton pads glued on by Omar Kiam, who also designed 122 gowns for the dames of the cast. Facial make-up by R. Stepanoff, Moscow Artisian, who concentrates on the eyes and with a burnt matchstick or two can make a woman look as if she'd been leaning on a bar for years. . . . Tim Holt's the son of Jack (Grimjaw) Holt; is over six feet, a gifted hossman and polo player, as was his dad. He was discovered on the polo field by Walt Wanger; would rather ride than walk, and act than eat. Plays Doug Jr.'s old part. . . . Barbara O'Neil is a St. Louis deb. Toured recently with the Hepburn in Jane Eyre. She screen debuts in this. She's twenty-six, black-haired, built like a statue, never cared for socializing. . . . Al Shean still gets royalties from Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. Gallagher's dead; but the song got them sixty-seven weeks with the Ziegfeld Follies of 1923, brought them $2,000 a month royalties. Song was written when Gallagher and Shean, separated by a silly forgotten quarrel after years of vodvilling, decided to make up and unsplit the team. . . . They tell me solemnly that after all her success Anne Shirley, born Dawn Evelyn Paris and more recently called Dawn O'Day, is utterly unspoiled. . . . Alan Hale—or Alan MacKahn, if you wish—has just bought $135,000 worth of factory and machinery to manufacture his new movable theater seat. It will lever you back four to six inches to allow people to pass by, not over, your corns; has a bed-box spring and padded back, an armrest wide enough so you don't have to fight the seat occupant next to you for possession of it. Has contracts from 200 theaters to install it. . . . To simulate the proper atmosphere of the naughty-naughts, prop men had one heck of a job to scout out cut glass, antimacassars, heart-shaped candy boxes, artificial fruits, especially cherries; shawls for tables; old-fashioned sarsaparilla bottles; mirrors with coat hangers; red and green drugstore globes; portieres; an old-fashioned soda fountain, an umbrella stand (unknown in California, of course), and a 1917 Massachusett of license plates. . . . Erroneously reported as writing advertising for this picture, Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt really only did an editorial on it which will be used in an ad. Got $1,000 for her work; will give the money to charity.

★ ★ ★ ARTISTS AND MODELS

THE PLAYERS: Jack Benny, Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen, Gail Patrick, Ben Blue, Judy Canova, Kathryn Kay, Cecil Cunningham, Hedda Hopper, the Yacht Club Boys, André Kostelanetz and orchestra, Sandra Storme, Donald Meek. Revue based on a story by Sig Herzig and Gene Thackerey. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 95 minutes.*

ANOTHER elaborate revue, with the casual clown of the airways, Jack Benny, as its chief reason for being. This time Benny, transformed into a romantic comedian, is given much more footage and latitude. He is the head of an advertising agency that hovers on the edge of bankruptcy until it lands the million-dollar Townsend Silver account. And he gets this when the young head of the house of Townsend falls in love with one of his models, thinking her to be of a first family of old California.

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* Recommended for children.

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Benny is amusing enough, and considerably more at home before the camera than he has been in the past. He is at his best in a skit in which he convinces a timid doctor that the medico really is the sick man. There is an elaborate artists' ball sequence in which Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Russell Patterson, and other popular artists participate. This is stolen by Rube Goldberg, who neatly appropriates a scene from Benny himself.

Martha Raye, in subdued burnt cork, sings a hot Harlem tune; there is a novel puppet specialty; the Yacht Club Boys try to do a Ritz Brothers; Ben Blue and a newcomer, Judy Canova, contribute some terrible comedy. Yet this revue is sizable; it moves speedily most of the time. It represents a heavy investment in sets, tunes, and specialties.

VITAL STATISTICS: Producer Lewis Gensler tried the fambly tradition of banking, found his heart just wouldn't harden or his stare ice. Wrote music and dialogue on the edges of ledgers instead of balancing them. Came to the attention of Nora Bayes; had his first songs published; used his banking experience to get loans from angels with which to produce shows. Keep Smiling at Trouble, popularized by the Jolsonian tonsil, is one of his biggest song hits. . . . The artistic Messrs. Arno, Barclay, Brown, Goldberg, LaGatta, and Patterson, imported and inserted herein, were utterly unfussed and calm throughout their scenes. Peter Arno (really Chester Peters), rich boy, Yale grad, ex-orchestra leader, ex-husband of Lois Long, and New Yorker discovery, emerged with a contract, and will chuck villains and heroines around in the near future as a star. McClelland Barclay must look at a beautiful girl a few hours a day or he doesn't wake up. Russell Patterson invented that Cellophane chorus number. John LaGatta thinks magazine covers have improved national beauty standards. Rube Goldberg was thrown in for comic relief and really wants to play Hamlet. Says a comedian'd be a fake if he didn't. . . . Jack Benny is known as Waukegan's Comic Valentine, and would think up something better except he's too lazy. Was born on February 14, won't admit his age, is about forty. A fiddlemaniac, in early manhood he fiddled for his friends; and, possibly to let the world suffer with them, they urged him to perform for the gobs at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Jack joined the navy instead, and fiddled and fiddled while America's fate in the war hung in the balance. One day he passed the hat for war contributions, got it back empty; so he tucked his fiddle under his arm and made bitter remarks about his playing; drew laughs and a hatful of coins. He's been talking ever since and trying to get some one to appreciate his fiddle playing—no small task. Has talked his way to America's number one air comedian; is happily and comfortably married to Mary Livingstone, his radio pal nitwit. He writes much of his material. . . . Unmarried, Ida Lupino plays clever piano, composes, sings, dances, speaks fluent Frog, swims, golfs, tennises, has a private fortune, a large lovely home, cooks, has both feet on the ground and a good head over them. She's of the Bounding Lupinos, ex-Italians who bounded out of the circus and Italy into English stage leadership. . . . At sixteen Ben Blue learned to dance, played the heartbreak vodvil circuit till a skating dance got him vodvil fame. Got his film break through Burns & Allen. . . . Judy Canova, who hails from Florida, where there's nary a hill, climbed to fame as a hillbilly, palming herself, her sister Anne, and her brother Zeke off as sech on sophisticated Manhattanites. . . . Kathryn Kay worked her way through Drake University and Stephens College waiting on table, giving piano lessons during the day, and dancing in nite spots between whiffs of the midnight oil. . . . Cecil Cunningham started performing in a church choir; screen debutted as Murphy, Panama City nite-club owner in Swing High, Swing Low; and keeps getting tougher roles. . . . Raoul Walsh played John Wilkes Booth in The Birth of a Nation; is a Griffith director discovery.

★ ★ ½ CONFESSION

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp, Jane Bryan, Mary Maguire, Dorothy Peterson, Laura Hope Crews, Robert Barrat, Ben Welden, Veda Ann Berg, Helen Valkis, Anderson Lawlor, Matty King, Michael Mark. Adapted by Julius Epstein and Margaret LeVin from a screen play by Hans Rameau. Directed by Joe May. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 95 minutes.

THE old tried-and-true Madame X theme again. The chanteuse of a cheap little restaurant stops in the midst of a song and shoots down a famous pianist in cold blood. She goes on trial, seems doomed to expiate her crime on the scaffold—until she is forced to break her strange silence. Then the film swings back and you learn why the woman killed the concert idol, Michael Michailow.

This emotional melodrama moves after the fashion of the typical Continental tear jerker. This formula always has been deemed effective in the theater. It has what the producers call woman appeal. And it is possible that you may find it moving. If so, it will be due to the colorful playing of Kay Francis as the opera idol who ends up singing in a shabby honkytonk. Basil Rathbone is excellent, too, as the moody heartbreaker of the pianoforte. He makes Michailow appear authentic on the concert platform and in the boudoir, no mean task. European director Joe May has resorted to studied tricks of photography to indicate moods and thoughts. Sometimes this seems too cumbersome and involved, too studied, too draggy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Being Best Dressed Glamour Siren doesn't please Kay Francis. Hates slogans and thinks no one can ever live up to them. She's an Oklahomama; real name, Gibbs. Gets her breeding from her actress mother Katherine Clinton, convents, East and West finishing schools. After college she went in for stenography; got to be social sektry to Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt; dashed around the world with Mrs. V., picking up social mannerisms, style. Liked the traveling, not the work. Soon busted into the theater as the Player Queen in the modern Hamlet, done in New York in the '20s. Walter Huston screen debutted her in Gentlemen of the Press. She worked hard and now gets about $6,000 a week. Quite a success story. The social sports are her relaxation. She keeps dogs, cats, canaries, rabbits, goldfish, and frogs as pets; she drives her own car. . . . Basil (Gabby) Rathbone used to be a college sprinter back in old England. Has the longest legs and dachshunds in Hollywood. Prefers to be a free lance because he feels a contract wraps itself around a man's soul and trypes him. Rathbone's been happily and steadily married for eleven years; no offspring. . . . Nothing ever happens to Ian Hunter, he's too happily married. His first theater job was banging coconut shells together offstage—horse-hoof clatter it made. . . . They had to nail Jane Bryan's shoes to the floor in one scene because she could not keep still during it. . . . Fashion Flash to Youse Girls: Kay Francis says it's to be black this fall. Black, black, and still more black! Later on you'll go into brown, gray, and infinite blues; but the first important fall frock must simply be black. Or did I say black? . . . Austrian megger Joe May is said to have discovered all-important European filmolls—Dietrich, Lya de Putti, Annabelle—and also Jannings.

★ HIDEAWAY

THE PLAYERS: Fred Stone, Emma Dunn, Marjorie Lord, J. Carroll Naish, William Corson, Ray Mayer, Bradley Page, Paul Guilfoyle, Tommy Bond, Dudley Clements, Alec Craig, Charles Withers, Otto Hoffman, Bob McKenzie. Adaptation by Robert Bren and Edmund L. Hartman from a play by Melvin Levy. Directed by Richard Rosson. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 58 minutes.

ANOTHER attempt to build comedian Fred Stone into a Will Rogers. Stone was a stage star of great popularity; he has tackled the films off and on through the years. But he misses invariably to touch the success of the cowboy philosopher who was his best friend. He lacks the fundamental earthy dryly American appeal of the humorist-comedian who died in a lonely Alaskan swamp.

This time Stone plays the shiftless lazy head of the house of Peterson. He has moved his family into a house owned by some one in distant New York—and his wife supports the family by sewing. Suddenly bursts upon the scene an automobile load of gangsters. One of them owns the place; he has invested in it as a hideaway.

If you must, you will have to see for yourself how Old Man Peterson meets the racketeer problem. The proceedings are far from believable. Worse yet, they drag badly, and Stone fails to help matters. Where old Peterson might be a lovable old work dodger, Stone leaves him pretty dull, shadowy, and lacking in warmth.

VITAL STATISTICS: Fred Stone is anxious for a part in a horse-opera circus in which he can display his handful of talents, which include any manner or form of riding, ropin', varmint wrastlin', trapeze work, tumbling, magicking, joke making, singing, dancing, wire-walking, acting, and spellbinding. Fred has tried anything and everything in play and sport. Broke both legs in 1928 in an airplane crash. His close pal Will Rogers stepped in the show he was appearing in. Likes old songs, old shoes, and old friends; says the only new things he's cared for since he got grown were his three daughters, Paula, Carol, and Dorothy, and the motion pictures. . . . Charles Withers used to do that one-man opryhaouse act in vodvil. . . . Bradley (Suavey) Page gets mowed down again herein—his fifty-third time. In five screen years all his dying has been violent, and he never minds it, always feeling he's dying to prove that crime doesn't pay. . . . Ray Mayer fought his way out from the grasshoppers on the family's Lexington, Nebraska, farm into night clubs and vodvil; broke into movies when Hollywood was scrambling for sound actors. . . . Will Corson's a Seattler. Left the University of Washington before completely filling his head. Was longshoreman, office boy, deck hand, mess boy, carpenter before he got to model for the commercial artists, his physique being that sun-tanned and magnificent from marine work. Scorned the movies till a gal friend got him to test opposite her, he got the job and she didn't. . . . Emma Dunn is a Cheshire Englishette. Learned acting on the Lunnon stage; was imported to New York to play the mother in Mansfield's Peer Gynt. Became a series of stage mothers thereafter. . . . Tommy Bond got started imitating Eddie Cantor in a Dallas theater. . . . Dark-haired, blue-eyed Marjorie Lord is a Native Dotter; ingénued in the Pulitzer-prized play The Old Maid. Had had a little stock experience; sprung full-grown into her first movie lead, now has put three under her belt. Hates sports, likes deep books, music, but not very young men. Oh, yes; she thinks Hollywood and picture making awf'ly exciting. And that from a San Francisco girl, too! Tsk, tsk!

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth.

★★★½—You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue.

★★★—Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ THE TURNING WHEELS by Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A stirring tale of the Boers' Great Trek to the Transvaal in 1836. Faults of immaturity of style (it is a first novel) do not spoil the powerful theme. The love story is weak, but there are fine high spots of raw horror: notably the African hunter's slaughter by a wild buffalo and the massacre of an entire colony by Kaffirs on the warpath.

★ ★ ½ THE TRAMP AND HIS WOMAN by Dorothy Charques. The Macmillan Company.

An unusual story full of English countryside and simple people. Beautiful except for the ending, which is cruel, unnecessary, and hard to believe.

★ WAR ON SATURDAY WEEK by Ruth Adam. J. B. Lippincott Company.

An attempt to write an English It Can Happen Here, and might have been called You Can't Win. Leaves the reader depressed and miserable and filled with the utter futility and hopelessness of living. Contains not one line of inspiration or hope.

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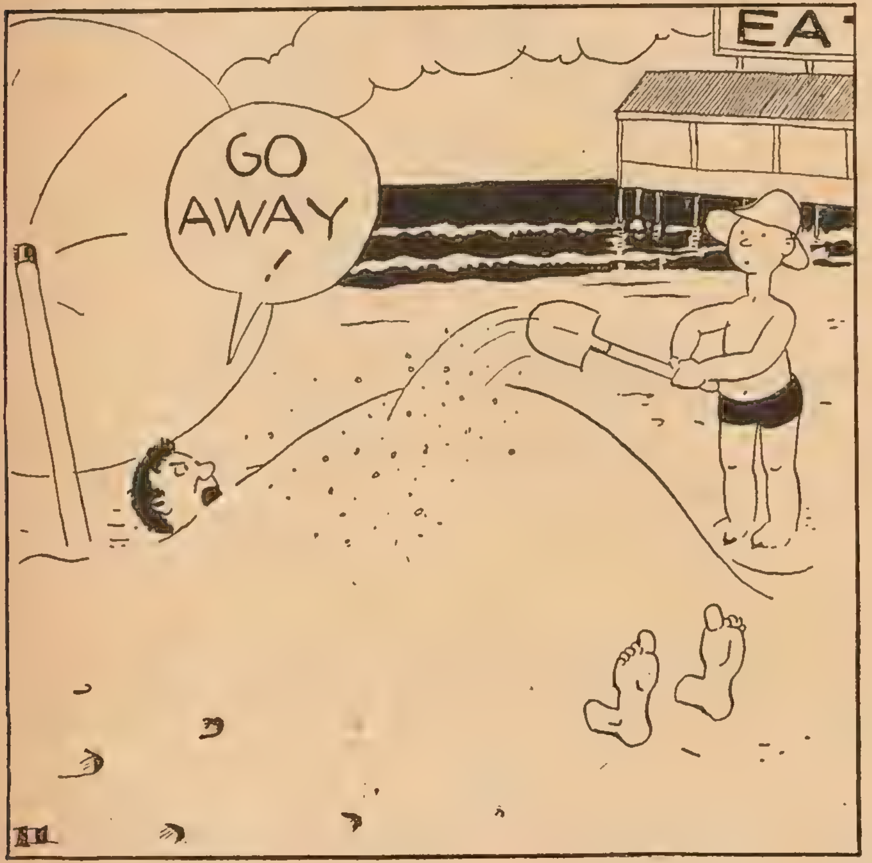

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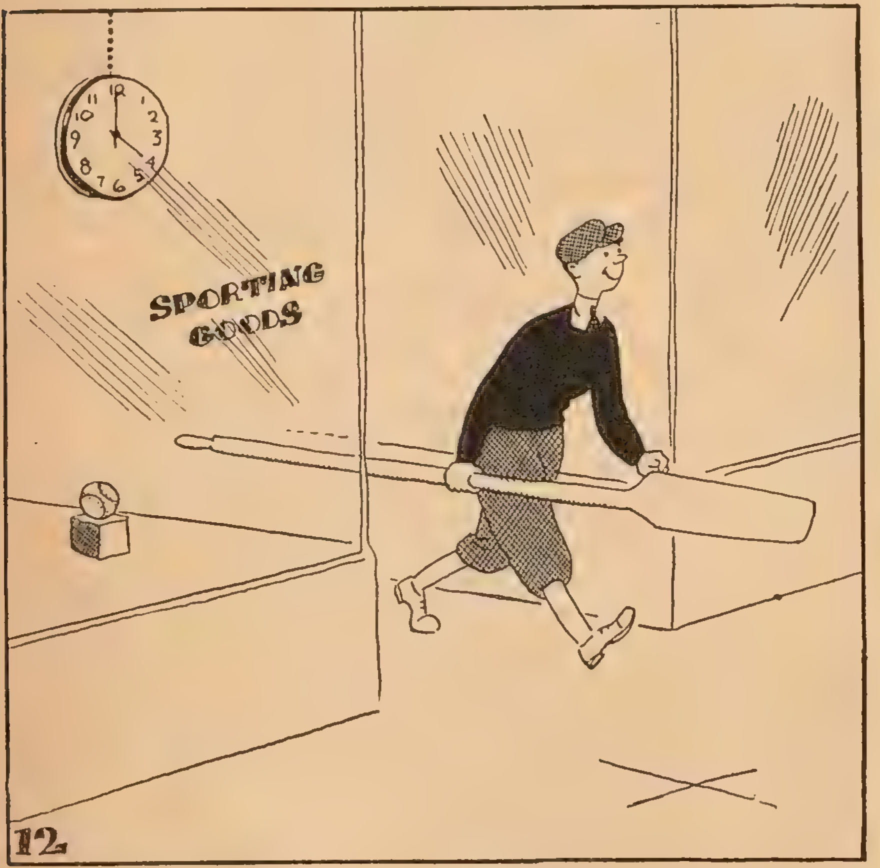

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THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.

2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twelve pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Why I Read Liberty."

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 17, 1937, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

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WHEN you have solved the two drawings on this page your set of twelve identifications will be complete, and it will be time to write the brief note required by Rule 3 which must accompany your solutions as submitted to the judges. Do not prepare an elaborately decorated entry. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best, as no value will be placed on fancy work in rating your entry. Note that all entries must be sent in by first-class mail and that the closing date is September 17, which gives ample time for you to check over your entry to your complete satisfaction before placing it in the mail. The judges will arrive at their decisions as rapidly as is consistent with absolute accuracy in rating every entry, and winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty. Prize checks will be mailed at the same time.

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FULL PARTICULARS NEXT WEEK

WE *Can* PREVENT CRIME: The American Program

CHILDREN *First*

A liberal, common-sense plan to solve the problem—Stop it before it starts! A plea for a bureau of crime prevention

BY ATTORNEY GENERAL

HOMER S. CUMMINGS

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WITH the collapse of the juvenile court as a crime-prevention cure-all, there was a great scurrying about among welfare workers and delinquency experts to find a satisfying substitute.

The church, which, a generation or two ago, would have been a first refuge in such an emergency, was out of the question. A study of more than 14,000 cases of juvenile delinquency had already shown that less than a third were connected with any church or religious group.

The character-building organizations associated with the church, such as the various Y.s, although reaching an enormous group of young men and women in their late teens and early twenties, made few contacts with the youngsters whom crime preventionists were trying to reach. Less than 15 per cent of the 14,000 typical cases were connected with these organizations.

How, then, to reach the other 85 per cent?

The Boys' Club and the Girls' Club, the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts were obvious possibilities as new cure-alls. But, aside from the inescapable fact that no one of the four organizations, for reasons of sex or scope, could cover the whole field as the juvenile court was supposed to have done, there was reason to doubt that all four could be expected to do so.

The average Boys' Club dealt with a stratum of youthful society a cut above the thickest layer of delinquency. The Scouts seemed even less available as a central agency for reaching juvenile crime in the congested areas. Walter Cade Reckless, in his volume Juvenile Delinquency, says:

> . . . The Scouts attract the already moralized, well-organized boys and their local troops tend to be distributed in the non-delinquent areas of the city—areas where delinquency rates are low, public and Sunday school records are high.

Gradually it dawned on the crime-prevention world that there wasn't any cure-all for the juvenile situation. Attention then centered on finding some one basic principle of approach to the problem on which all could agree and to which all could conform. There were those who felt that economic stress was the underlying cause of all delinquency. There were others who felt that organized effort should be concentrated on the individual child's emotional reaction to his surroundings. A third group favored exclusive attention to playgrounds and other recreational facilities.

From this babel of opinions emerged the now largely accepted truth that there is no one principle, any more than there is any one type of organization, applicable to all delinquents and all delinquent areas.

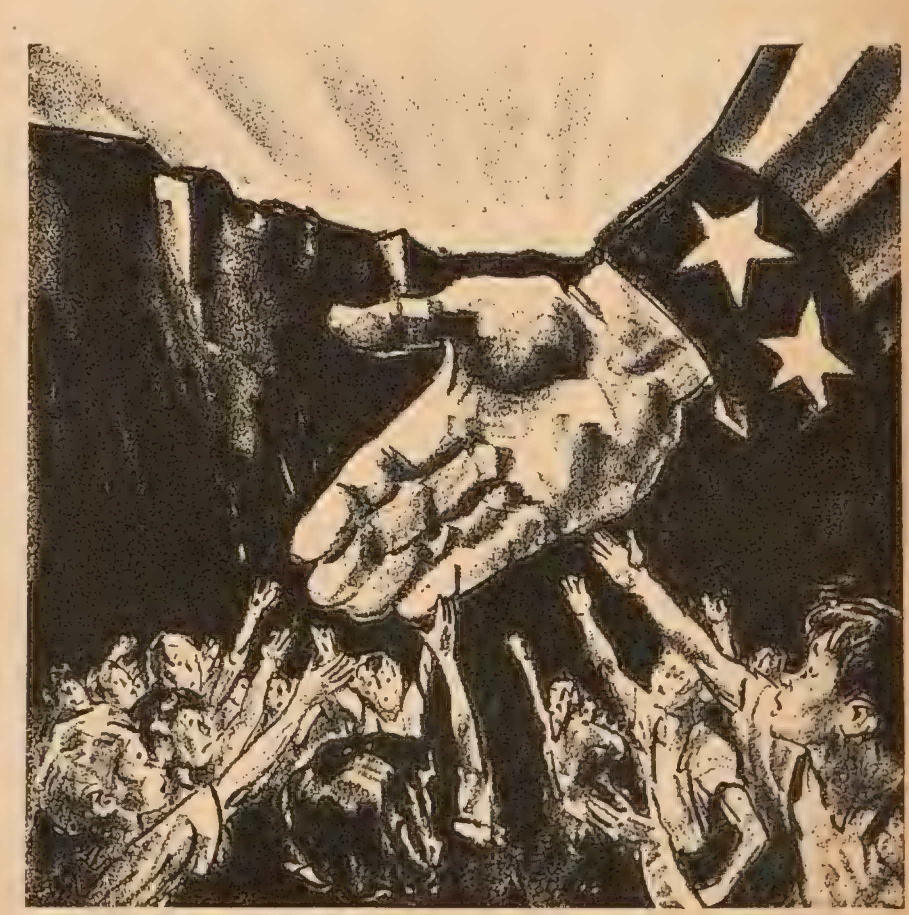
This conclusion, although discouraging enough so far as a prompt solution of the problem was concerned, built for ultimate victory by bringing under the microscope for scientific study and appraisal all of the worth-while efforts which had been made by different types of agencies working on different sets of principles suggested by different problems.

First, there were those old stand-bys, the Children's Village, which has been in operation for more than eighty-five years; and the George Junior Republic, where, for more than forty years, good citizenship has been taught to boys. The former institution, famous for its vocational training, and the latter, for its successful experiment in self-government, both exemplify the sound principle of "learning through doing."

Less expensive organizations of similar character have done excellent work in some localities. The Summer Camp for Delinquent Boys at Lake Greenwood in Franklin County, Ohio, has co-operated with an exceptionally able Domestic Relations Court in Columbus to achieve exceedingly satisfactory results. Longview Farm at Acton, Massachusetts, sometimes called "a professional foster home," has been notably successful in the supposedly impossible task of creating home atmosphere on an institutional scale.

Plans which use the school as a focal point vary from the individual efforts of progressive teachers in ordinary public schools to elaborate institutions specially maintained for the education of the problem child.

The least pretentious and perhaps the most practical contribution that the schools have yet made to the crime-prevention cause is the visiting teacher, who visits the schoolroom and consults with the regular teacher about her problem children, and then visits the homes of those children and consults with the parents in an effort to



bring school and home together in intelligent, effective effort. It may be accepted almost as an axiom that the visiting teacher is a necessary adjunct to any successful campaign against juvenile delinquency.

A more formal approach to the home is that of the Parent School of the Domestic Relations Court of Columbus, Ohio, which undertakes, in night-school groups of not more than fifteen, to educate fathers and mothers in better methods of care and discipline for their children. This work is being watched with special interest, because it is known to be a sad fact that "many parents must turn to the mirror to find the true reason why their boy or girl has been engulfed in crime."

Activities in which private citizens, under the guidance of trained social workers, have done memorable service are the Big Brother and Big Sister movements. The sole limit to the effectiveness of these splendid organizations seems to be the limit on the number of social-minded men and women who can be persuaded to spare time for such devoted, painstaking work with the individual child.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

One of the constructive things going forward in legal practice today is the free defense of persons accused of crime.

In New York since 1919 this work has been carried on, and two years ago a similar service was started in Boston. It is a plan that might well be adopted in other cities.

While it is true that under the American principle every citizen is considered innocent until he is proved guilty, the facts generally work out the other way. The police do not make an arrest unless they feel they have a strong case.

In Boston two years ago a group of lawyers organized the Voluntary Defenders Committee. Already it has defended in court over one hundred men and women unable to pay for attorneys and of whose innocence the committee had become convinced.

Professional criminals are, of course, never defended by these self-sacrificing lawyers, nor do they wish to be. The real crooks want their own kind for mouthpieces.

Here is a real contribution to social welfare, free from the political complications that are likely to make impotent the efforts of public defenders. Every community should study this constructive service being done by high-minded New York and Boston lawyers.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.
Tune in at home or on your car radio

Until 1925 the local law-enforcement bodies, outside of the probation officers attached to juvenile courts, had taken no official part in crime-prevention work. In that year, however, August Vollmer, Chief of Police of Berkeley, California—a remarkable individual who combined in his daily program the duties of a policeman and those of professor at the University of California—established in his department a Crime Prevention Division which has served as a model for New York City and many other progressive municipalities. A high point in police co-operation followed in the establishing by supposedly hard-boiled policemen of Boys' Clubs, of which the Boys' Club of the Metropolitan Police of Washington, D. C., is an excellent example.

August Vollmer's most notable contribution, however, to the cause of crime prevention had occurred ten years before, in 1915, when he founded, in co-operation with the Superintendent of Schools and other public-spirited citizens, the country's first Co-ordinating Council. Vollmer's theory, later enunciated by many delinquency experts, was that the facilities needed to grapple with the child problem already existed. What they needed was to be integrated, co-ordinated, and guided. The plan was immediately successful not only in Berkeley but in other parts of California, and has been adopted in many parts of the United States.

The success of the Co-ordinating Councils in arraying so many local organizations in an efficient campaign against the common enemy, delinquency, has naturally centered the constructive thought of crime-prevention workers on the co-ordinating principle and possible means of applying it on a state-wide or nation-wide scale.

Kenyon J. Scudder, guiding spirit of the Los Angeles Council, has recommended that the Councils themselves receive "adequate supervision from a recognized national agency." Frederic M. Thrasher and Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, outstanding authorities in the crime-prevention field, have endorsed the principle of a central guiding, co-ordinating, and information-distributing bureau.

The Boston Herald, in reviewing the Gluecks' epochal volume, One Thousand Juvenile Delinquents, said: "The report indicates a general situation which points to the indispensability of some effective integrating organ which would be charged with central guidance, if not definite oversight, of the entire treatment of delinquents."

Even more definite were the recommendations of the Conference on Crime, a conclave of more than 600 crime experts from all over the country, whom I invited to Washington in December, 1934, to consider this and other problems. By unanimous vote, the Conference urged "state and national leadership, through appropriate governmental and voluntary organizations, in fostering the development of these co-ordinating agencies, the provision of constructive educational, vocational, and recreational opportunities for youth, and the provision of competent, skilled service to children in need of guidance and correction."

Suggestions were at first made that the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor or the office of the Commissioner of Education in the Department of the Interior might undertake the co-ordinating of these various agencies into a strong national campaign for crime prevention. More insistently, perhaps, and in increasing volume, have come requests that the Department of Justice add a fourth unit to concentrate on this fourth problem of wiping out delinquency at its source. This unit would supplement the functions performed by the three units now engaged in apprehension, prosecution, and punishment.

Realizing that with only a moderate extension of activities the Department of Justice can be made a nerve center of helpful impulses and a clearinghouse of useful information, I appointed an advisory committee to aid me in the consideration of this matter. This committee unanimously recommended the creation of the proposed scientific and educational center within the structure of the Department of Justice.

Therefore I decided to submit to the Congress a request for authority to create in the Department of Justice a bureau to be known as the Federal Bureau of Crime Prevention. In this new bureau it was proposed to concentrate all of the functions connected with the department's proposed scientific and educational crime center not allocated to the Bureau of Investigation, the Criminal Division, and the Bureau of Prisons. These four units, working in harmonious co-operation, and under the direct supervision of the Attorney General, seemed well adapted for the working out of the desired objectives.

To my amazement, however, the Congress, which had proved so co-operative in strengthening our hand in the detection and prosecution of crime, proved apathetic to all pleas for aid in the prevention of it.

If economy had been the only reason for the Congress's declining to accept the Department's recommendations, it might have been possible to overcome its objections by showing that in the long run almost any effective move to prevent crime is economy of the wisest sort.

But in the hearings on this proposed bureau I became increasingly convinced that the real difficulty arose from the fact that the general public, as represented by their public servants in Washington, had not yet grasped the need or the meaning of what we were trying to do. It was bewilderment, I think, more than considered opposition, that made one committee member—and a usually understanding one—say to me:

"We don't want you running around the country telling people to be good."

Obviously our job was to acquaint the public with the facts. That is what my associates and I—in public addresses, in radio broadcasts, and in interviews with the press—have been trying to do. We are already seeing results. Requests for information are regularly supplemented by demands for action. I feel sure that an enlightened public opinion will stand firmly behind us when next we seek Congressional support for this worthiest of causes, and that it will make itself felt where it will do the most good.

So convinced am I that the crime-prevention program must succeed, and that it cannot succeed without some such nerve center as I have proposed, that I have gone right ahead, with the enthusiastic co-operation of the Advisory Committee on Crime, to lay down the principles on which I believe the Bureau of Crime Prevention will ultimately be founded, and to establish within limits the various functions it will ultimately discharge.

First of all, it will be a co-ordinating organization rather than an executive one. Local Co-ordinating Councils have done their best work not by adding still another agency to the many already engaged in some forms of crime prevention, but by working with and through existing agencies to increase efficiency and eliminate waste. The Bureau of Crime Prevention of the Department of Justice will follow this proved policy.

In no case will it usurp the functions of state or local officials charged with the enforcement of law and the prevention of crime, but will work with those officials through exchange of experiences, frequent consultations, and friendly suggestion, to the end that they may be better able to co-operate with the home, the church, the school, and the private character-building organizations of their own community in a unified and co-ordinated program.

It will offer a means of maintaining the closest possible contact with private organizations interested in crime prevention, and with groups of citizens in the various states who need assistance and encouragement in reorganizing and improving crime-prevention agencies in their own jurisdictions.

IT will act as a clearinghouse for information concerning improved methods in use in the various states, and as a means of preserving valuable precedents and techniques established in one section of the country which hitherto have been lost to communities in other sections.

It will collaborate in state and local crime conferences, and other crime-prevention and law-enforcement meetings in which federal participation is requested.

It will co-operate with schools, colleges, and universities, no one of which at the present time, in the whole United States, provides an adequate course in which an intelligent citizen desiring to prepare himself for dealing with the problem of crime prevention can do so.

It will adopt the proved technique of the Department of Agriculture—which pays more attention to the needs of cattle than some of the rest of us do to the needs of human beings!—and send out expert advisers to travel from town to town and co-operate with citizens engaged in a crime-prevention campaign.

It will, in general, constitute itself a focal group for stirring up interest in crime prevention, as the Federal Bureau of Investigation has stirred up interest in crime detection; for stimulating activity, public and private, and keeping alive activity once it is aroused; and for assisting in every possible way the efforts of state and local organizations and groups of citizens engaged in this flank movement on crime.

OF course I do not need to add that it will invite at all times suggestions and recommendations from the general public. The Attorney General's Conference on Crime established that policy as a foundation stone of the Department of Justice's campaign against crime. Up to that time the public had always appealed to the government for aid in dealing with the menace of lawlessness. But now the process is reversed—the government appeals to the public for its advice, for its sustained interest, and for its active help in a national movement to meet a common peril.

No government official who has an intelligent appreciation of his role desires to operate in a vacuum. There is no monopoly of wisdom or of discretion or of sound judgment residing in those who happen, for a time, to be placed in positions of power. The more our citizens express themselves, the more their wishes and views are made known, the more certain it is that the government will adequately respond.

The fight in which I ask your support will not be dramatic or spectacular. It will not quickly attain its objective. But it is worth making.

The summons to enlistment in this movement is, then, more than a call to arms: It is a call to patience, intelligence, consecration, and ceaseless labor for as long as the need exists.

But it is the kind of fight that has its compensations.

There is something utterly futile about the last-minute task of piling up sandbags, dynamiting levees, setting up shelter stations, performing all the other acts which are so often left to the hysteria of the moment when a flood reaches its crest. There is something terribly tragic in any scene in which a helpless humanity struggles with a disaster which it could have prevented and which it finds, too late, has struck with death and destruction.

In the same way, there is something terribly depressing about the erection of prison walls to confine men who might have been saved in the first instance. But there comes a real satisfaction when we turn our hand to a task which will restore to the youngsters of this country some measure of that life, that liberty, and that pursuit of happiness which is their proper heritage.

THE END

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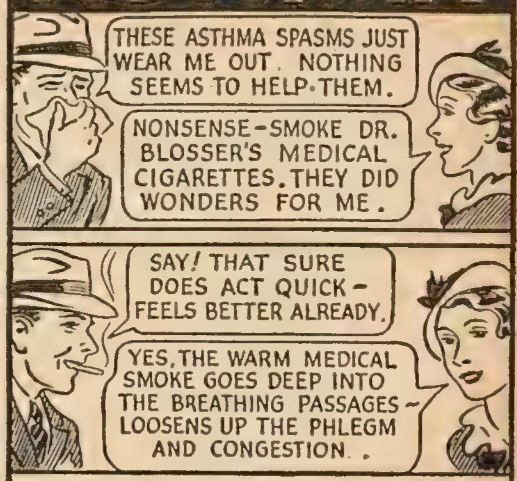
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GENTS, IT'S YOUR MOVE NOW

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Salary check or babies! Which do you want? demands a working wife

BY JANE ANDERS

"WE had Bill, Jr., because my wife wanted him."

That's what a man said to me not long ago.

I suddenly realized it's the women who want the babies nowadays—not the men. And it gave me a great big jolt. How many hundreds of other women like me—not young, not old—are getting a similar jolt as they stand at the same crossroads, reading the signs: Luxury, Career, Babies, Old Age. Wondering which one to choose.

Yet how much of a choice have we, after all? Take me. I'm one of a horde of white-collar workers. I'm spraddling my thirties. Married. . . . Oh, yes; at the peak of the depression, on a busted spring and a flat tire. My husband didn't have work; neither did I.

We came to New York with varying fortunes. First my husband got a job; then I got one and his gave out. When the time came for that first baby, I happened to be the only breadwinner in the family, which consisted of three of us—my mother, my husband, and myself. If I stopped it meant three mouths out of work. P.S. She didn't stop.

Then it got to be a sort of habit to keep on going. Next thing I knew, gone were all allusions to the son and daughter my husband had spoken of so confidently in the balmy days of our courtship. I began to feel a little hollow—a hollowness which has increased as each new year clears the unrelenting calendar. What's happened to us? I ask myself, like all those other women. People didn't use to be like this.

I should say not! Look at the ample families among our socially and intellectually elite of a hundred years ago. Those were the days when a woman at my age had her quota of six or seven children, or was branded barren. I recall my amazement in reading Harriet Beecher Stowe's life. Forty when she wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. Wrote it in the hubbub of the family living room, between children, literally—seven of them. Kept boarders and taught pupils to eke out her husband's small income as a professor. And spent six months a year sick in bed!

Such physical heroism makes us understand woman's secret war on heavy childbearing . . . the potions she drank in the dark of the moon to give her immunity; the roseleaf baths that were said to make the stork fly on by; the candles lighted with a silent prayer for respite. Finally, economics and social hygiene.

But let me tell you there's a boomerang in this freedom from the yoke of baby-breeding, if that's what you want to call it. Because now it's the husband who doesn't want the children. Contrarily enough, we women are a little piqued, a little hurt, that they don't. And it's something more than pique when those upper thirties come on, and nature pours through a woman's emotional psychology that surplus of energy which should be taken up with Johnny's croup or Barbara's measles.

In other words, the personal-service era of the normal woman's life.

It's not martyrdom, as the last generation would have us believe. It's biology with most of us. If a woman hasn't a child on which to take out her fussy affection, she'll try it on her husband. And if he won't stand for it—he generally won't—she gets a dog or a cat. And here we come to it: *Any man who is unwilling for his wife to have a baby takes the responsibility for her emotional life. Or should.*

What's happened, I ask you, to that good old normal male ego that longs to project a part of itself into the future? Is it a change in the conception of masculine prowess—the days when papa paraded proudly in the park to show off his brood? Is it a change in the vote? Or is it a change in the purse? The latter, I suspect. Papa gets a little panicky at the thought that mama's weekly salary will no longer fatten the family kitty. It takes drastic readjustment to halve the family income and still make the budget do its stuff.

Of course, along with this co-hauling of the financial load, there's the co-taking care of the house, or apartment, as it mostly is. Maybe it's that foretaste of washing towels and dishes that cools the paternal ardor. No man likes to get his sleeves wet in domesticity. Maybe we women would do better to do more of our washing solo, and have our husbands hold some of their illusions about the joys of home life—and little children.

I don't know; I'm only thinking out loud. You see, I can't forget "we had Bill, Jr., because my wife wanted him." Hurray! some might say. At last the women decide! That's supposed to be civilization—solid caps.

But I'm afraid I'm just reactionary enough to want my husband to want our baby—part of him, part of me. Not just a zoological error. Not just a stroke of strategy in woman's age-old game of holding her man. Offhand, it seems a bit unsporting to make the husband an unconsulted party to the pact.

And men aren't fools, you know. They frequently know when a trick of that kind has been pulled on them; know it and resent it no end, even unto the child. I saw it happen in the case of two of our best friends. To this day that man resents his fine, promising young son because of his consciousness of the manipulation. I actually believe he bears his wife the greatest grudge, not for the trick itself, but for his inability because of it to love the boy as he could and would want to love a son of his.

And that's something I don't want to happen in our family. I don't want a little son of mine, or a daughter, to be put aside, even gently, by a father who believes he's been chained without his own intelligent election. I want the three, or four, of us to go down the way of life hand in hand, joying in each other's love.

A nice idea, but a long, long way from coming to pass at the present writing. I wonder how many other women are saying these words with me now. More than you think!

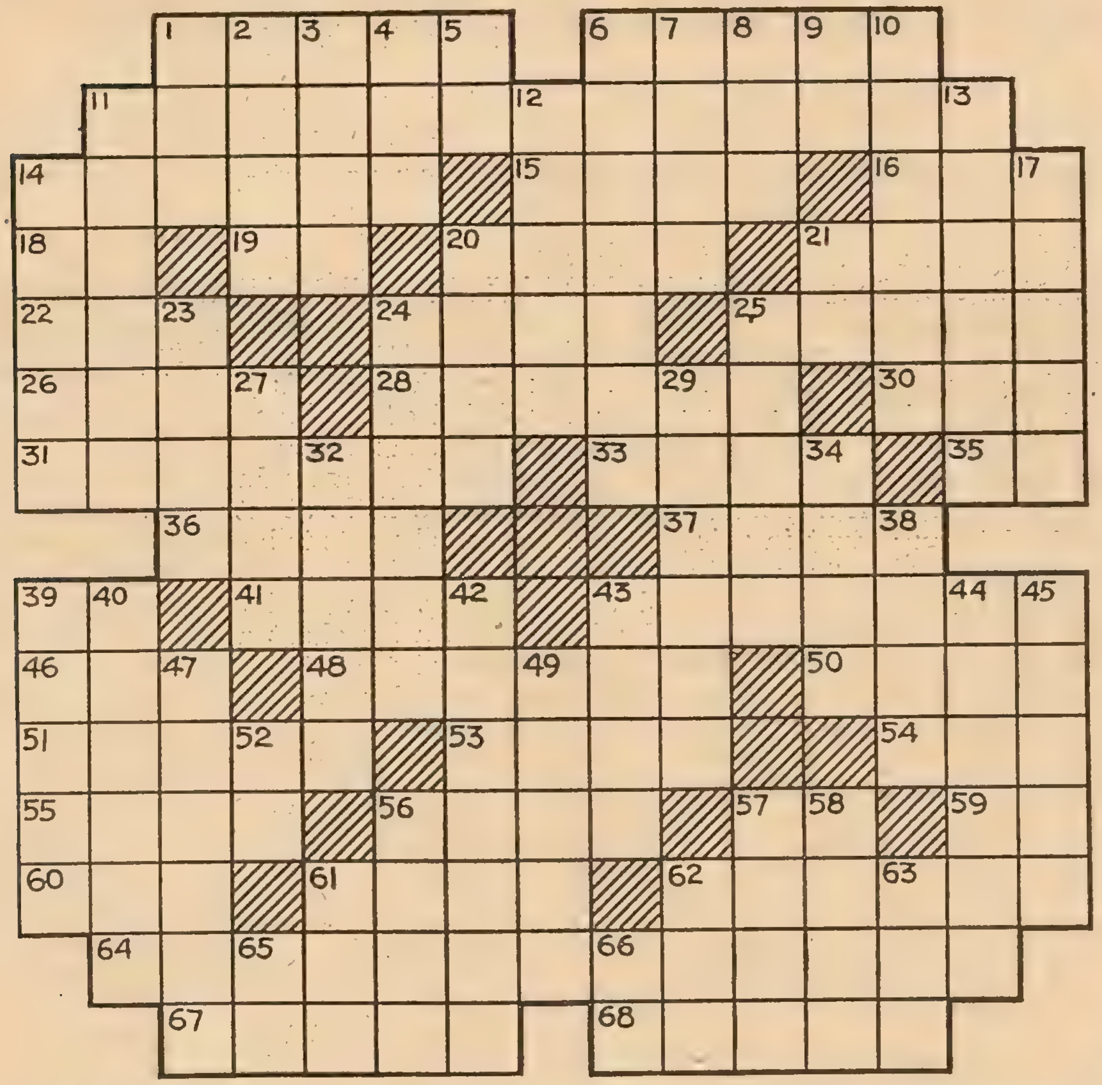
So, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it? Are we to look upon you as a luxury of the tired business woman? Or are we to look upon you as the fathers of our children?

It's your move.

THE END

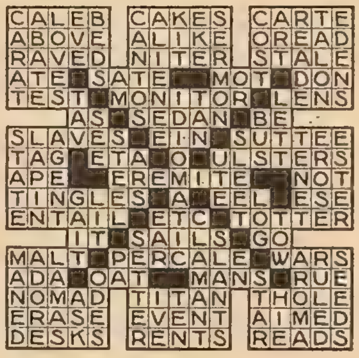
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 An ancient leader in Egypt
6 How doctors make a hole in one
11 Long-distance talk with Charlie McCarthy
14 The lure of the midway—you girls'll have to get a wiggle on to get this
15 The pinch of baking powder
16 Red-necked bird with large feet that pinches
18 Three important influences on youth
19 What to say when her husband arrives unexpectedly
20 Hawaiian gals shake a good one
21 Fast blue
22 A ppphoughlische ppphelloughe
24 This is currently absorbed in the problems of floaters
25 Large doghouses
26 Summer's end
28 Kind of part that saves things
30 Question of identity—wise old owls keep asking it
31 Why motorists never leave home
33 What Mr. Butch O'Brien keeps asking Mrs. O'Brien to shut
35 Rowboat with delusions of grandeur
36 How strong men get about faithless women
37 Chicle isle—you'd think
39 This pug needs you
41 —— propre
43 The reason donkeys don't love other donkeys
46 This gets wrung and washed for dinner—ask Johnny
48 Irish doghouse
50 Meal ticket (feminine)
51 Overgrown plants
53 Toast without tea



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CALEB CAKES CARTE
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MALT■PERCALE■WARS
ADA■OAT■■MANS■RUE
NOMAD TITAN THOLE
ERASE EVENT AIMED
DESKS RENTS READS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

54 This is awfl'y caustic and will burn you up
55 Large bumps on the map of Europe
56 Deadly spaghetti (plural)
57 Little Crow's nest
59 Eyeless lid
60 You may color this but it may remain white
61 Act in French
62 Baby products
64 Why tailors grow rich
67 Kind of grit you find in spinach
68 Strictly kosher for Hitler

VERTICAL

1 The problems of women
2 This is usually said to be enough
3 What you go to pieces to see
4 Pacific flyer
5 What Franco's men must do clearly
6 To cull the due on the first
7 Romans couldn't get a kick out of it
8 Pirate punch causes nose tint
9 Half dozen
10 Real-estate Indian
11 You can lead a gal here but you can't make her think
12 Ladles out the laurels
13 The screen's most popular kissers
14 This is the cunningest thing
17 What Franco's prankos are costing Hitler & Mussolini
20 Man with fast moving dogs
21 Tomato omelet (abbr.)
23 Iron garbage
24 Rattler
25 Service for women; what women tie men into
27 What Italian soldiers are fighting for in Spain
29 Tailors find this awfl'y pressing
32 What grammaw hid
34 Gypsy reading matter
38 A ticket for Eton
39 A piece of non-dunkable corolla (cruller—get it?)
40 The breath of old Italy
42 A man with a red comb who eggs the gals on and advertises loudly
43 Little sister's lip
44 Men follow women, women follow them
45 Apple within apples
47 What an attractive gal usually does to a forward pass
49 Sees Robert Taylor (fem.)
52 This makes many out of one
56 This makes Chinaman feel belly bad
57 A person with a lot of money
58 People here get a peculiar slant on things
61 What the beautiful girl who looked good enough to eat did
62 This always makes a connection
63 The cent of old Japan
65 A wonderful expression
66 A funny expression

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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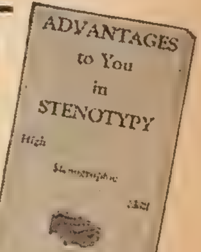

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Vox Pop

Wagner Act "Farce" in Kansas City, Missouri

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The first Wagner Act farce was enacted in Kansas City, Missouri, during the past few months.

Early in May a number of outside agitators entered the Montgomery Ward & Company plant in that city and, with the help of a small minority of the employees (most of whom had been in the employ of the company less than a year), caused a strike and threw 2,200 men and women out of work. They paraded through the plant, yelling and threatening bodily injury to those who refused to join the C. I. O.

It was their intention to tie up the work, and by threats and bullying force a majority to join, and then make the company come to their terms. They did not know that a large majority of the workers were intelligent and could think for themselves and that no amount of threats or intimidations could make them join so radical an organization as the C. I. O., no matter how many high officials in Washington were in favor of it. When they failed to get more than 400 to join, they were dumfounded. Their narrow minds could not conceive such a thing. They resorted to violence. Several men were slugged by hoodlums who rode around in cars. Still they could not gain any members and many were deserting their ranks. They made promises. They lied about everything. But still they failed to gain.

In the meantime an employees' union was formed and 1,202 men and women joined of their own free will. But, according to the Wagner Act, only the Labor Board could call a vote, and this isn't done unless the C. I. O. has a sure majority. When the C. I. O. realized they were beaten, they refused to play fair and filed a charge against Montgomery Ward & Company, charging them with sponsoring the employees' union. Before the case came up, the chief organizer who filed the charges hurriedly left town.

Now comes the most absurd part of all. The government stepped in. Not to get the 2,200 back to work with an $8,000-a-day pay roll for Kansas City, but to further delay the opening of the plant by the most ridiculous proceeding ever held in any court in this country. An examiner was sent from Washington—one who from his every word and action favored the C. I. O. and who seemed to know nothing whatsoever of court procedure or rules of evidence. The government also hired two attorneys just to prove that the employees' union was company dominated. For thirteen days this senseless proceeding continued without one bit of testimony to substantiate the charge. Then the examiner returned to Washington to spend another ten days reviewing the testimony, while 2,200 were idle, hunger stalked, and nearly a half million dollars in pay roll was lost to Kansas City.

All this trouble was caused by the Wagner Act—the law that gives outsiders the right to go upon another's property and cause dissatisfaction among employees. This law protects these agitators in their intimidations and violence—protects the most radical organization ever formed in this country, but does nothing to protect the man who has put his entire resources into a business, and does nothing to protect the employee who is faithful and who needs the work to support his wife and family. —*Leo Vogan.*

FEE RACKET SHOULD BE ON DEWEY'S PROGRAM

SOUTH BEND, IND.—After reading The Big Shots Are Trembling Now! and Can Doctors End the Fee Racket? (both in July 10 Liberty) I must again compliment the editor for publishing most timely and instructive articles.

The fact that these two articles appeared together is significant. The racket, or rackets, within the medical ranks are no less vicious than most of the others, so why shouldn't Special Prosecutor Dewey include them in his program?—*B. F. G.*

'TWAS JULY 4, 1910, SAYS JIM JEFFRIES

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Mr. E. T. C. is in error (July 24 Vox Pop). Mr. E. T. C. says, "This is my first pop-off," and it surely is a dud.

I attended the boxing bouts at Jeffries Barn at Burbank recently, and asked Mr. Jeffries about the date he fought Jack Johnson, and he told me it was on July 4, *1910.* Mr. Jeffries was there, so he ought to know. Some people jump to conclusions.

I already knew the exact date, but to make the case conclusive I got the information from the best of authorities—Mr. Jeffries.

Mr. E. T. C. must have been asleep for a year. Mr. Menke's statement is correct.—*H. H. Whipple.*

IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

WOODSIDE, N. Y.—As for women! Great grief, they own 70 per cent of the wealth and have 75 per cent of the jobs. Fancy these brainless creatures having so much!

No wonder the United States is in trouble.—*I. M. Straight.*

HER THREE FAVORITES

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—What I like best in Liberty:

Bernarr Macfadden's editorials first. I accept his word utterly. I'd like to see Bernarr Macfadden in high places.

Princess Kropotkin next. Is versatile and always entertaining.

Then Vox Pop. After that—the rest of Liberty at my leisure. And Liberty improves. It's always better and better. —*E. R.*

WHAT RAILROAD MEN KNOW?

POCATELLO, IDA.—When I read Bernarr Macfadden's editorials I am reminded of the knowledge accredited to a railroad man.

It is said a conductor is a man who knows a little about a lot. As he progresses he gets to know more about less, until finally he knows everything about nothing. An engineer is a man who knows a lot about a little. As he progresses he gets to know less about more, until finally he knows practically nothing about everything. And a superintendent is one who at the beginning knows everything about everything. As he progresses he knows less about less, until finally he knows nothing about anything.—*George W. Hunt, General Chairman, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.*

BUILDERS OF HEIR CASTLES

WATERLOO, IA.—Is Freddie Collins kidding us when he tells about heir chasers and heirs in July 24 Liberty? He tries to keep us builders of air (heir) castles in good spirits by telling us of the possibilities of inheriting large sums from unclaimed fortunes.

Did you ever try to trace your family back for some musty gold? Well, I did. And these very ancestors, who may have been careless about dispensing with their worldly goods before they left them, would turn in their graves if they knew about the insults I took from officials in charge, who became instantly suspicious about my character and my right to a hearing.

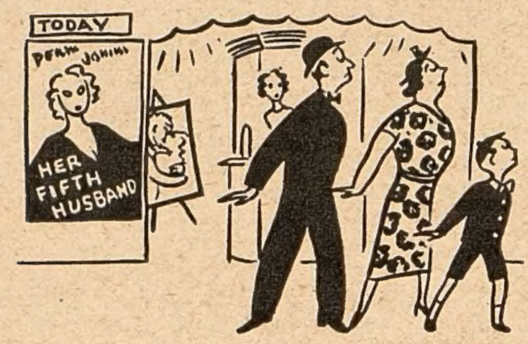
They told me I had better be careful about any foul play, and warned me about what would happen if I tried to embezzle or swindle the public. I got cold feet—almost.

So I gather that the attorneys in charge of these so-called unclaimed properties would rather remain in charge than try to find the rightful heirs.—*B. E. D.*

THREE TIMES—AND OUT!

SHREVEPORT, LA.—It seems to me the limit of endurance has been reached with the remarrying craze, especially in the actor world. For a person to appear before the young people of the land as a model to copy, their personal life should be worthy of the modeling of young lives.

I hereby suggest a club whereby we bind ourselves to see no picture, nor stage entertainment, in which appears any actor or actress who has been married three or more times. Same rules to apply to any who have been linked with any scandal. How many volunteers for membership?—*J. P. W.*



"HARVEST TRAMPS" DENIED BY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—In July 24 Vox Pop there appears a letter headed A Group of Fine People Completely Beaten Down, which has created considerable disfavor to the Kern County Chamber of Commerce and its entire membership, which one could say amounts to 120,000.

Without any question there has been misinformation given your writer, and we should like to have you have her authenticate the informer of such sordid, imaginary opinions.

If you should be interested in printing the true facts, we would be happy to furnish you the authentic information, which should be published in a magazine of your type.—*Emory Gay Hoffman, Secretary, Kern County Chamber of Commerce.*

[Certainly we'll be glad to publish the other side of the story, if Mr. Hoffman will be so kind as to give it to us in a letter of about the same length as that of Emily Haas, to which he takes exception.

We have also noted that the Shafter Press of Kern County in an editorial (July 29) resented this letter on the "harvest tramps." The editorial stated: "It is true that we have a migratory labor problem here, but Emily Haas forgot to specify that these transients are camped out from Shafter, and not in the town of Shafter."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SOFT PICK HANDLES

HARVEY, N. D.—What was that pick handle made of that Bill Tiplewaite socked Elmer Coote with in July 31 Liberty?

I'd suggest that the illustrator of Home Town Ghost Makes Good try and break a pick handle over some article harder than a man's head, and then call back all Libertys showing his picture, and substitute cream puffs for his pick handles.

Apparently he is not familiar with the resistance a hickory pick handle has when coming in contact with a human head or any other object.

A shift on the WPA might enlighten him.—*Linden Thompson.*

GRANDMA'S BATH

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A few months ago Vox Pop gave us a rare gem, How Gramma Took Her Bath (it was *some* shower!), advising how to keep her body covered while washing it, lest she might get a glimpse of maybe her thigh or any other part of the Lord's masterpiece. Wouldn't you please reprint it for the benefit of all the bathers? It would be seasonal.

Prudery is the most immodest and offensive form of immodesty.—*J. W.*

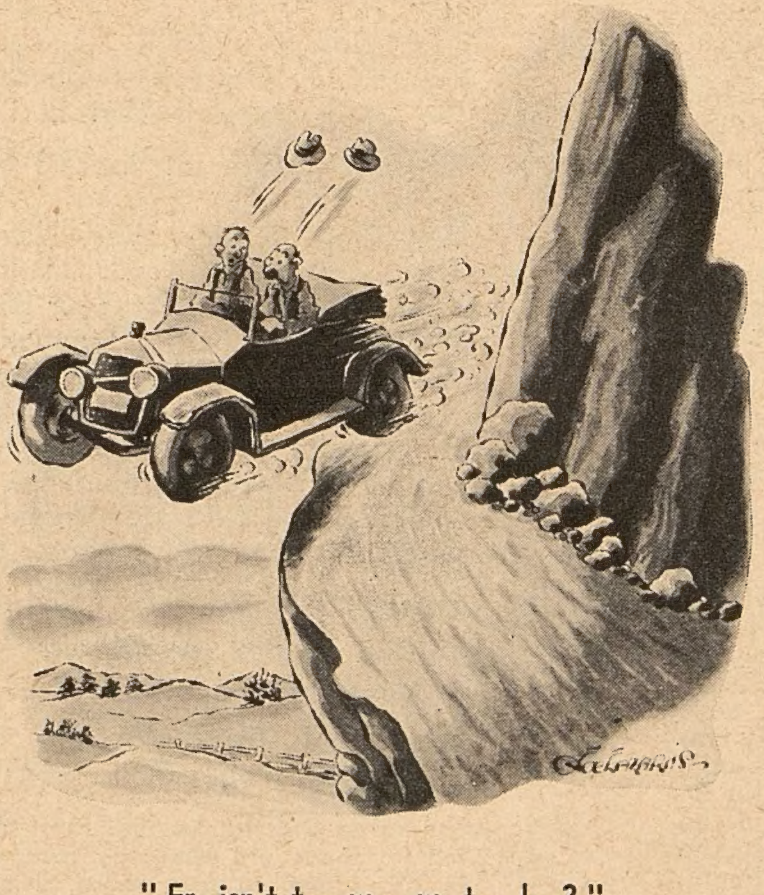
GIRL SCOUTS DEMAND HARDTACK AS MASCOT

WESTFIELD, MASS.—The five girls who are making up this letter all belong to the Girl Scouts of America, and feel as though you should be a good scout too, and in the next issue of your magazine you will please give us the opportunity of seeing again, and for a long time after that too, the little mascot of our troop, Hardtack, which up until now we clipped out and pasted on a bulletin board in our meeting room every week.

We missed him terribly this week and we feel as though he was a mascot in the flesh to our troop.

What do you say—are you going to give us back our mascot?—*Sarah Nadieu, Alvira Schmidt, Hazel Northrop, Pauline Hallock, Frances Moore.*

FILL-IN STATION



"Er, isn't t--- w--- w- t--- l---?"

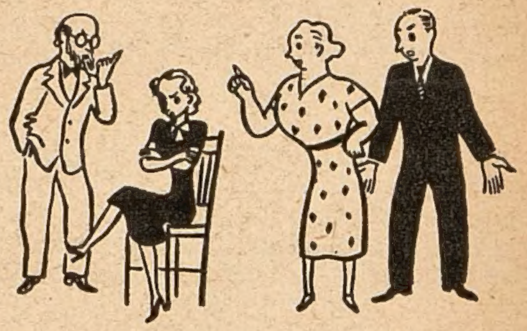
(Can you fill in the missing words? The solution is on page 62)

WHY ARE RELATIVES?

DETROIT, MICH.—Why are all relatives against you? I was brought up to care for and believe in my relatives. I kept this silly idea in mind until I grew into womanhood. When I went out into the world on my own and met these so-called kinsmen, I began to suspect something was wrong. At first I couldn't quite understand it. Then I gradually came to the belief that they weren't all perfect.

It's not that I disapprove of relatives, but why can't they treat you on the same basis they do every one else? Why can't they leave off that advice which no one wants or takes?

Now that I have been among them for a few years, I believe it would be better if there were no such things as cousins, uncles, aunts, nephews, and brothers.—*Jacmeb Hughes.*



FOR EYES THAT DON'T SEE

RUSSELL, KAN.—I, like F. Wollesee of Demarest, New Jersey, am unable to find the winners of any of the contests ever published in Liberty. I haven't used any bloodhounds, but sure have searched, read, and reread the May 29 and June 5 Libertys, but to no avail. They must not appear in a very prominent place, or surely I would have found them. Please give the exact place to find them.—*One Who Is Interested.*

[The Man Hunt Contest winners are to be found on page 39 of May 29 and page 34 of June 5 issues.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

BREEZY POINT, MINN.—In July 31 Liberty I ran across a neat bit of truth in Vox Pop. F. Wollesee says, "I so enjoy working on a contest and then never hearing of it again."

You see, dear editor, it reminds me of a certain crossword puzzle contest you had that I slaved over and have never heard about since.

Do you print letters like this, or should I say, "I enjoy Liberty so, so much"?—*P. Tierney.*

[Results of the Liberty Crossword Puzzle Contest were printed in the issues of September 12, October 24, and November 21, 1936.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

QUITE PIQUANT!

ERIE, PA.—Just identified radish-seed pods as a pickle ingredient!

Possibly your To the Ladies Princess can use same in one of her salad dishes. They are quite piquant.—*A. N. Hammond.*

Farley, Casanova, and the Talking Horse

IS IT TRUE what they say about Postmaster Farley? "Call me Jim," he grins, and he *is* called that—and many other things besides! Among the mildest epithets are "a typical machine politician" and "the official goat of the White House."

"How can we believe in President Roosevelt's idealism," cries the opposition, "when he works cheek by jowl with a man like that?" "When lovely Roosevelt stoops to Farley," as one wag put it, "how can we believe that men do not betray?"

Yet the real story of "Sunny Jim," amiable and glabrous and mighty, is still to be told. Frederick Collins has gathered some astonishing facts about this gum-chewing teetotaler whose personal mail from admiring friends is greater than the fan mail of any motion-picture star. His biography appears in Liberty next week—The Private Life of James A. Farley.

* * *

WHAT A PARTY IT WOULD BE if the characters of next week's Liberty could be gathered together in one drawing room! Not only Jim Farley with the green tie will be there, and Bessie his wife, but Casanova too, king of lovers, and with one of his lady friends, who talks most indiscreetly. John Erskine—famous for his naughty Villon—begins a new series in which indignant women who knew Casanova reveal facts that the master of love left out of his scandalous memoirs.

* * *

CONSTRUCTIVE SENSATIONALISM is a kind of journalism of which this magazine is never afraid. In next week's issue we present the first installment of a startling new serial by Samuel Hopkins Adams and called The World Goes Smash. You may think that tortured Spain is far removed from the U. S. A., but this novel sensationally—*and constructively*—throws itself into the future and shows how an even more terrible civil war may happen to us within a few years if and unless— But that "if" and "unless" are factors too important to sketch here. You must judge of their danger for yourself.

* * *

INDISCRETIONS of a manager is the only way to describe the article in which Joe McCarthy tells about the training of a world-championship baseball team. Also present will be one of the richest of New York doctors—incognito, if you please—with a strange confession of how he changed his life at the most restless age for men.

* * *

ANOTHER DASHING figure will be Stefansson, the explorer, who will disclose for the first time Why the Russians Want the North Pole. All these authors and features will be in Liberty next week—and many others. Especially two figures you will not want to miss—one, the man who will succeed Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House, and the other, Ed, the only talking horse in the world. Ed is bound to make you laugh, and Walter Karig's story about Roosevelt's successor is bound to make you *think!*

FIVE YEARS AGO this week Liberty published an article called Theft Within the Law: Holding-Company Evils Responsible for Much of Our Present Distress. The author was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In it he said:

"No industry has ever been known to purge itself of its iniquities. Nor can we expect that holding-company managements will do so. The only preventive of a recurrence of this situation is full and continuous publicity, wholeheartedly backed by Federal legislation. I consider that this is one of the first forward steps to be taken by a new national administration."

In his editorial of the same issue Bernarr Macfadden prophetically warned:

"Business men everywhere must be assured that governmental activities will be helpful and friendly. Business must take care of itself, although it must not be restricted or restrained by overtaxation—or handicapped by governmental interference."

Then, as now, Mr. Macfadden and Liberty were looking far ahead.

* * *

LITTLE VICTORY: Some months ago we showed up a racket, operated within the law, by which a Los Angeles church was creating mail-order bishops at forty dollars a bishop. This exposé by Liberty brought action and now the courts have put the "church" out of business. A letter from the office of the District Attorney of Los Angeles thanks Liberty for its part in cleaning up this unsavory racket.

* * *

HE FELL IN LOVE with a Picture is one of Liberty's best remembered pieces. Written by Louis B. Davidson, about Mark Twain's love story, it was reprinted in Reader's Digest and many foreign magazines. Then Fred Niblo dramatized the story on the radio for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. And now Stuart M. Petterson, principal of the Willard School, has included it in a supplementary reader for Junior High Schools.—FULTON OURSLER.

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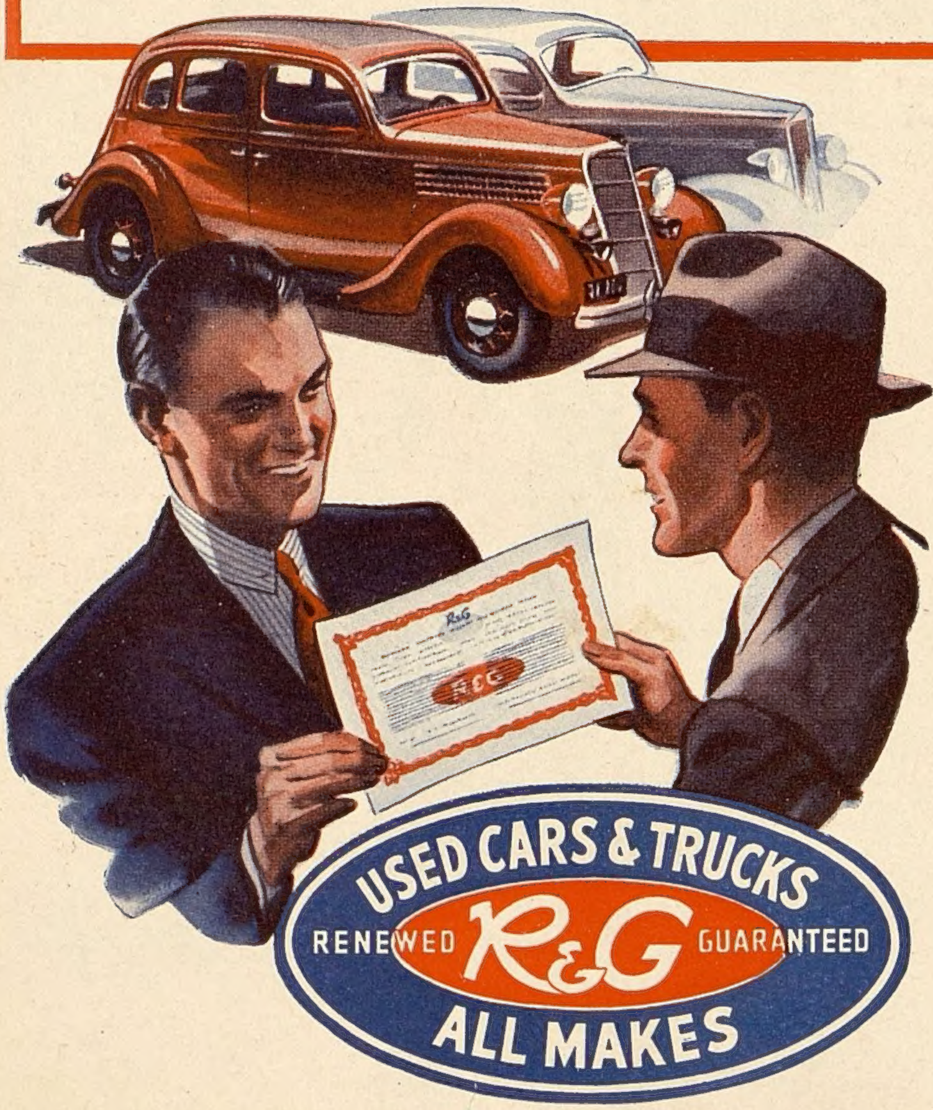
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY PERCY LEE

Answer to Fill-In Station Cartoon, page 61: "Er, isn't this when we turn left?"

FORD DEALERS'
ANNUAL NATION-WIDE
USED CAR CLEARANCE
SALE

OVER 100,000 USED CARS AND TRUCKS—
WIDEST SELECTION IN YEARS!


R&G
USED CARS & TRUCKS
RENEWED
R&G
GUARANTEED
ALL MAKES

Tremendous 1937 sales of new cars have naturally given America's Ford Dealers huge stocks of used cars.

They're getting together during the entire month of September in a great nation-wide sale—designed to move more than 100,000 used cars and trucks quickly.

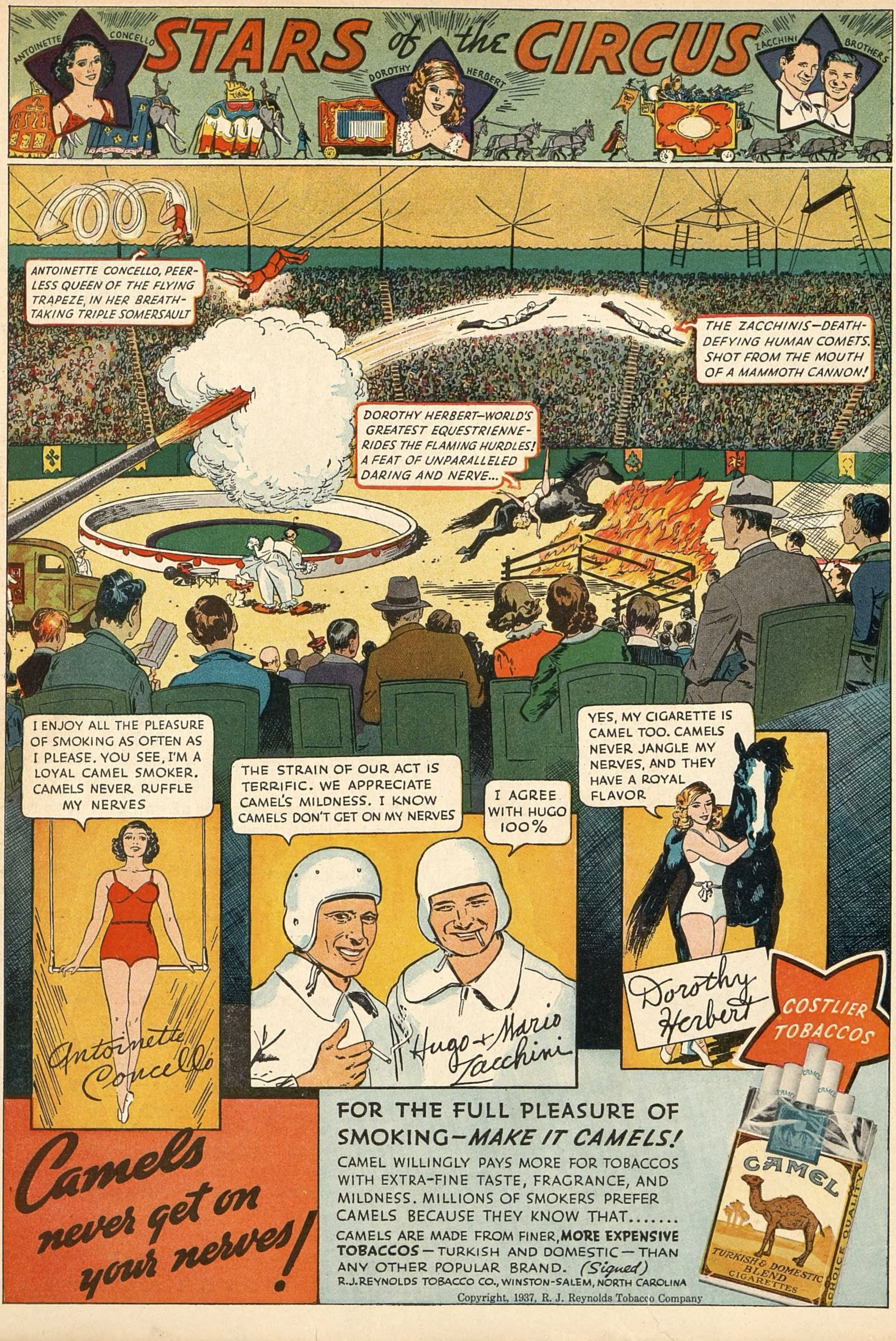
The sale, ending September 30, represents remarkable values in transportation and the widest selection of makes and models ever offered!

If you want a better used car to carry you through the coming winter—and a better allowance for your old car—see the nearest Ford Dealer during this sale.

Ask to see an R & G used car. R & G stands for renewed, and guaranteed in writing. He has many others in a wide range of prices. Every one offers a lot for your money. You can bank on that!

Convenient terms through Authorized Ford Finance Plans of Universal Credit Co.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY


STARS of the CIRCUS
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO
DOROTHY HERBERT
ZACCHINI BROTHERS
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO, PEERLESS QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE, IN HER BREATH-TAKING TRIPLE SOMERSAULT
THE ZACCHINIS—DEATH-DEFYING HUMAN COMETS. SHOT FROM THE MOUTH OF A MAMMOTH CANNON!
DOROTHY HERBERT—WORLD'S GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE—RIDES THE FLAMING HURDLES! A FEAT OF UNPARALLELED DARING AND NERVE...
I ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF SMOKING AS OFTEN AS I PLEASE. YOU SEE, I'M A LOYAL CAMEL SMOKER. CAMELS NEVER RUFFLE MY NERVES
THE STRAIN OF OUR ACT IS TERRIFIC. WE APPRECIATE CAMEL'S MILDNESS. I KNOW CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES
I AGREE WITH HUGO 100%
YES, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES, AND THEY HAVE A ROYAL FLAVOR
Antoinette Concello
Hugo + Mario Zacchini
Dorothy Herbert
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
Camels never get on your nerves!

FOR THE FULL PLEASURE OF SMOKING—*MAKE IT CAMELS!*

CAMEL WILLINGLY PAYS MORE FOR TOBACCOS WITH EXTRA-FINE TASTE, FRAGRANCE, AND MILDNESS. MILLIONS OF SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT....... CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND. *(Signed)*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

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